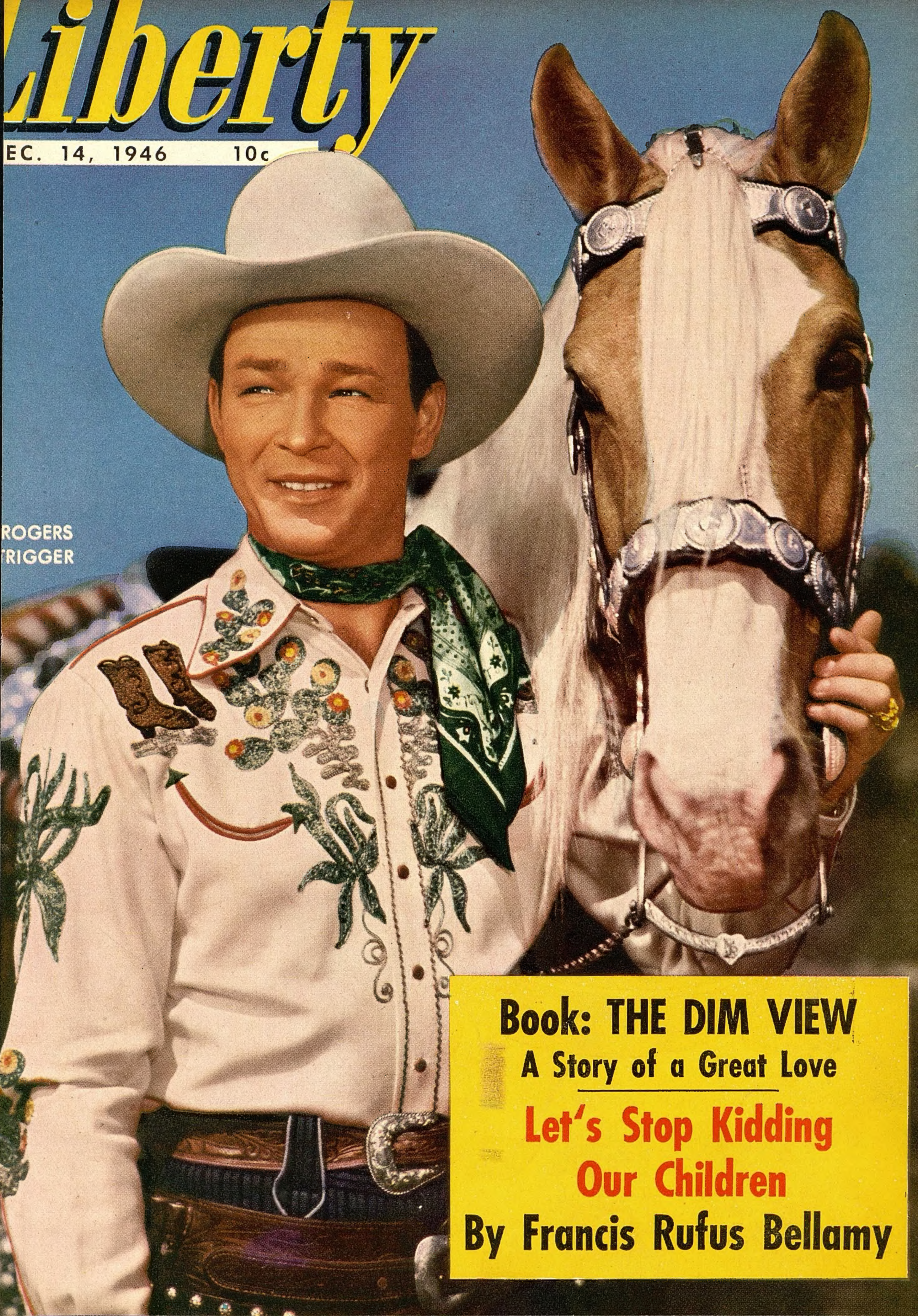
Liberty

EC. 14, 1946 10c



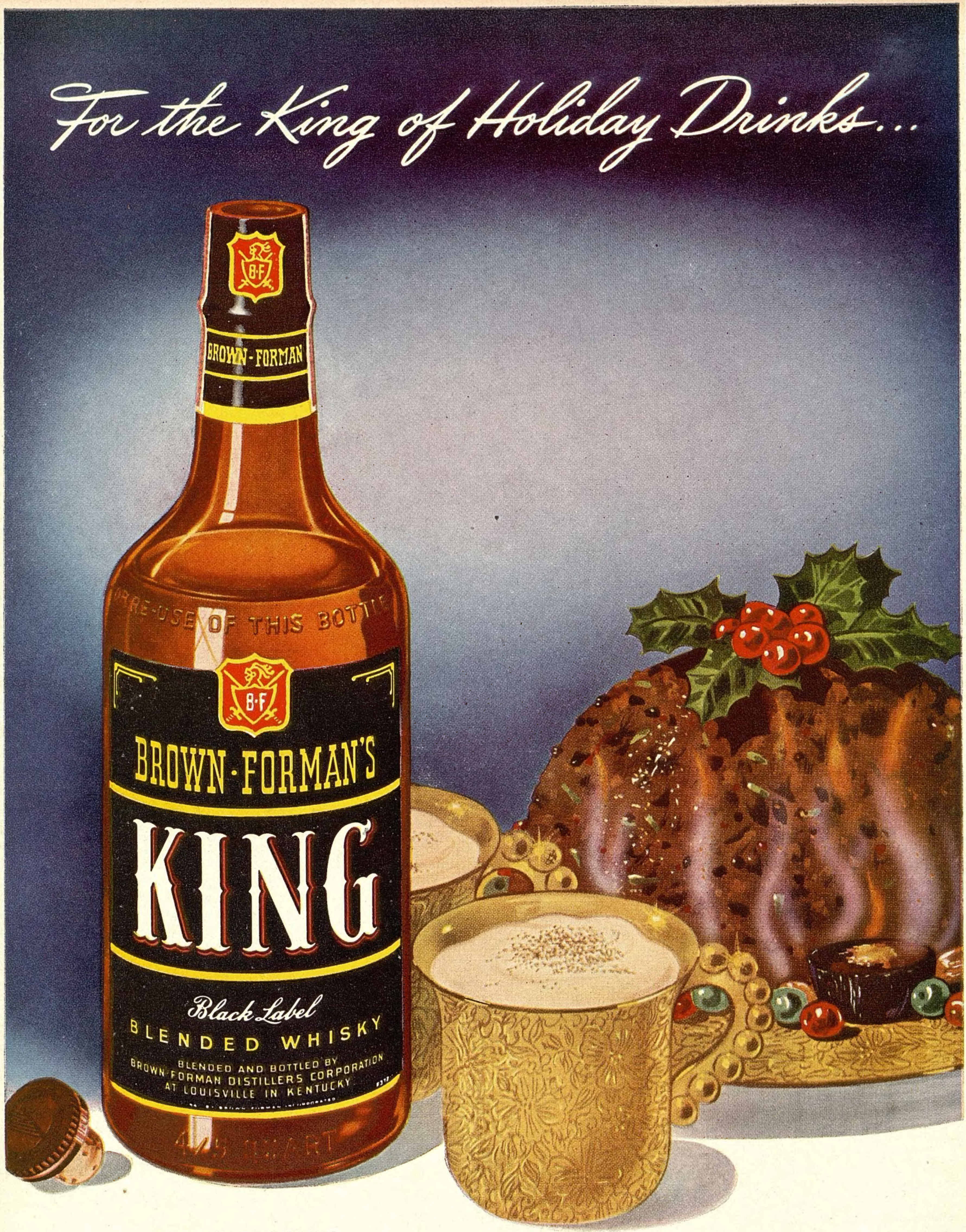
ROGERS
TRIGGER

Book: THE DIM VIEW

A Story of a Great Love

Let's Stop Kidding Our Children

By Francis Rufus Bellamy


For the King of Holiday Drinks...
BROWN-FORMAN
RE-USE OF THIS BOTTLE
B·F
BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
4/5 QUART

BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
BLENDED WHISKY

From Kentucky

Treat yourself and your guests to superlative holiday drinks made with Brown-Forman's King Whisky—from KENTUCKY!

BROWN-FORMAN
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At Louisville in Kentucky

The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 35% straight whiskies. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

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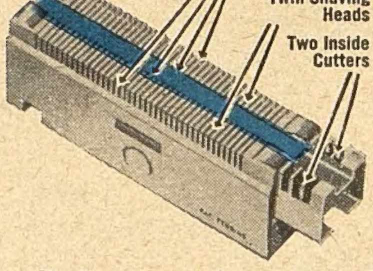
ELECTRIC-SHAVER
MADE IN U.S.A.
Remington
Foursome

Give him the electric shaver that's five years ahead
— THE NEW REMINGTON FOURSOME



The Foursome is the only shaver with the sensational new Blue Streak twin shaving head. This efficient long and short hair trimming head, combined with two round heads, makes the new Foursome the equivalent of four single-head shavers. It's a "must" for men with mustaches . . . handy for trimming sideburns.

Here's the greatest electric shaver built since Remington Rand pioneered the first multiple-head shaver — and one of the grandest gifts a man can find under his Christmas tree.

The new Remington Foursome packs more shaving power on its business end than any other shaver made. It has two of the famous Remington round heads, plus the new Blue Streak twin shaving head — the equivalent of four single-head shavers.

Powered by an improved motor, the new Remington Foursome will handle any beard — shave it fast, close, clean and smooth. Whiskers disappear at a touch, and it will cut a neat hair-line around sideburns and mustaches.

Packed in a satin-lined presentation case with cord-holder and brushes, the Remington Foursome (AC-DC) is priced at $19.50.

Count heads when you buy an electric shaver!

The Remington Foursome, newest and greatest shaver in the Remington line ......
$19.50

The Remington Threesome has three precision-ground shaving heads ....
$17.50

The Remington Dual is your best buy in twin-headed electric shavers ....
$15.75

All Remingtons operate on AC or DC. Remington Rand, Inc. Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada, Remington Rand Ltd. Toronto.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **WHAT A DIVINE DANCER!** Too bad he has such messy hair! I'll bet he has trouble combing it... and it's too lifeless for words! Sure enough, he's got loose dandruff ... Dry Scalp! Right after this dance, I'm going to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp

NOW HIS HAIR is really well-groomed and natural-looking. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. All it takes is a few drops a day. Result: Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better. And loose dandruff is checked! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's excellent also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care ... both scalp and hair ... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

THE WORLD TODAY IN FACT AND FICTION
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KODACHROME BY ROMAN FREULICH

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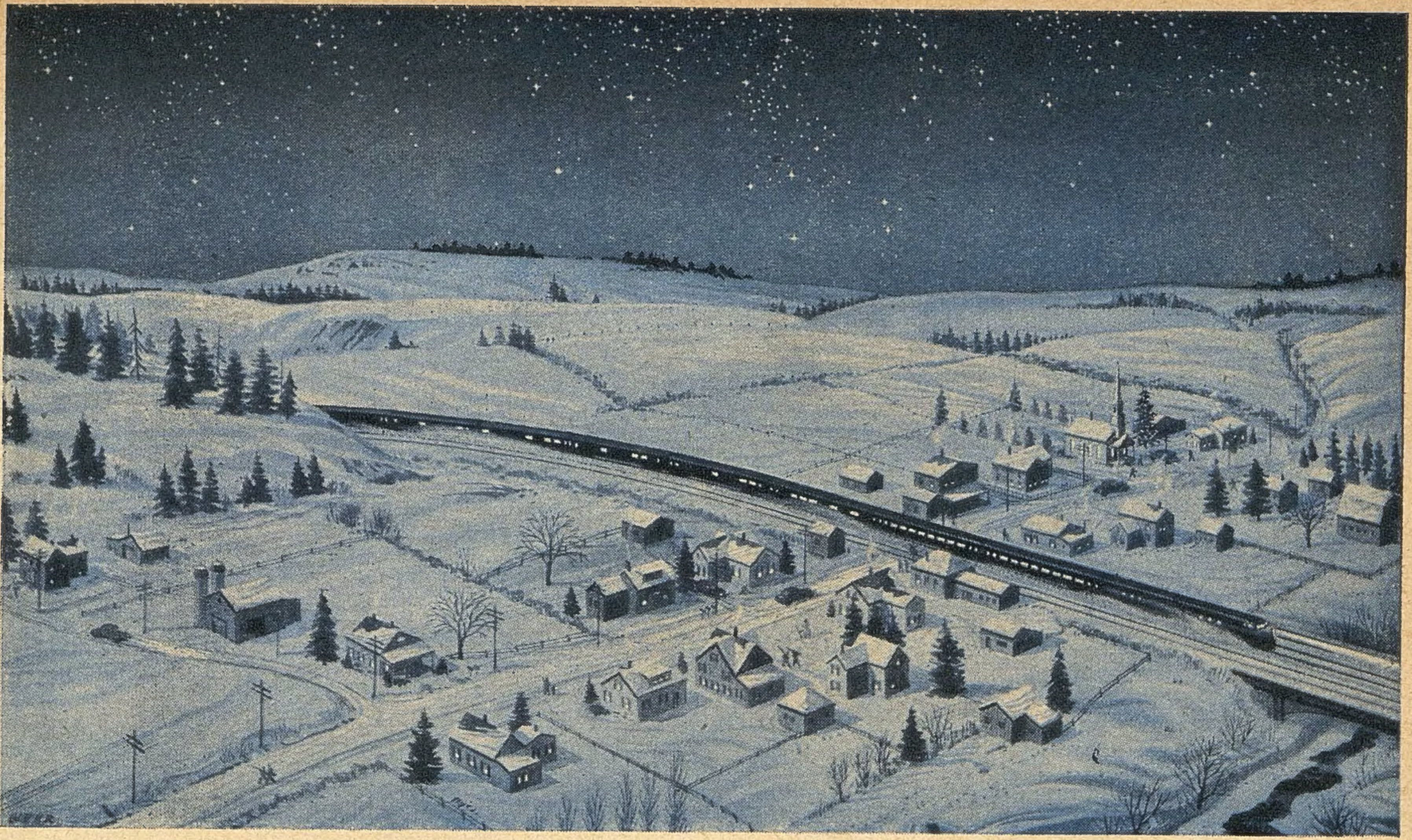

500 Miles to Christmas

It's the night before Christmas and, all through the train,
Thoughts of tomorrow's festivities reign.
Each passenger's bursting with friendly good cheer,
As most people are—at this time of the year.

Those in the lounge car are merry as crickets,
(And even *more* glad 'cause they got Pullman tickets!)
With gay conversation, they laugh and relax,
As the smooth-riding train glides over the tracks.

Aunt Jenny is here—and there's Margaret and Ray—
All going home for the big holiday.
There's Tom, Sue and Jerry, and all of the rest—
Yep—"going Pullman", the way they like best.

The children are nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of Santa Claus dance in their heads.
In berths, compartments and bedrooms, the lights
Blink off, one by one, on this night of all nights.

Now all have retired—it's quiet and still—
As they speed through the valley and over the hill . . .
With dreams of the turkey and dressing piled high—
And the cranberry sauce—and a big pumpkin pie!

They arrive in the morning, in plenty of time,
All rested—and bright as a new-minted dime.
As they shout "Merry Christmas", *we* send greetings, *too*—
A big "*Merry Christmas*" from *Pullman* to *you!*

Travel is always heavier during the holiday season, so if you're planning a trip, please make your reservations now and . . .

Go Pullman

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

RADIO CURE

Frankston, Tex.—I have one more cure to add to Albert Q. Maisel's list in How to Fall Asleep (November 2). About nine years ago I had quite a lot of family trouble and then some heavy losses. I tried everything for sleep, with no results. I finally found a cure. It is very simple.

If you will just turn the radio on real low, you will forget what is bothering you or running through your mind and fall asleep.—*Harry B. Fields.*

RRROCK-A-BYE!
FC

TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY

New York, N. Y.—Marlen E. Pew Jr.'s article on How to Buy a Radio (November 9) was very interesting. But, being no technical wizard, what I wanted to know when I got through reading it was: How do you buy a radio?—*George M.*

Read it again.—Vox Pop Editor.

HUBBA-HUBBA!

Chicago, Ill.—A "hubba-hubba" for lovely dancer Lili St. Cyr (Camera Eye, November 9). But I must say that rooster she's holding is a peculiar-looking thing.—*Evelyn R.*

We didn't expect anyone to notice the rooster.—Vox Pop Editor.

BAD TIMING

Miami, Fla.—In the story, Five Minutes of Babies, by Charles Ellsworth (October 19), it is eight o'clock on the eastern coast and eleven o'clock on the western coast. If I remember correctly, the time in California is three hours *earlier* than in New York. Or does Mr. Ellsworth keep his watch on Hawaiian time? —*Palmer H. Jacques.*

HOME FOR BOYS

Omaha, Neb.—I wish to express our appreciation for Jules Archer's fine article about our home for boys —Inspiration Hill (October 5).

We have had a number of inquiries about the work as a result of this publicity and this will be a real value to our work.—*J. G. Arnold, General Superintendent, Omaha, Masonic Home for Boys.*

GLACIAL DRIFT

Long Beach, Calif.—In The Camera Eye (October 19) you state "tremendous rivers of ice moved across the entire surface of the earth."

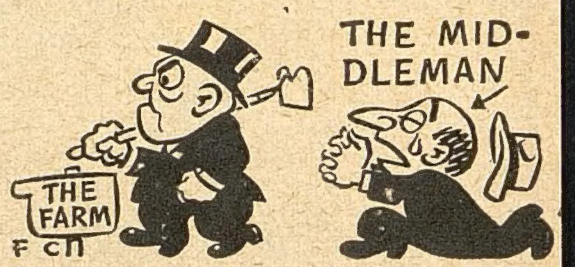
Tsk-tsk! According to a late textbook of geology, the glacial sheet which came farthest south was the Nebraskan drift which reached approximately to Kansas City and St. Louis. Is this the whole world?—*S. E. Harnett.*

MINSTREL

Savannah, Ga.—The picture of Al Jolson in your Thanks for the Memory feature by Allan Witwer (October 5) reminds me of another great minstrel, George Wilson, who was popular during the Gay Nineties. That was his favorite pose, too, and was usually accompanied by the remark, "Waltz me again."—*William Gray.*

NO TIME FOR ARGUMENT

Arlington, Va.—Perle Palmer's eleventh way to labor peace—eliminate the middleman (Vox Pop, November 2)—is one of those bright ideas that do not work. We are a nation of shopkeepers. Elimination of the middleman would provide labor peace because everybody would have to go back to the farm where there's no time for arguments —only work.—*Gordon H. Simmons.*



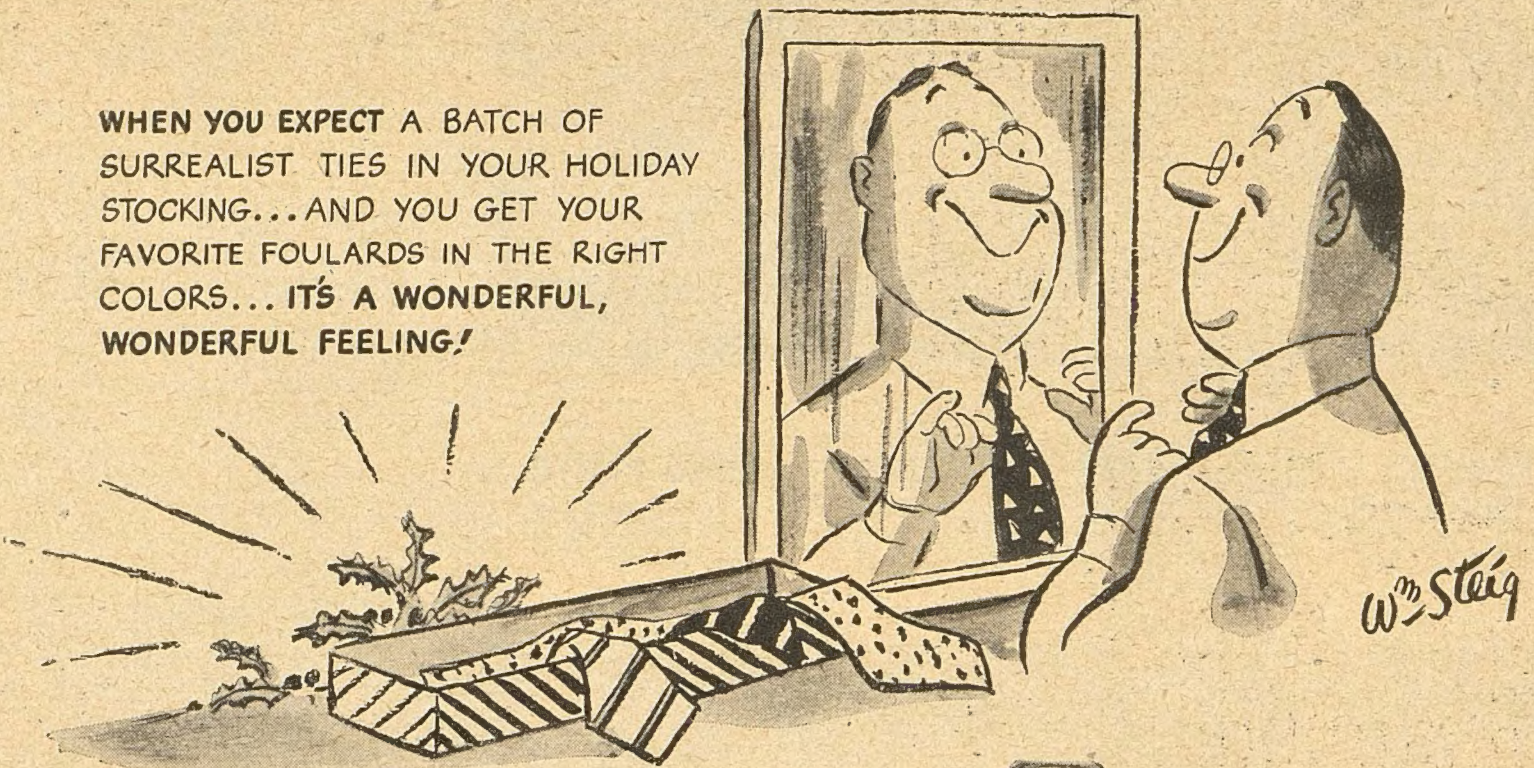
GANG UP ON QUACKS

New York, N. Y.—After reading Are Doctors STUPID About Cancer? by Terry Deane Manning (November 2), I became encouraged.

I've seen so many tragic cases in my nursing career that I am dis-

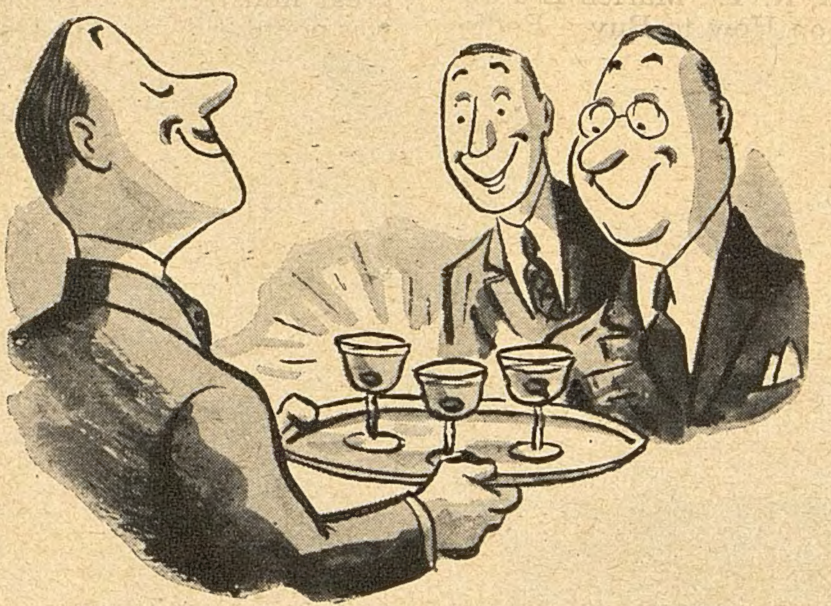
(*Continued on page 8*)

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU EXPECT A BATCH OF SURREALIST TIES IN YOUR HOLIDAY STOCKING... AND YOU GET YOUR FAVORITE FOULARDS IN THE RIGHT COLORS... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY—EXPECTING TO ENJOY EVERYTHING BUT THE MARTINIS—AND YOUR HOST MAKES 'EM WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SMOOTH, SO FLAVORSOME, SO DRY... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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DISTILLED FROM 100%
GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
-so smooth you can drink it straight!

KINSEY *the Genial* GIN

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Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-*TRY IT!*

The ONE picture that's worth 1000 words!!!

ACTION... BULLWHIPS LASH IN FRENZIED FURY!

Yvonne DeCARLO Brian DONLEVY Jean Pierre AUMONT

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"SONG OF INDIA" "FANDANGO" "ARABESQUE"
"FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE" "HYMN TO THE SUN"
"CAPRICE ESPAGNOL" "SCHEHERAZADE"

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Director of Photography, Hal Mohr, A. S. C. • Associate Producer, Edward Dodds
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A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

(*Continued from page 6*)

gusted with the medical profession as a whole. The public is being enlightened daily on medical and scientific matters, while doctors and specialists don't know beans about their own work. It's high time we all ganged up not only on cancer but on the numerous quacks practicing their dubious arts.—*Florence A. Schneider.*

NO ANGLE

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—In your picture of the race car making a turn in the Camera Eye (November 2), you state that the turn is 180 degrees. The school I went to taught us that 180 degrees was a straight line. I would say the turn was about 30 degrees.—*John J. Gilmore.*

THE DREAMERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have just seen your cover picture of the Stassen family and have read Harold Stassen's article, America's *Real* Secret Weapon (October 26).

In case you have not been informed, the working people of Minnesota have been fed up with Mr. Stassen's anti-labor and "one world" ideas for several years.

Minnesota and the rest of the nation need the leadership of those who carry out the programs upon which they were elected. We are tired of the starry-eyed dreamers who travel around the country talking "one world" and "freedom," while over half the world's people live under the iron heel of a dictator. —*Dick B. Johnston.*

VOTE CULTIVATION

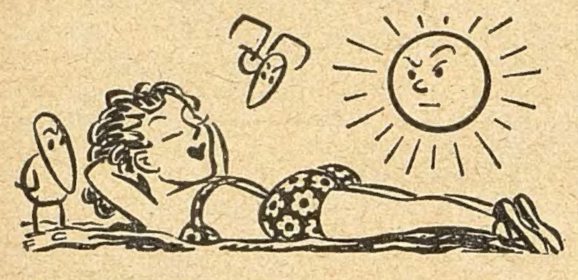
PORTLAND, ME.—A vote of confidence both to Harold Stassen and to Liberty for recognizing in the article, America's *Real* Secret Weapon (October 26), the need for and value of cultivating vote-consciousness in the garden of American thought. —*Aaron H. Goldblatt.*

COLD HOPE

COTTAGE GROVE, OREG.—Hans Reusch's Eskimo story, The Bargain (November 2), was a gust of cold, clean, invigorating air, sweeping away the nagging worries of dirty politics and atomic bombs. I came back to the temperate zone feeling that perhaps after all, God's still in His heaven and that some day the American people will really get tired of the present brand of Democrats.—*Mrs. Ethel Gabrio.*

SUN WORSHIP

TAUNTON, MASS.—In Allene Corliss' story, Woman with a Past (October 26), the author writes, "She was lying on her stomach on a beach roll with her eyes closed. The sun was hot against her eyelids. . . ."



Won't you have your artist draw us a picture of that posture?—*Anne Coppinger.*

Gladly—with our heroine's face turned toward the sun.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WHICH MESS?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am astonished at Paul Hunter's editorial in which he tells his readers bluntly to vote for a Republican Congress (November 2).

He forgets the larceny of the nomination overnight of Harding by a handful of bosses, and that frightful administration, followed by Coolidge and Hoover, who led the country into the mess which Franklin Roosevelt succeeded to. If not he is deliberately misleading his readers.

What have the Republicans ever done for the country's wage earners and small business men?—*Joseph Mills.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO—It was indeed refreshing to read Paul Hunter's editorial, Vote for Common Sense, in which he advocates the election of a Republican Congress and states his belief in the Grand Old Party to rescue this country from the doldrums into which the past and present Democratic policies have plunged it.—*R. F. Williams.*

KEEP THE CHECK

CEDARTOWN, GA.—In Vox Pop (October 26), D. Davidson takes your caption writer to task for saying "The constitution says that all men are equal," and you make matters worse by stating that the caption should have read, "all men are *created* equal." I have a nice certified check ready to forward to you when you find that statement anywhere in the Constitution.—*Joseph G. Hamond.*

Reader Hamond's check is safe. That statement appears in the Declaration of Independence, not the Constitution.—VOX POP EDITOR.

"Our railroads help make Christmas merry"

"You know, a railroad agent is in a better position than most folks to see how railroads make Christmas what it is. We know how railroads carry Christmas packages and Christmas mail to every corner of the country. What's more, they bring millions of people home for the holidays.

"Our passengers travel in comfort—and the cost is mighty small. And when they start home for Christmas—or on any other trip by rail—they know they'll get there.

"Railroading is a busy job at Christmas, but it is the kind of job that makes you feel you're in partnership with all America. And that's a good job to have. And a good feeling to have, too—not just at Christmas, but all year round."

Getting passengers to their destinations, safely and on time, is a year-round job with railroads.

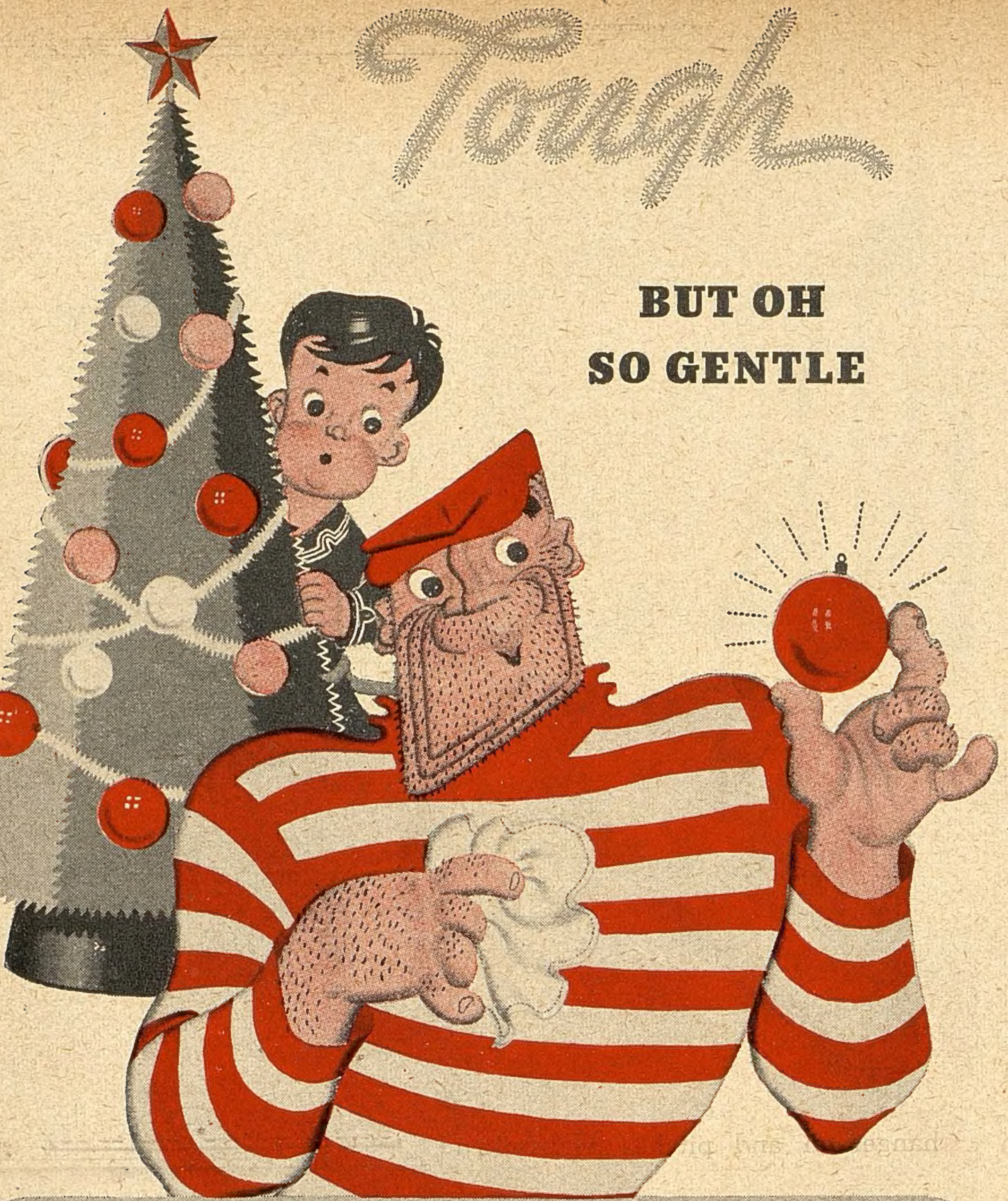
It's a job that takes a lot of doing. An infinite capacity for detail. An enormous amount of specialized equipment. And a backlog of operating experience that goes all the way back to the days when trains were actually pulled by horses.

Today, railroad tracks link all cities and towns in America. And the railroads themselves are linked in a closely knit partnership with the communities they serve. For the railroads employ local people, buy supplies locally, own local property, and pay local taxes on it.

No other form of transportation is so intimately a local, home-town partner with so many communities throughout America.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA



When your automobile engine starts smoking and gets droopy, the engine needs new piston rings. And it will pay you to get Hastings rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear and *restore* performance. Ask your motor specialist.

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TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALL

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

"FOR me, literature is a kind of hereditary disease," says Paul Tabori, who wrote the short short story, THE THRESHOLD, on page 24. He comes from a long line of literary people in Hungary. His father was a well-known journalist and criminologist. During his youth he sandwiched a number of odd jobs (like night-club bouncing) into his school days. He married an actress in 1933 and settled down to writing. Five years later he went to London, where he worked as Hungarian translator-announcer for the BBC, script writer for Alexander Korda, film critic for the Daily Mail, feature writer and editor for Reuter's. Now he and his wife are planning a first trip to this country. . . . Byron Morgan first discovered the ISLE OF JOY, which he tells about on page 26, back in 1921, when, as one of Hollywood's first writers to learn to fly (see accompanying photo), he piloted his own "Jenny." His flying field was located two blocks from Gilmore's oil field, and from the air he watched Gilmore's gradually develop into the great sports center it is today. Mr. Morgan started out writing stories and articles, later turned to movies, and is now back in the magazine fold. . . . There's no hex on Robert Tallant, though he confesses an all-consuming interest in voodooism. Having recently published a book which traces its history in North America, he's quite an authority. HOME-GROWN VOODOO (page 20) is his latest on the subject. "Before settling down to full-time writing I had numerous jobs, all of which I disliked very much," he says. Now he's thoroughly happy, living in his native New Orleans and working on three books at once.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
BY URSULA PARROTT
SIX CURTAINS FOR NATASHA

THE Confederated Unions of America is SOMETHING NEW IN LABOR. Morris Markey tells you why C.U.A. is out to sign up the nation's independent union members. . . . You'll be amazed by WHAT RUSSIAN CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT when you take a look at the new Soviet textbooks with William van Narvig. . . . Ursula Parrott starts an exciting two-part love story. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, SIX CURTAINS FOR NATASHA, by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, is a mad and merry story of the Russian ballet.

ON THE BEAM

Now Northrop's bred a Pioneer tri-motored aerial work horse, the first in the U. S. A. since Henry Ford quit raising them

BY WAYNE PARRISH

REMEMBER the famous tri-motored Ford transport plane? It was the first all-metal airplane ever built and was virtually Henry Ford's only endeavor to get into the aviation business until his bomber production during the war.

The old Ford was mighty sturdy. It didn't have much speed, but it could get in and out of small fields, it could carry a pretty hefty load, and long after it was obsolete as a commercial transport in this country it was flying in aerial circuses, being used for charter trips, and was a real work horse in Central and South America. Some of the old Fords are still flying.

It may seem ironical, but the company that is building the 70-ton Flying Wing and has been noted for building super-fast and super-slick airplanes is going back twenty years in aviation history to produce a tri-motored aerial work horse that will be neither fast nor slick, but will haul cargo out of isolated jungle and mountain fields.

Northrop Aircraft Corp. at Hawthorne, California, builder of the Black Widow night fighter during the war, is building the tri-motored Pioneer for short-field, short-haul feeder-line work. It doesn't expect this new plane to find a big market in the United States, but it has every reason to believe that in Central and South America, northern Canada, Alaska, Africa, China, and other countries relying on cargo-by-air, its Pioneer will get a good reception.

Just as a sample of what it will do, the Pioneer will take off in 700 feet and will land in 750 feet with full gross load—and the useful load, cargo or whatever is carried, is 10,600 pounds. With a lesser load the Pioneer will take off in 450 feet and land in 600 feet. Compared with performances of today's shiny and speedy airplanes, this is getting in and out of tight corners.

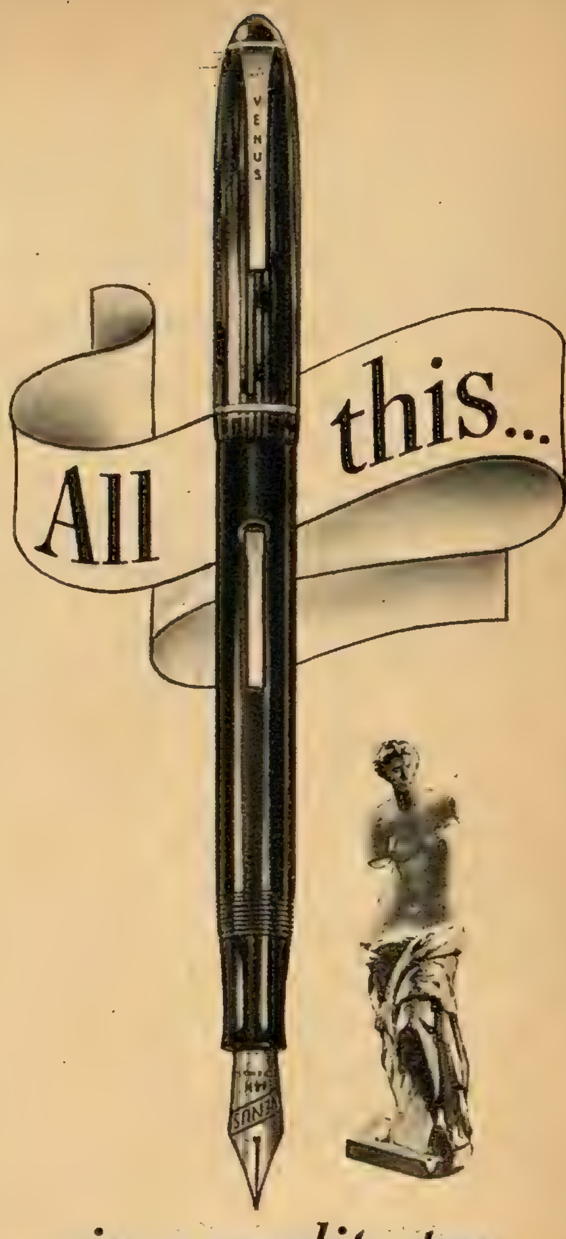
There have been a number of airplanes employing three engines. Besides the Ford, there were the Stinson A transport and the German Junkers Ju-52 which is still seeing service around the world. But in recent years the three-engine idea was discarded in the United States until John K. Northrop, one of the world's top designers, revived it in his new Pioneer. The reason for three engines is added safety and performance on quick take-offs.

The high-wing design enables the cargo plane to clear fences, shrubbery, and small buildings on the edges of non-restricted airports, as well as keeping the wings above the dust eddies on unsurfaced fields.

Although the chief market sought is for hauling of cargo, the Pioneer can carry thirty passengers. Two doors are provided on opposite sides of the plane for easy and quick loading and unloading. The Pioneer should be ideal for hauling supplies to mines, transporting raw materials, and providing regular service to isolated communities minus airports with long paved runways.

Statistically, the Pioneer shapes up this way: 25,000 pounds gross weight, carrying pay load of 8,500 pounds for 300 miles at very low cost per ton mile; wing span 85 feet and fuselage length 60 feet 7 inches. Maximum cruising speed 185 m.p.h. at 10,000 feet, using three Wright 800-h.p. engines. Production is scheduled for early 1947.

The Pioneer "work horse," shown here in embryo, soon will be foaled and at work.



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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dog
cat
The Train
Fl
The Rainbow
Tars

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Let's Stop Kidding Our Children

BY FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

"WARS begin in the minds of men," says Prime Minister Attlee of Britain. "Only education can avert another tragedy," agrees General Eisenhower.

Therefore, say a group of American educators, surveying the current state of the world, now is the time to rewrite the books of the little red schoolhouse of every nation. Militant flag waving must go. Prejudice against other lands must be dissipated. Positive action must be taken to eliminate the war spirit from national educational systems. To achieve lasting peace, world-wide school unity must be achieved.

Boiled down, this is the official American recommendation to our delegates at the meeting of the UNESCO in Paris. Formulated in Washington by our National Commission on Educational, Scientific and Cultural Cooperation, and approved by our public-school teachers, it is America's first official effort to induce the United Nations to educate for a peaceful world.

Should American kids be taught to love while those of other lands learn to hate? This question is vital in these times

Apparently even our most dewy-eyed educators have come to the realization, based on America's recent and extremely painful experience, that "education for a peaceful world" has to be on a world-wide-school-unity basis, and nothing short of that will do. For one nation to teach its children that war is unnecessary, unthinkable, while other nations are indoctrinating their young with a fervent desire to die in battle for the fatherland is to risk committing national hara-kiri. We should know: that's what we did last time.

Here is a quotation from an American schoolbook imposed on public-school pupils in this country prior to Pearl Harbor:

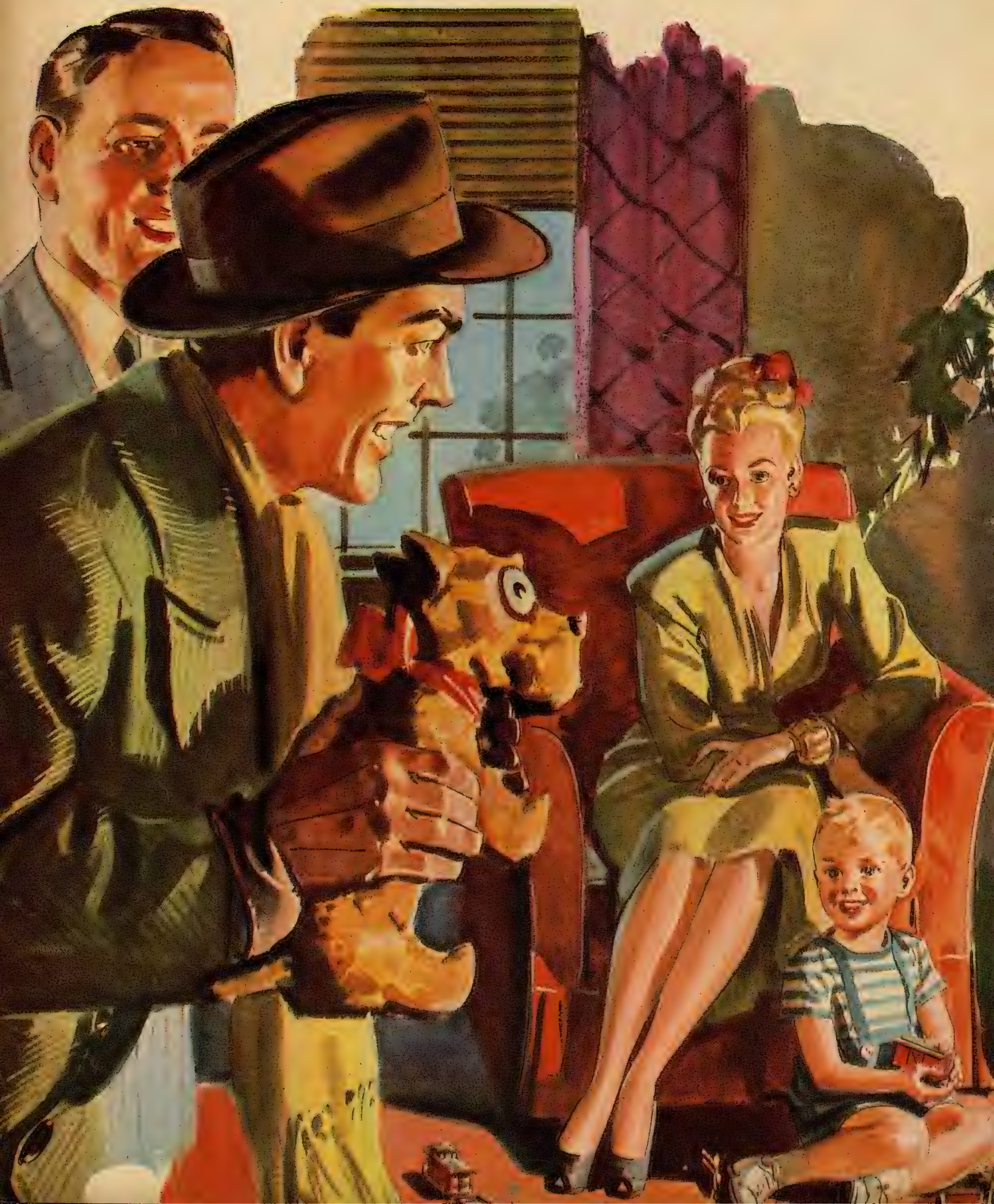
(*Continued on page 59*)

George wasn't cut out to be a father, it says here

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN THOMAS

You were somebody dressed up in Sunday clothes waiting to be played with when Ned felt like playing. He was proud of you, Butch.



Beguiling Guest

WELL, Butch, we didn't want you to start with. In fact, nobody did. Certainly not Ned. Ned was one of the prices I'd paid for marrying his sister. Tippie was worth it, but that didn't make Ned any less exasperating. He was the kind of card to show up tight the day Tippie and I got married. When we got back from the honeymoon at Carmel we found him sleeping in our apartment. Something had happened to his job and his landlady had kicked him out because of some brawl in the early morning hours with a girl. He decided he'd been a fool again.

Ned was magnificent in honestly admitting his mistakes and resolving to do better. He was utterly convincing, the first few times. He was going back to San Jose State and finish up school. He lived with us a couple of months during that phase, and then one day he was gone, and a few weeks later Tippie got a post card from Seattle. He had a wonderful job (he always was a bit vague) and please keep the address under the hat. P.S.: Wire fifty dollars, love, Ned. Eventually, Viola and Gwen quit phoning to see if he was back yet. Except for an occasional post card containing a new address, we knew nothing of Ned until the army got him; and then he just walked in on us one day, on furlough.

"Ned—does this mean overseas?" Tippie asked.

"Worse. I'm going to get married." He smiled wryly. He was a handsome devil, too good-looking for his own good. He looked us in the eye and admitted everything with that wonderful frankness. "I was a fool. Well, I'll be a good husband and father. I'll see it through. It's a good thing for me. I needed something to make me settle down, something to steady me. I'm not going to spend a dime in the army. I'm going to allot everything to Viola and the baby, so I'll have a nest egg when I get out. I'm sure it's all for the best."

"Then it's Viola," Tippie said.

"Yes. She's a nice kid. A swell girl. If I had to get caught, I don't know anybody I'd rather it would be. And it's funny—I love her. I know that, now. She's the only girl in the world I ever really loved. I've been a heel, but I'll make it up to Viola."

He was wonderful, Butch, always frank to admit that right up until this instant he'd been an utter fool, but firmly convinced that everything from now on out would be different. It's a hard thing to say about your father, but he isn't worth a damn.

Viola was a match for him, a cute little flitter-brained blonde doll. The baby was spoiling her figure. She wasn't ready to become an old married woman, with kids. What did Ned expect, him off to war having a good time and her tied down to a kid? She'd give it away. It was done all the time. The hospital handled things. You just went there and had the baby and the hospital took care of everything. You never even saw the kid. It was simple. You just signed a paper. Ned, of course, was upset. From his post cards you would have thought he was the prize father of creation.

"We'll take Butch," Tippie told Viola placatingly; "for awhile, anyhow." And to me: "It's just the way young married kids are these days, George. You wait. She'll want her baby, all right. Girls aren't themselves at a time like this. I just don't want her to—do anything."

So we got a layette for you, Butch. We took Viola to the Palo Alto hospital, and the last thing she said was, "Now, remember, you'll take it."

LATER, we looked through the glass wall, and a nurse with a gauze mask pointed you out—second basket from the end—a wizened red thing; and I said, "Well, if I ever saw a scarecrow of a baby, that's one."

"It will only be for a little while," Tippie said. "Viola will change her mind."

"Now, look: we're not going to get soft about this infant. I know Ned and I know Viola. They'll let us go through the tough part, and then they'll take over when the kid's cute and a bunch of fun. So don't go overboard."

"Give me some credit," Tippie said. "It's just a temporary arrangement. I know that."

So we took you home, Butch, and it all began. I don't think I ever was cut out to be a father. I used to look back, longingly, at those amazing days when we could drop in at a movie or go out for dinner. It became a veritable expedition to get over to somebody's house for a game of bridge—bottles, formula, diapers, bassinet, nipples, sterilizer, blankets, pads—it was like equipping an expedition. Of course we'd both said right from the beginning that we had our own lives and you weren't going to take over. We weren't going to degenerate into mere servants to you. We wouldn't bore people with your cute doings, nor have our horizon reduced to yours. But it was a fight, Butch. You were a tyrant.

You had just one single weapon, but, brother, how you used it! You were utterly helpless. You could smother in a blanket without being able to push it away. You could die if we didn't guess what you needed. You were our responsibility, entirely; you couldn't help yourself.

VIOLA came around to see you when she got out of the hospital. "I never saw such an ugly brat."

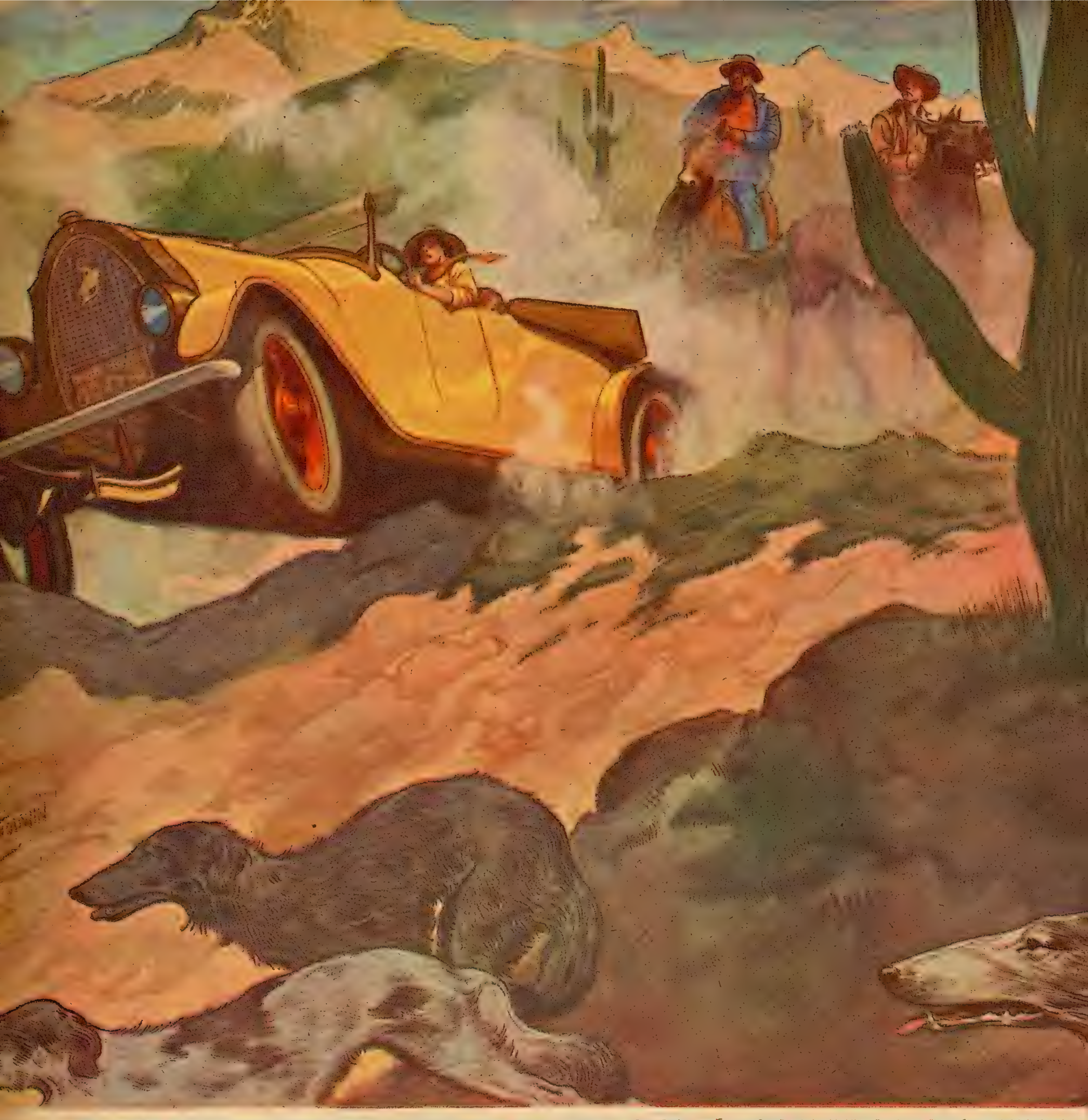
When she had gone, Tippie said, "After all, it's her baby. She didn't have to call him ugly."

"Now, wait a minute, Tippie."

"Oh, don't be silly, George. Heavens, I've got eyes in my head. You have to sort of get to know a baby. And Butch is getting better-looking all the time. The red's going away, and when he gets a little hair— He really has got nice eyes; anybody can see that. Of course the nose isn't much yet, but all babies are that way."

We used to watch you day by day with a clinical fascination, feeling triumphant at each small sign of development. And major events such as the time you first turned over were red-letter days. Simply because, Butch, we wanted you to grow up to where we could have more time of our own. And then when you were crawling, we used to think back fondly to when you slept all the time. I figured to tie a dust mop on you and let you polish the floors. You finally got on your feet, to my great relief, but you could reach higher then and pull stuff off the tables onto your head.

(Continued on page 68)



The car got out of control when Dulce gave the steering gear a flip to the left and mashed down on the gas at the same time.

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

SUCIO JOHNSON was one of the last of the old-time outlaws. Sucio, pronounced soo-thee-oh, means "dirty" in Spanish. He'd earned the nickname as a kid horse wrangler when he'd go long stretches without washing his face. No one remembered his Christian name. So "Sucio Johnson" was carved with a hot branding iron on the wooden marker for his grave. He was buried where he was killed, under a cottonwood tree on the sandy floor of a box canyon in the south pasture of my Grandfather Renfro's ranch in Deaf Jones County.

Years ago, Johnson was a top hand on our ranch. He was a big-framed, red-haired man, his haggard face ill-matched with his robust body. His yellowish eyes were crossed in a way that gave him a threatening, angry look. But for the fierce eyes, his face might have had a pleasant, scholarly expression. He was a sort of scholar. He read everything in my grandfather's library. He liked history and politics the best and, judging by the books he ordered through the mails, his favorite author may have been Tom Paine.

Sucio regarded the big cattlemen who dominated our country as the worst sort of tyrants, throwbacks to medieval barons. He urged all the workers, the cowhands and plowhands and house help, to file on government lands before the large landowners grabbed everything. He talked so much about this that he got the name of an agitator and he couldn't get a job with anyone but my grandfather. Perhaps, during the years Sucio played hide-and-seek with sheriffs and rangers and U. S. marshals, he considered himself a persecuted revolutionist rather than an enemy of society.

The first trouble Sucio got into was with a cattle inspector. This inspector was left-handed and he had a trick of extending his right hand in greeting to a man he intended to kill. Then, when he'd grasped the gun hand of his victim, he'd draw with his left and fire. The inspector picked an argument with Johnson and tried his handshaking trick. He extended his right hand, like he was making up. Sucio grasped it and spun him around. He was still spinning when Sucio shot him between the eyes. The cattle inspector had gunman friends. Johnson had to kill them too. After winning a number of these shooting scrapes, Sucio became a fugitive. And our south pasture was his favorite hiding place.

Muleshoe Creek flows north and south through the south pasture. There are lots of little branch creeks and the Little Kiowa River cuts across the flatlands in the lower end of the pasture. So it's wonderful cattle country. The pasture's 735,000 acres start on the North Plains, near our ranch headquarters, and drop off into rugged canyon systems and rows of round-topped little mesas. Some of these canyon systems are patterned liked the half of a wagon wheel. The broad central canyon corresponds to the hub of the wheel. Running from this hub are a number of deep subsidiary canyons, some of them with exits and some of them box canyons. In the canyons are heavy growths of plum thickets, wild grape vines, hackberry trees, some mesquite and many groves of young cottonwoods and willows. A rider unfamiliar with the trails has to take it slow. Sucio Johnson knew every cowpath and he could gallop along as if he were out on the flats.

When a posse was pressing, he would ride into a big canyon, lose his pursuers in the underbrush, head up a smaller canyon which he knew had an exit. The sheriff's men would have to split up into parties and search out the various canyons. Johnson might be miles away by the time they'd explored all the canyons. Or if the posse were small, he might lie in the brush on the canyon rims and pick off some badge wearers. In this way he slew three Deaf Jones County sheriffs and almost a score of deputies and recruited posse men.

We at the ranch were puzzled when we heard Sucio had let himself be cornered in a dead-end canyon by our latest sheriff. Then we learned that Sucio had come into the canyon to keep a rendezvous with his girl friend, Dulce Melton, a husky, handsome waitress at the Three Sisters short-order café in town. Dulce betrayed him. She got a sizable reward. She explained to the sheriff that her price was high because she'd been very fond of Sucio.

ANYWAY, Sucio was completely surprised and took a number of .30-.30 and .45-caliber slugs, mostly in his chest, before he fell from his horse. When the firing stopped and the posse men circled around him, he raised up on his elbows and propped his back against the cottonwood tree and took his time about dying.

Grandma Renfro had heard that Sucio was hemmed up in the box canyon. She thought there might be a siege. So she sent our famous Negro cook, Will King Solomon, to the south pasture with a chuck wagon to feed the sheriff's men.

"And I wish that big varmint Sucio could get some good vittles inside of him before they kill him," said Grandma Renfro. She had always liked Johnson when he worked for us, though she'd once had to shoot him in the thigh when he came back to the ranch crazy drunk at three in the morning and started turning over outhouses.

"Amen, Mrs. Renfro," said King Solomon. For the elderly cook had liked Sucio too.

King Solomon drove the chuck wagon to the box canyon and he got there just as the posse circled the dying man under the cottonwood tree. King Solomon rolled a cigarette and gave it to Sucio. The sheriff said:

"You got anything to say, Johnson?"

"Yes, you crooked old hypocrite," answered Sucio.

He raised his red-bearded face, impatient with his weakness, and turned his fierce cross-eyed stare on the sheriff.

"You can tell that Dulce girl," he cried, "that I'm coming to get her! I'm coming back from the dead."

The words rushed out as if he was afraid he'd die before he'd had his say:

"Tell Dulce I'm coming back to get her. But I'm not coming back as plain old Sucio Johnson who bought her pretties and loved her. Tell her I'm coming back as a red-coated, curly-haired, bush-tailed lofer wolf. The biggest lofer ever seen in this country. And I'm going to get her for sure." (Lofer is a corruption of the Spanish word for wolf, *lobo*, and in our country lofer wolf is usually used to indicate a very big wolf.)

"Some of you thieving, pussyfooting cattlemen," continued Sucio "whose crimes far outnumber my own, will think there's a whole pack of lofer wolves loose when I come prowling back and start whittling down the stock."

He cussed Dulce some more, using some six-bit words he'd gotten from books for emphasis. He cussed the sheriff. Then Sucio Johnson died.

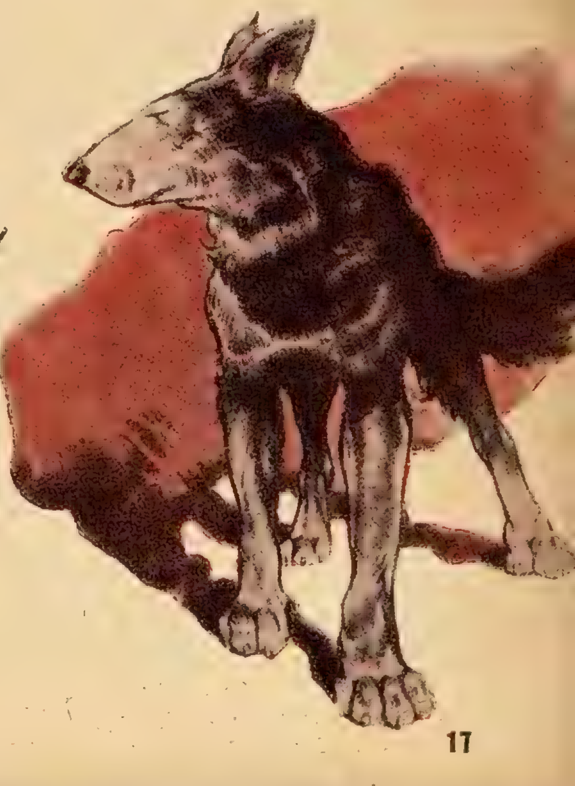
Our Will King Solomon, who is no more superstitious than the next man, said to my granduncle, John Renfro:

"I sure wouldn't want to be in Miss Dulce's shoes."

But when Dulce was told of the curses that Sucio Johnson had pronounced on her, she laughed. She laughed the heartiest when she heard about the red-coated, curly-haired, bushy-tailed lofer wolf that was going to get her. She said Sucio was

(*Continued on page 63*)

Haunted Pasture



When Johnson died, he swore he'd return as a red-coated wolf—to get the girl who betrayed him

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Thanks to the Yanks

. . . the once forbidden city of Yokosuka, Japan, is now bossed by its long-enslaved womenfolk

BY VICTOR BOESEN

Tokyo.

SEVERAL male citizens of Yokosuka, Japan, a city of 232,000 on the peninsula that divides Tokyo and Sagami bays, have asked for membership in the local Women's Club.

For Japanese men thus to demean themselves by supplicating the sex which they have always treated as a servant class, meant that they had weighed loss of face against advantage—and found the advantage heavier.

The Women's Club has 58,000 members, making it undoubtedly the biggest Women's Club in the world. It is so big that it meets in "small groups—four or five thousand at a time." It runs Yokosuka, under Captain Benton W. Decker, rugged-faced U. S. Navy commander of the area. It got the job because Decker found that "the women are the only honest people in Japan," and because the women share his ambition to make the city "Dai (great) Yokosuka" and a model American-style community in the Orient.

Yokosuka is peculiarly suited to such an experiment, for it has no background of those things which are the spirit and mechanism of a city in America. It does not even have a sewer system. For Yokosuka was owned and operated by the Imperial Japanese Navy. Its shops, yards, and laboratories, reaching for six miles along the water front and hidden behind a wall, engaged 70,000 of the townspeople—virtually all who were employable.

It was a city of secrets: secret police and secret activities. Trains or streetcars entering the yards were taken over by naval crews at the gates, and what happened to the tracks beyond the wall was as much a mystery to the railroad people as to others. Persons who innocently climbed the wooded hills behind the city, where they could overlook the forbidden yards, were arrested. No foreigner had been permitted in the city in twenty-six years. A foreigner who once arrived by mistake, having fallen asleep on the train and ridden past his stop, was grilled by police for five hours.

Unafraid of hard work, the ladies help clean up their city.

Thrown on its own when the war ended, the city had neither the means nor the experience to make its own living. When Decker took over, last April, an army officer from SCAP in Tokyo proposed that the population be moved out and the city abandoned. Decker retorted that the best way to serve our own interests in Japan is to help the Japs help themselves, and set himself the goal of 1,000 small business enterprises in the city, to give it self-sufficiency.

The new Chamber of Commerce, organized by one Kay Tsunoda, a tall, affable cosmopolite formerly in the export-import business in New York, is sparking several local industries Decker wants. He tells of making the government put up fifty million yen toward a furniture factory to make "Chippendale finer than Chippendale's," modeled after some specimens Tsunoda picked up in England a few years ago. The remaining ten million yen needed he got pledged from local sources. He tells of progress on plans for shops to make radios, light bulbs, and bicycles. Unless Tsunoda is being carried away by his enthusiasm to "get in there and push," the industrial phase of Yokosuka's rebirth seems to be in good hands. Decker admits that Tsunoda is a go-getter, but says, "I still don't know just what his game is."

Decker is a tough salt-water veteran. When the war broke out, he was teaching navigation and seamanship at Annapolis. Three months later he shipped out as executive officer of the first battleship to be commissioned after Pearl Harbor: the South Dakota. With stacks

Captain Decker, commander of Yokosuka, confers with Women's Club leaders on the distribution of navy substandard food.

of winter clothing aboard as a red herring, they headed in great secrecy and a sustained haste for the South Pacific. There Decker stayed until the last few months of the war, emerging as a captain and commanding officer of the battleship Maryland. He has two sons, both Annapolis graduates like himself, serving on the battleships Iowa and New Jersey respectively. And Mrs. Decker, a native of San Diego, California (the family home since 1919), is with him in his present assignment.

DECKER found Yokosuka like a badly run ship, without discipline, corrupt, and off course. His predecessors had turned most of the yard area back to the Japs, who were looting it.

The ice plant was partly broken down, and what little ice came from it was going to the black market. Rationing of food was in the hands of the police, who somehow were the fattest people in town. Left-over food from the three U. S. Navy galleys was being collected by characters who peddled it at prices that promised to establish them as the city's first civil aristocracy. One fellow had become a tycoon, making 5,000 yen a day. He had made a deal with the Japanese employees of the galleys to spill a ham or a side of beef into the cans now and then. His number one customer, a hotel, got first call off the top of the container. Number two customer paid a little less, commensurate with the quality farther down, and so on—including the "soup" at the bottom.

The mayor and the city council, having seen to it that there was no pinch on their personal lives, were doing nothing. Decker describes an interview with the mayor on the subject of the badly needed sewage system. The mayor was brought in by the current liaison man, one Kato. In white-linen trousers, gray coat, and a brown bow tie, the mayor kept washing his hands and shifting in his chair while Decker held forth with Kato, who served as interpreter, on what was being done.

Well, the mayor had been thinking about it—making estimates and things—he had been thinking. . . .

"That can all be summed up: He's doing nothing," Decker interrupted.

Kato said something to the mayor. The mayor squirmed and grimaced.

Kato told of going to the Minister of Home Affairs in Tokyo and trying to get the government to help foot the bill for the sewer. "They are rather stingy," he said. They would contribute 1,000 yen [$66.66] each year for five years, then perhaps meet one third of the cost.

"He's telling me the imperial government doesn't give a hoot about the health of the people of Yokosuka," said Decker. "Will the Home Minister give ten million yen if it is approved by SCAP?"

"If SCAP approves, the Home Minister *may* approve," Kato replied.

"Wait a minute! Who's approving who?" Decker demanded. "Is the Home Minister approving General MacArthur, or is MacArthur approving the Home Minister?"

Kato hastily backed water, a sickly grin on his face. He said that as soon as the mayor had made out the budget, they would take it to the Home Minister for approval. "Then will you do all you can for SCAP's approval?" he asked.

"I'll take care of my end," said Decker.

After a short lecture on the duties of a public official, Decker asked about street improvements. There was a problem of light posts. Decker had the answer. "We've got all kinds of pipes—steel tubing, even submarine periscopes, over in the navy yard," he said. "It'll all make good lampposts." He told how to install the posts. He referred them to a foundry for help. "That place is making too much money. An American mayor would get them to kick in to the city in return for being allowed to stay in business."

Did the mayor intend to run in the next election? He wasn't sure. "If he does,

(*Continued on page* 52)

Home-Grown Voodoo

In the enlightened U. S. A., witch doctors are doing a bigger business than ever in love potions, Black Cat Oil, and Easy Life Powder

BY ROBERT TALLANT

YOU can buy love for twenty-five cents. For the same amount, or a little more, financial success can be yours. A dollar will purchase a book of secrets that will promise you health, wealth, and love, dominance over enemies and friends, and the power to bring disaster, even death, to all who oppose you.

You may not believe this. You may even find it hard to accept the fact that there are thousands of Americans who do believe it. Perhaps you imagine that witchcraft of all kinds, including voodoo, is extinct, or that it exists only in certain strange corners of the earth. You are quite wrong. There are more believers in voodoo today than at any previous period in history, and there are more voodooists in this country than in any other part of the world.

The American witch doctors offer their wares in more than a dozen magazines and in a hundred newspapers. Show windows in most large cities display the oils and the powders, the varicolored candles, the fantastic roots, small bones reputed to be from the tails of black cats, "magnetic" stones, and all the other *gris-gris*.

The advertisements are carefully worded. The modern witches and wizards are not burned at the stake, but the federal prison awaits those who make false claims or misuse the mails, so no magical powers are claimed for the products offered. They are "for fun and amusement," say these advertisers, or "for luck."

For instance, there is John the Conqueror, of which two types are sold, and which are called either Little John and Big John or Male John and Female John. John the Conqueror is a gnarled root of supposedly potent qualities which is popular from South Rampart Street in New Orleans to Harlem in New York. In general, John is for good luck, but in particular it is used for sex conquests and to win at gambling. Still another sort of John is sold that may be chewed.

A Chicago "curio" company offers in its catalogue such items as Magnetic Lodestones (usually for gambling), Dragon Blood Reeds, Numbers Incense (to help you win at "numbers" or at lottery), Lucky-in-Love Sachet, Love Me Beads, Jinx Stix Incense (to conquer your enemies), candles, numerous books on magic, John the Conqueror, and Devil's Shoe String.

All the advertising is in the approved manner. Of Devil's Shoe Strings it is said, for example, "These are believed by some people to protect them against evil and sickness. Some believe they will get you any man or woman you want, and if placed in the path of a rival will keep him from getting that which he desires. We do not make any claims for these articles, but sell them as curios only."

A firm in New York specializes in candles—some of them made in the shapes of men, owls, roosters, goats, witches, cats, and crosses—and in the magic books, among which are all the ones used by voodooists for a very long time. Certain New Orleans drugstores and shops publish price lists regularly. One druggist gives out cards advertising the following:

Devil's Blood, 50 cents; Love Powder, 25 cents; Sacred Sand, $1; Black Cat Oil, $1; Goofer Dust, 50 cents; Easy Life Powder, $2.50; Boss Fix Powder, 25 cents; and Get-together Drops, $1.

New Orleans is the North American home of voodoo, which was brought into Louisiana early in the eighteenth century with the first importation of slaves. The Marie Laveaus, handsome, mercenary mother and daughter, first put voodoo on a paying basis. To their rites and ceremonies, held among the dense swamps then edging New Orleans, came persons of every class of society. The Laveaus also served liquor—usually *tafia*, a crude rum. Long before the show ended, the celebrants would degenerate into a whirling, screaming mob.

Voodooism on a commercial basis has spread far and wide since those days. But do not imagine that all the paraphernalia that goes with it is sold to Negroes. At least a third of those who believe in the power of Love Powder, Boss Fix Powder, and Devil's Shoe Strings are white.

Many a solid middle-class American housewife sprinkles Love Powder on her sleeping husband. Many another burns Numbers Incense to find out what number she should play, or carries a Devil's Shoe String in her purse when she attends the bingo party in the basement of her church. And the male gamblers who carry lodestones probably number in the thousands. Countless other males seek a restoration of virility from the mail-order houses that deal in voodoo supplies.

Just after my book, Voodoo in New Orleans, was published* in March, 1946, I realized perhaps for the first time how deep was the hunger of so many people for love, for financial security, for simple happiness. For to me came a veritable flood of letters from persons who had misunderstood my book.

BY far the larger percentage come from women. One woman wrote: "Please send me C. O. D. a package of Love Sachet and another one of Boss Fix Powder. I want to fix my boss up so he'll give me a raise and not fire me like his wife wants him to do. I want to make him like me better than he does his wife, so if you have anything that will keep her out of my path send that, too."

Then there was the one from the woman in Washington, who wrote, in part: "I don't want to hurt anyone but would like to get my man so no other woman can't take him from me and so he won't pay any attention to no other woman but me, that he will do anything I want him to do. At the present time other women has him under control. . . ."

Perhaps the most confusing letter I've received was from a man who asked, "Can you send us anything so my wife will have twins? We always wanted twins, but we've never yet had any."

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* The Macmillan Co.

THE END

The world's finest skiing plus a six-week divorce law make Idaho a haven for the mismated.

Quick Divorce in Idaho

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

TELL your friends you're going to Nevada for a few weeks, and watch the eyebrows rise. But tell them you're going to Sun Valley, Idaho, and they'll offer congratulations and a look of envy. They are thinking, no doubt, about Idaho the vacation land, and not about the state that has made getting a divorce as nearly painless as possible. Idaho makes much of its policy of not publicizing its quick divorce law, but the lack of publicity creates business just as surely as Nevada's fanfare does. To average Americans, who like to do their fighting and divorcing in private, it's a big inducement, something that Idaho has quietly made the most of since it enacted a six-weeks divorce law in 1937.

It may well be true that the people of Idaho are sincere when they say they don't want their state branded as a divorce mill, but the fact remains that they have a divorce law which works swiftly and gives legal recognition to such plain-jane grounds as simple incompatibility.

Take, for example, the case of Mrs. Ruth Alexander of Washington. She and her husband agreed to a divorce. He drove her to a small Idaho city in their trailer, unhitched the trailer, and drove back home. Then she consulted the classified phone directory for attorneys, and finally found one who would handle her case for a rock-bottom $100. He arranged to establish the legality of her residence (in the trailer, mind you) and she got a job as a waitress in a local restaurant. At the end of six weeks the attorney filed her suit for divorce, her husband was served with papers, and within twenty days Mrs. Alexander appeared in court for forty minutes and became a free woman.

Had she been in a particular hurry, she could have cut the twenty-day period to almost nothing by having her husband represented in court, or having him send to the Idaho court a legal refusal to plead to the allegations made in the papers served on him. When this is done, most judges will provide immediate action on the divorce application.

Where the spouse doesn't contest the divorce action, it is possible in Idaho to establish a residence by renting a room or a cottage, and then the plaintiff returns home until the court is ready to hear the case. Idaho attorneys don't like to do this unless the circumstances are exceptional, because obviously it does stretch the theory of legal residence almost to breaking. But it can be arranged.

Almost immediately people want to know whether a divorce that's so easy to get is really legal. Idaho lawyers contend that Idaho divorces have never been declared invalid. But people don't usually go to the trouble of attacking a divorce unless there is some dough involved, and when this is the case no smart lawyer will permit his client to go through with divorce proceedings in which a separate property agreement is not executed. The legality of this agreement is in no way influenced by the legality of the divorce; it is binding on all concerned, including money-hungry heirs.

Nevada was doing very well with the divorce business with a three-months residence requirement when, in 1931, Idaho made a bid for the out-of-state tourist trade by cutting its residence requirement to three months. Nevada soon met the threat of competition by slashing its own law to six weeks. But it wasn't until 1937 that a group of Idaho lawyers decided that if six weeks was a good deal for Nevada, it couldn't do Idaho much harm either. They quickly won their point.

THERE are eight major grounds for divorce in Idaho, but three that matter to out-of-state divorce seekers are willful neglect, willful desertion, and extreme cruelty. The first two must be proved to have continued for a year. Extreme cruelty, however, can be anything from a poke in the nose to a pain in the neck. Under the latter heading come the cases of incompatibility in which two people just plain don't get along. Judges in Idaho take the same broad view of such a situation as judges do in Nevada: If two people don't want to live together, it's a foolish law that would try and force them to do so.

Idaho people say they like their streamlined divorce law. As a prominent Boise banker puts it: "There's no legal gambling and open prostitution in this state, and there isn't going to be. And no publicity either. If people want to come here and get a divorce, that's their business and we aim to keep it that way."

THE END

Idaho keeps its mouth shut and thereby corners for itself a pretty good slice of the nation's divorce business

This is the kind of hard labor no deer hunter minds.

Fair Game—and Fun

Are you one of the many who don't hunt but would like to? If so, deer is your meat and here's how you bag him

BY EDDY DRESSEN

THE white-tailed deer is the most widely distributed of big game animals, a slick-footed crafty thing with a bag of tricks that a professional magician might envy. He is the poor man's tiger, elephant, and lion all bound up in a sleek gray hide and powered by spring-steel legs. Rich men go deer hunting too. It's a game for anyone who likes genuine sport and no favors granted—at least by the deer.

One who wishes to hunt a deer—and eight million people wished to last year—can do so in any of the forty states that normally declare an open season. But white-tailed deer probably are most numerous in Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Let's go to Pennsylvania this year. It has a lot of deer, 700,000 having been taken there over a ten year period. A simple way to find where you stand the best chance of getting a buck is by asking the Pennsylvania Game Commission at Harrisburg.

They maintain lists of everyone in the state who accommodates hunters. If you're going by train, you will be told how to reach some place where trains maintain regular schedules. But a car's a wonderful advantage. You can hunt a lot of country that you couldn't get to on foot even if the season ran forty days. The deer-hunting season in Pennsylvania usually runs fifteen days opening around December 1. The nonresident license fee is fifteen dollars, and if you're an out-of-stater, make sure you have a license.

Now that we have our state, let's pick a county and hunt it. Potter is representative. It's mountainous, with lots of woods, plenty of deer, and an amazing number of hunters. Galeton—probably the best jumping-off place for Potter County hunting—is a hospitable town that understands deer

The traditional horn ends the hunt.

hunters. But even the friendliest place cannot take care of too many people. Make your reservations at least three months in advance if you want to be sure of a place to stay. Prices are reasonable. Last season we paid $3.50 a day for good beds in a warm house with as much fine food as we could eat every meal.

Proper clothing is just as important as a place to stay. The weather might be anything from seventy above to ten below. Incidentally, if your clothing isn't red, buy some red cloth and sew it on your hat and coat. Among so many hunters there are always some idiots who will shoot at anything that resembles a deer. Be sure you don't.

The right footwear is so very essential that it deserves special mention. Deer hunting is hard work that involves a lot of walking. Even if there is no snow, you're going to wade streams and splash through swamps. The best footwear I've ever seen for the purpose is near-knee-length rubber boots big enough so you can wear two pairs of heavy socks inside them. They tend to make your feet sweat, but they're better than anything else.

There probably are as many unchangeable opinions on the right deer rifle as there are deer hunters. In Pennsylvania's mountains you'll get an occasional shot at 400 yards or over, and anything smaller than a .270 just isn't adequate to the task. While walking up one side of a valley we saw a deer on the other side—about 400 yards away—and through glasses identified it as a buck. Three of the party emptied their 30-30s without even disturbing the animal, whereupon another member of the hunt stepped up with a 30-06 and toppled it the first shot. However a 30-30 is a good gun in brushy country or where your shots are under 200 yards. Don't use anything with less power. Light guns are prone to leave wounded animals that die a lingering death.

The final items that go to make your deer hunt successful are either a regulation hunting or a good clasp knife, matches carried in a waterproof box—a fire will be very much appreciated if it's zero and you've been standing around—and a piece of stout cord about six feet long for dragging your deer out when and if you get him. Field glasses are nice in mountain country where you see deer very far off and aren't sure whether or not they bear antlers.

THE primary reason for going deer hunting is to bag a deer, and volumes have been written on how to go about it. Of all the animals that roam the woods, the white-tailed deer is the most unpredictable. Few human beings can accurately guess its next move. Natives who spend a fair portion of their time studying some particular deer, might. There was the Potter County trapper who, on the first day of deer season, refused to get up at 4 A.M. and join the grand rush to the back country. He rose at eight, had a leisurely breakfast, and took his rifle from its rack. Declaring that he would have his buck by 9.15 he ambled down to a much traveled highway, took his stand in a cluster of thornapple brush, and shot a ten point buck at exactly 9.10.

The trapper knew that particular buck. Every morning, about the same time, it crossed the highway at that point and went into some hemlocks on the other side. Had the trapper waited another day and let other hunters dust the buck's heels with a few bullets, the schedule probably would have been disrupted.

If you can hire or persuade a native to hunt with you, by all means do so. If you're alone, you'll have to still-hunt, and that's the hard way of doing it. Still-hunting requires much more skill and finesse than any other method. Any still-hunter—any deer hunter—needs a huge portion of luck on his side. Not all still-hunters are liars, but nine out of ten of the tales they tell are tall. One hunter I know came to camp dragging a big twelve point buck. He told exactly how he had picked up its trail, identified the trail as a buck's, and, by a masterpiece of hunting skill, had circled ahead and ambushed it. It was a wonderful story. But its effect was slightly spoiled by another member of the party. Hunting the same section, he had seen this modern Nimrod come upon the buck when it was hopelessly entangled in a wire fence.

One thing is absolutely certain: no person can overtake a buck that doesn't want to be overtaken. A deer's senses are infinitely more sharp than those of the keenest human being. No hunter should ever delude himself that a deer doesn't know he is coming. But here the

(Continued on page 56)

PHOTOS BY WIDE WORLD

How to drop a buck at thirty yards with bow and arrow. Only a few skillful huntsmen can do it at any distance.

THE THRESHOLD

When father and son are stubborn, something must give, if only a piece of wood • **BY PAUL TABORI**

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS ATWELL

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BECAUSE they were both so alike in temper and character, they were bound to clash sooner or later. The people of Roubaix called them François le Gros and François le Petit. The Grenouille family had lived in northern France for many generations. The first Grenouille, way back in the sixteenth century, had established the weaver's workshop which kept on growing until it now occupied several hundred acres and employed three thousand people.

The mother of François le Petit was a sickly, weak woman: she died soon after the birth of her only child. François le Gros did not marry again. His life was complete with his work and his son. He supervised every detail of the lad's life and education. It was a familiar sight to see them strolling after the evening whistle had gone at the factory, the small boy looking up eagerly at his father, who dispensed wisdom with an air of careful skepticism.

When the boy was eighteen, he went abroad — to Manchester, to Antwerp, to the big mills of the American Middle West. But he had to write a letter to his father every second day and account for his money and his time. He became a first-class textile engineer, too, winning high degrees at the appropriate schools of learning.

The trouble began when he returned. He was a handsome boy, and girls began to run after him. François le Gros did not mind; his son had to sow his wild oats; when the boy was thirty, he would marry and there would be another generation of Grenouilles to carry on the good work.

True, he had noticed slight signs of rebellion in François le Petit. He had actually criticized his father over some minor matter in the design of new looms. But the old man put him in his place. He still knew more than the boy could ever hope to learn! And that was that!

The serious trouble came when François le Petit was twenty-five. He had been moody for some months, went out little, moped about in his rooms. Then one evening he came in after a brief absence, his face radiant, walking on air. Francois le Gros was reading his trade papers in the study that was all dark mahogany and seasoned leather.

"Father," said the boy, "I want to talk to you."

Grenouille finished the sentence and put his stubby forefinger against the paper to mark the spot.

"Yes?"

"I am going to be married."

"You—what?"

"She is an angel. And you know her."

"I am not aware of having met any angels. What is the name of this creature?"

"Marie D'Arny. You know. The doctor's daughter. She has a respectable *dot*. And, just imagine, she loves me!"

"Marie D'Arny?" François le Gros repeated the name with evident distaste. "And what gives you the idea that you can marry her?"

The boy went a little pale.

"My feelings—and hers, of course. It is all arranged."

"Is it? I do not think so. She is a Catholic. We are Protestants. We are rich—she is virtually a beggar.

"Also, though I have not made any announcement, because I did not think it necessary, I have almost completed arrangements for your marriage. It is a very charming young lady from Nantes. Ursule is the daughter of a great friend of mine. I have almost decided that next month we shall visit the family."

THERE was a tremendous row which ended by François le Petit packing his suitcases and moving right out of the house. He took a ridiculous little flat a few houses from Dr. D'Arny's house. He also got himself a job with the rival concern.

François le Gros pondered the situation for a few days, then went to call on his son.

"You persist in this folly?" he asked, staring in cold contempt at the small flat.

"I am to be married on Sunday," his son said quietly.

"I warn you for the last time!" blustered François le Gros. "I disinherit you! I—I'll never cross this threshold again."

He pointed with a dramatic gesture at the inoffensive board. He waited for a second, staring at his son, but François le Petit outstared him, and he flung from the room in a fury.

François le Petit—they still called him that—married his Marie, and was supremely happy. His father nursed his grievance like a sore bear, snarled at his quickly changing succession of housekeepers, brooded in loneliness in his big and empty house. Now and then François le Gros and François le Petit passed each other in the street, stared at each other, and walked on in grim silence.

A YEAR or two passed and gradually news began to trickle to François le Gros. Marie was a perfect housewife, and had made no attempt to convert her husband to her faith. The old man no longer roared when someone mentioned his son or his daughter-in-law; he just grunted and sat with an impassive face while his few friends made sly reference to the junior branch of the Grenouilles.

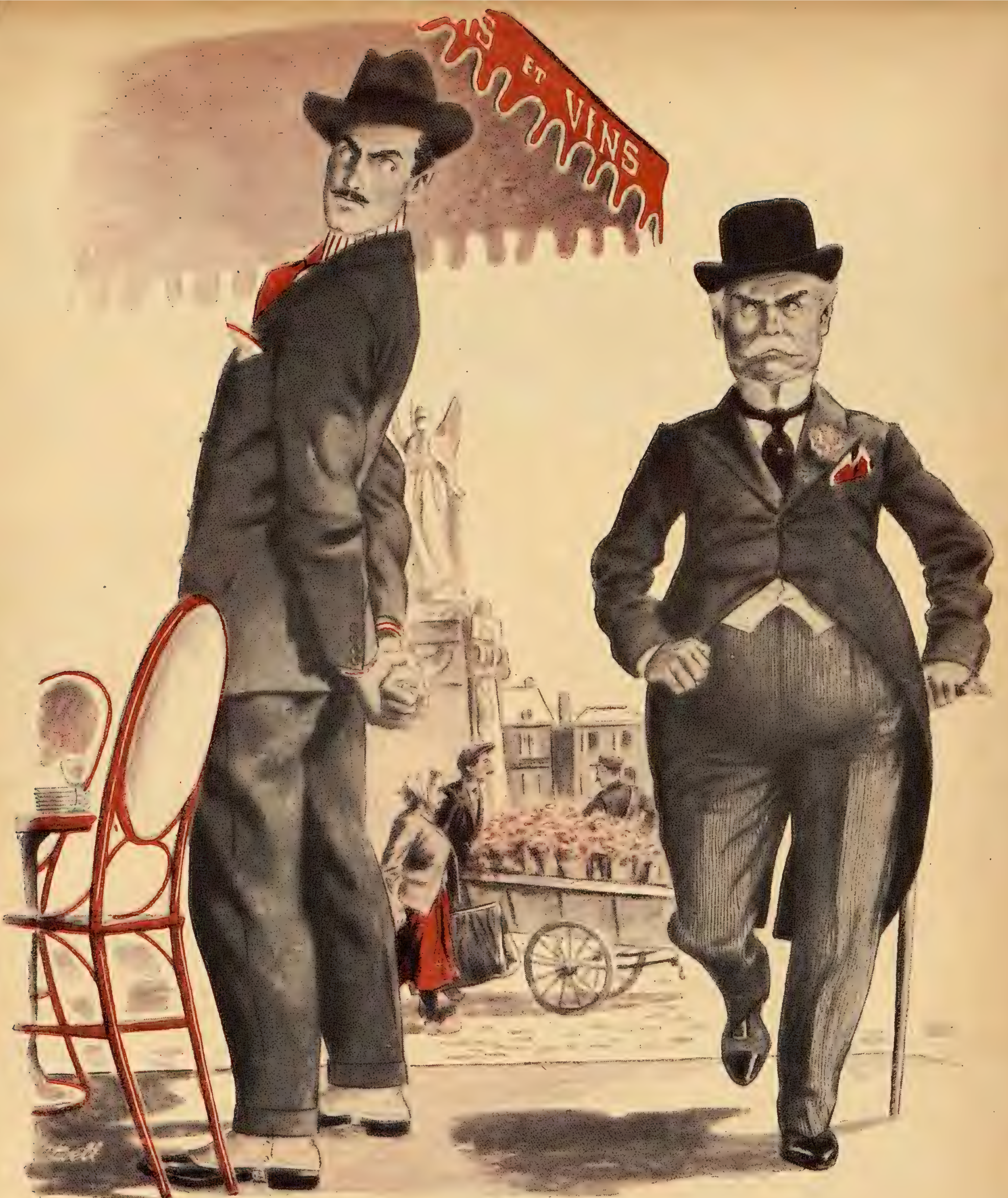
Then Marie bore her first child. It was a boy and it was baptized François. The old man heard about it and his fleshy face quivered with some sort of inarticulate emotion.

Once François de Plus Petit's nurse came home from a walk and complained that a silent and formidable stranger had followed them all the way from the park. Marie, a little timidly, suggested to her husband that he might go and see his father. He shook his head.

"No, *ma petite*. He told me he would never cross this threshold. He has made his own bed and he can lie in it."

The child was strong and handsome. He grew quickly. And his grandfather had never touched him, never held him in his arms. Marie was distressed at this thought.

Then one Sunday afternoon the doorbell of the small flat rang. Marie



Now and then François le Gros and François le Petit passed each other on the street, stared at each other, and walked on.

was bathing her child; François le Petit sat in his shirt sleeves reading the paper. He went to the door.

Two workmen in blue overalls with a box of tools under their arms and a few pieces of wood stood outside.

"What is it?" asked the younger Grenouille.

"We have come to put in a new threshold," explained the older workman. "They told us it was very urgent—"

"Though I do not see why it could not have waited till Monday," put in his companion.

François le Petit stared, then he grinned suddenly.

"Who sent you?" he asked—as if he didn't know.

"M. Grenouille," replied the older workman. "He is paying us double overtime. And he is waiting in the café on the corner."

The younger Grenouille folded his newspaper and put it on a chair.

"What are you waiting for?" he said. "Come along, I'll lend you a hand."

THE END

Isle of Joy

Fourteen million persons a year visit this amazing island that is entirely surrounded by the city of Los Angeles

BY BYRON MORGAN

A FORMER California rancher and wealthy ex-oil man named Earl B. Gilmore looked out of his front door one evening last summer, and wasn't surprised to find his home surrounded by more than 10,000 parked automobiles. Business was booming on "Gilmore Island," which is like several Madison Square Gardens spread over nearly 100 acres and separated by vast parking lots. It is a multiple-ring circus. You will have the choice of the Hollywood Stars of the Pacific Coast League in a baseball game at Gilmore Field, the midget car races in Gilmore Stadium, the Ice Follies or the Ice-Capades in the Pan-Pacific Auditorium; or you can take in a movie, bowl, or play ping-pong or miniature golf. Other evenings you can substitute ice skating, basketball, or a hockey game for the Ice Follies, and a football game or a rodeo for the midget car races.

Earl B. Gilmore, sports king.

And during daylight hours you may titillate your appetite with the display of foods in the spacious Farmers' Market. About the only thing you can't find on Gilmore Island is seclusion. Statistics show that around 14,000,000 people will have visited it this year.

This "island" is a body of land entirely surrounded by the city of Los Angeles. Because it has been owned by the Gilmore family for sixty-six years, and has remained under the jurisdiction of Los Angeles County, it has become an island within a city.

Earl B. Gilmore still lives in the century-old family homestead, a low tile-roofed ranch house sandwiched between the modern sports arenas. Often, if a foul ball bounces off the top of the ball-park grandstand, it lands in his front yard. The house is a historic landmark of early California, according to a bronze plaque which the Native Daughters of the Golden West have fastened to its thick adobe walls. "Rancho La Brea Adobe," the plaque reads. "Founded 1828—by José Antonio Rocha. Completed 1880—by A. F. Gilmore."

Earl Gilmore, whom friends call "E. B." takes great pride in the fact that he was born in this old house, and that he sleeps every night in the same bed in which he was born. "Suppose we make the date about 1890—that's close enough," he says.

Less than twenty years ago Gilmore Island was one of the richest oil-producing fields in southern California. But today the old wells are capped into retirement. From time to time one of them will bubble oil up. A couple of years ago one spouted up right in the middle of Pan-Pacific's ice floor.

The island was originally settled by an eastern tourist. But Arthur Freemont Gilmore, father of Earl B., sort of got in on the ground floor in 1880, when he came out from Mercer County, Illinois, and bought 265 acres west of Los Angeles. He formed a partnership with J. M. Carter, an ex-general of the Civil War, and they bought another piece of land south of the city and started a project they called Washington Dairy. Eventually they liquidated their partnership and drew straws for first choice. Arthur Gilmore outdrew the general by an eighth of an inch of straw and decided to keep his farm west of Los Angeles. Today no one will attempt to estimate how many millions of dollars have grown out of that decision.

Oil first flowed from the cow pastures in 1900. When the flow increased, the Gilmores launched one of the first independent oil companies in the West. Completing his education at Occidental College and Stanford University, young E. B. soon proved he had the makings of an oil impresario. When Wilshire Boulevard was opened through to Santa Monica, in 1909, it was a dry run between downtown Los Angeles and Santa Monica. But he parked a tank truck, stuck signs in the ground for a mile each way, and dispensed gas to passing motorists. This was the forerunner of all modern service stations.

With money rolling in, E. B. could indulge in his love of sports, especially sports which used oil. He backed many record-shattering race-car builders and drivers. That much of this was pure sportsmanship was attested by the award to him, in 1941, of the Edenburn Trophy for "the greatest contribution to automobile racing." The sports development of the Island began when the oil wells dried up.

"Yes, it's a little crowded around my house sometimes," says E. B. "When there's a ball game on and the Ice Follies is playing the Pan-Pacific, I almost need a helicopter to get home. But where could I live where I'd have so much fun—and not leave home?"

THE END

Santa's No. 1 Helper

Ideas dreamed up by America's leading toymaker in his shower will turn up in millions of stockings this Christmas

BY HAROLD WOLFF

CHRISTMAS began last January for Louis Marx. Just when U. S. children were getting acquainted with last Yuletide's toys, Marx was emerging from his New York apartment shower with an idea for a mechanical turtle that would waddle along the floor and then turn over on its back. And because fifty-year-old Marx is No. 1 stand-in for juvenile America, ideas he hatched in last January's shower will turn up in millions of stockings this Christmas.

Seven million racing cars a year, 4,000,000 Honeymoon Expresses, 2,500,000 pairs of skates, a total of more than $25,000,000 worth of toys a year make Marx the leading manufacturer of toys in the United States.

In a field of 2,000 fabricators of fun, Louis Marx & Company probably produces more toys than the rest put together.

Short, chunky, bald, Louis Marx doesn't look like the toy type. It takes him only a few minutes, however, to make it clear that he earns a million dollars a year simply by never growing old.

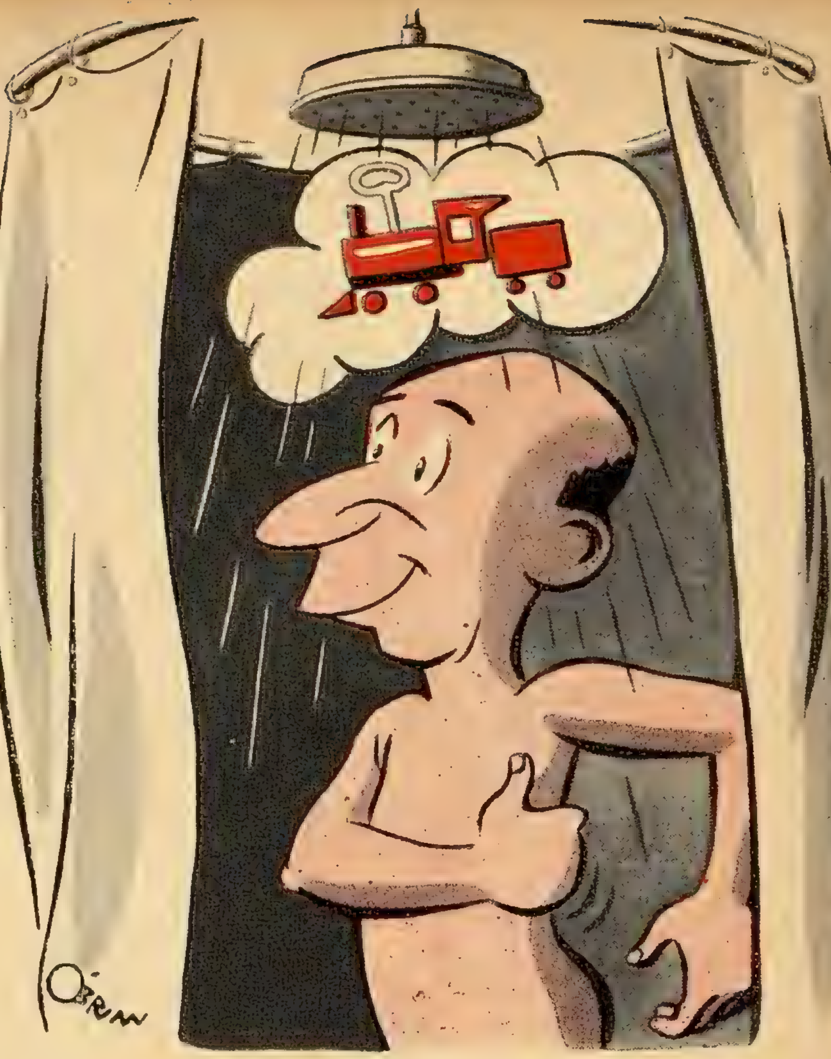
A visitor to his office in the country's toy center at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, will find little of the paraphernalia or shop talk that one expects in the sanctuary of a million-dollar-a-year executive. Even a stranger is much more likely to be asked, "What do you think of this?" followed by Marx's sheepish reading of a theme he has just written for his night-school class in short-story writing.

When the conversation finally gets around to toys, Marx pulls one of his latest creations out of his pocket and exhibits it with a Huck Finn twinkle, commenting, "You don't know what a thrill it is to find that your toy, something you designed and produced, is the one that kids want most."

Among his latest creations are a Sky-bird flyer—a plane that flies around in a circle and takes off and lands with startling realism—and a mechanical cowboy who whirls a businesslike lariat as he rocks back and forth on his horse.

To his inventiveness Marx has added twenty-five years of shrewd observation of the toy business. Coupled with this understanding of the toy market is his flair for mass production.

In the pre-Marx era—before World War I—the only inexpensive toys were those imported from Germany and Japan, where cheaper labor was available. Today, for a dime or a quarter, kids buy marvelous mechanical fun makers, designed by top-flight engineers and produced by the millions in factories so finely equipped that many were actually used during the war to make precision parts for planes. Louis Marx accounted for most of these changes.



Louis Marx gets some of his best ideas for toys in such an unlikely place as the shower.

Shortly after graduating from a New York high school in 1912, Marx went to work for a toy manufacturer who wanted a wide-awake errand boy. Apparently he got one, for in five years twenty-one-year-old Louis was heir apparent to the leading toy firm in the field.

When he and his boss failed to see eye to eye on mass-production and mass sales methods, Marx got stubborn and was fired. Then, with a small stake supplied by his family, and his eighteen-year-old brother David as junior partner, Marx set out to conquer the toy world. At first he sold wooden toys. Then, when his old firm failed, he bought up an old adding machine and the dies for Jocko, a mechanical monkey. There is no evidence that there was anything to add at the time. But Jocko, at twenty cents, sired the Marx fortune. The big mail-order houses bought monkeys by the gross.

Marx then brought out other toys and really moved into mass production. He built the first modern toy factory in the world at Erie, Pennsylvania. On one automatic conveyor belt, 3,500,000 toys a month move through vats of gay-colored paint to giant drying ovens. Typical result —a truck that used to sell for two dollars was reduced to sixty-nine cents, and became so popular that with added volume it could be sold for twenty-five cents.

This process involves big investments and big risks. A new dollar toy, for instance, has to hit a million sales before it begins to show a profit. What Marx calls a "red-hot item" will hit three million, and many Marx toys do. At that point he can lower the price and still make money.

But behind the scenes is Marx's uncanny ability to know what toys will attract enough eager buyers to warrant turning them out in quantities.

Inventors hound his office with gadgets but usually the "new" idea turns out to be something that had its run years ago. One of these ideas, however, proved to be Marx's greatest coup though he admits his first reaction to it was a near miss. That was the yo-yo, 100,000,000 of which have been sold all over the world. And it's still a best seller though it has been a Filipino game for more than a hundred years.

To keep on top of toydom's heap, Marx counts heavily on the 250 staple items in his line. For the twenty or thirty new items a year that he needs to keep ahead of the competition, he draws on his shower-bath inspirations. Most of all he can count on his own youthful personality that thirty years of rough-and-tumble in the business world has failed to age.

THE END

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

HOLD YOUR BREATH— Patsy Mooney manages t smile for the camerama while blocking her siste Ann's attempt at a goal i that old press agent's gam —underwater basketbal

WIDE WORLD PHOT

DELEGATES—Mrs. Frank lin D. Roosevelt with Sen tors Vandenberg (right and Connally listens i tently at the opening mee ing of the U.N. Gener Assembly in New Yor

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHO

WINDBLOWN—Norma Jean Daugherty pauses prettily during an autumn stroll on Santa Monica Beach, California.

RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

WARRIORS—A Scottish infantryman discusses styles with a Greek Palace Guard in Athens. They disagreed on skirt lengths.

ACME PHOTO

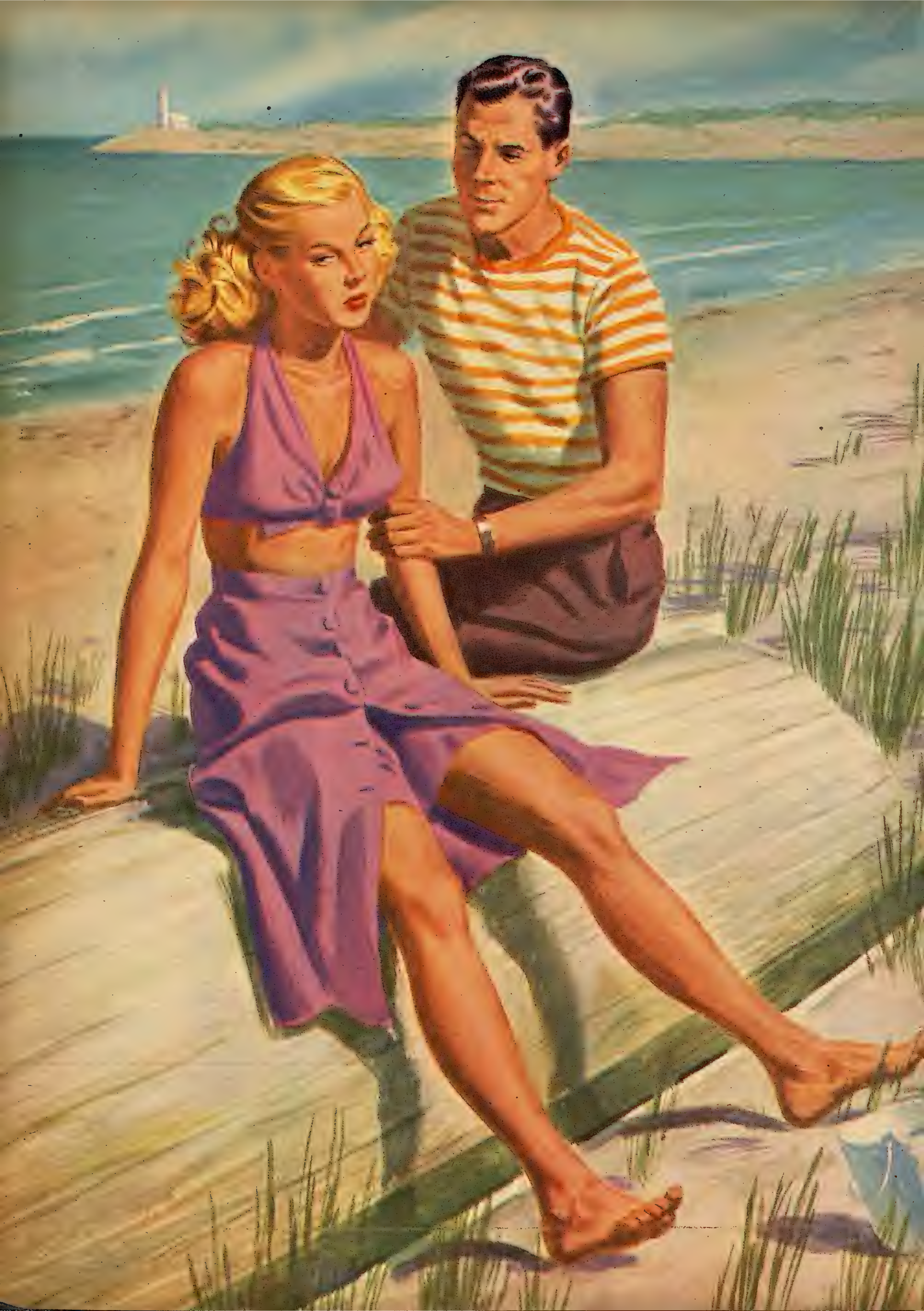
№1
ДЕЛЕГАЦИЯ
СССР
Soviet
Delegation
№15
ДЕЛЕГАЦИЯ
СССР
Soviet
Delegation

FOR COMRADESHIP—Russia's delegates will not want for hangovers. This is part of their shipment of vodka—used for toasts.

ACME PHOTO

DENTICAL SEPTUPLETS—The owner of these seven pups will probably avoid heavy drinking, henceforth. Imagine seeing these pups double!

K. LAGATTUTA PHOTO



The Aristocrats

Miss Abigail discovers that Plymouth Rock can learn much from Ellis Island

BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

WHALES and other marine animals swimming up and down Long Island Sound often paused to admire the twin colonial houses which stood on a bluff above a little beach between New Haven and Saybrook. One was the old Thaxter house—a fine old colonial house which a lot of causes had conspired to turn into a fine old colonial wreck. The other was the Stigler house, which was exactly like the Thaxter house only new. Miss Abigail Thaxter inhabited the one and Mr. Joseph Stigler inhabited the other and they didn't speak.

And this was why: In the forty years that separated him from Ellis Island Mr. Stigler had got rich. Being grateful to the country that had adopted him, he came to admire its traditions, and from admiration to emulation is no step at all, and it seemed to him that the best way to become a hundred-per-center was to go completely New England. So he negotiated for passage for an ancestor on the Mayflower and got together some antique furniture and family portraits and set out to look for an ancestral home. Most that were offered seemed too old-fashioned and inconvenient and so he decided to build. In 1931 he bought the land next to the Thaxter house, and as the Thaxter house was certainly pure New England, he copied it.

Now, Mr. Stigler was perfectly sincere in all this. But perhaps it was natural that Miss Abigail couldn't see it. She was as mad as a hornet. And when, beaming with good will, admiration and respect, Mr. Stigler came to call, Miss Abigail froze him with bitter politeness.

It angered Mr. Stigler, naturally. But it did more. For even as his blood congealed Mr. Stigler realized that here was a technique that he could never master. For all his colonial setting and authentic background, he himself could never be truly New England.

"Look," said Joe. "Don't scowl. Are you really engaged? Because — well, I'm trying to ask you to marry me."

Now, to say that Miss Abigail was poor is an understatement. The Thaxters had been closely akin to the Adamses and an important family themselves, and the Thaxter prestige had survived the Thaxter fortune by more than half a century. But even the prestige began to wear thin when the grocer hadn't had anything on account in three years. There were neighbors and friends who would have been glad to help Miss Abigail out, but no one dared offer charity to a Thaxter. This kind of pride which will buy when it can't pay but won't accept help makes tradesmen pretty sore. For pride that goes before a fall is funny, but pride that goes right on afterward is enraging.

Well, there was one other person in the Thaxter house and that was Miss Abigail's niece, Miss Clelia MacDermott. From an ancestral point of view she didn't count, being the daughter of Miss Abigail's sister who had run away and married a politician. Miss MacDermott had inherited pale blonde hair from her mother and round blue eyes nicely garnished with black lashes, and brows from her father. And leaving aside her figure, which would be kind of hard to leave aside really, she was pretty striking looking. She had also inherited her mother's steadfastness and her father's temper. You might think she would be wasted on a bluff in Connecticut.

Well, she was and she wasn't. Of course there wasn't much social life but there were young men. And particularly Mr. Dillway Preed III, who was also the last impoverished item of a long genealogy. On leaving the army he had had one or two offers of good jobs in New York, but he had turned them down in favor of a small clerical job in a near-by hinge factory, for he was just crazy about Miss MacDermott.

Maybe Clelia would have been crazy about Mr. Preed if she hadn't been hungry. But on an empty stomach you aren't likely to fall in love with anything but a pork chop.

Well, one day when they had had their fifth successive vegetable dinner, Clelia said, "Aunt Abigail, I think I should go to work."

"Why, what work could you get, child?" said Miss Abigail. Clelia said, "Well, there's a job open as waitress at Ye Olde Corner Cupboard and—"

"No!" said Miss Abigail. Clelia shrugged and went down to the beach to see if she could scrape up a few clams, for she was hungry.

SHE was wading ashore with three clams when Mr. Stigler's son, whose name was also Joseph, jumped the fence that separated the properties and said "Hi!" He was not a bad-looking young man and his war record was pretty good too.

"Hello!" said Clelia without interest.

"Say, listen," said Joe. "There's something I ought to tell you. Old Fenter from the bank told dad your mortgage was to be called and he wants dad to buy the place in for interest and taxes."

"So what?" said Clelia.

"So you won't have any place to live," said Joe.

"What's that to you?" said Clelia; and Joe said, "Well, now, look. You're engaged to that young Preed, aren't you?"

"Again, what's that to you?" said Clelia.

"Look," said Joe. "Don't scowl. Are you really engaged? Because —well, I'm trying to ask you to marry me."

"What?" said Clelia.

"Sure," said Joe. "Then everything'd be all right. And that Bill Preed—well, of course he's an old family, and signs himself Dillway Preed III, doesn't he? Well, if it comes to that, I'm Joseph Stigler XXIV."

"Ha-ha!" said Clelia. "So I should be Mrs. Joseph Stigler XXIV? Excuse me, Joe. I don't mean to laugh

(*Continued on page 76*)

Cowboy from Cincinna

By
ELIZABETH WILSON

▲This is as close as movie convention lets a cowboy get to a girl. Rogers always adds an extra touch by kissing his horse.

▼Immaculate Roy holds at bay eight men and a corpse without soiling his $50 hat, $50 shirt, and superbly tailored $200 pants.

In 1929, Roy Rogers invaded California with a hock-shop guitar. He's since added a horse and $250,000 a year

ONE of the most popular males in America today is a bashful Ohio-born singing cowboy, name of Roy Rogers, who has narrow blue eyes, brown hair, a Gary Cooper smile, and hips like a snake's. At thirty-four, and after eight years in Westerns, Roy has an annual take that exceeds $250,000, a 540-acre ranch in Las Vegas, Nevada, and a trick horse called Trigger that does everything except talk.

Roy is adept on the trigger, the bowstring, and the slingshot. Pretty sharp on the "gittah" too. He likes to chew gum, swig coffee, and stuff himself on onion sandwiches. As he always kisses the horse and not the heroine in the final fade-out, there are no complaints. Trigger isn't fussy.

For three consecutive years Roy Rogers has been voted the movie industry's Number One Western star by the Box Office poll, the Showman's Trade Review poll, and the Motion Picture Herald poll. In an over-all poll of all actors, Roy last year shifted into high and made the grade with Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, and Betty Grable.

But with all his popularity he is probably the only actor in Hollywood who can walk into Ciro's on a Saturday night and have the headwaiter give him a cool brush. (Unless, of course, he brings his horse.) That could only happen in Hollywood, where the moviegoers, up to their ears in "prestige" pictures, have never seen a Western.

The fact that nobody ever recognizes him in Hollywood without Trigger doesn't bother Roy. He doesn't have to worry about his box office, like other stars. Every five years he gets a fresh crop of pigtail and cap pistol fans. He can keep on cashing in as a cowboy actor until he's too old to make the stirrups.

Republic, where Roy is under contract for eight pictures a year, has bestowed upon its top star and biggest money-maker the modest title of "King of the Cowboys." There are 700 Roy Rogers fan clubs in the United States, and the King at present receives some 90,000 letters a month from his adoring subjects. Several years ago most of his fan mail came from juveniles — the strictly anti-"mush" set—but today Roy is deluged with letters from high-school teen-agers and young women. He blushes when reminded of the "kiddie" party he was invited to in the East. The "kiddies" turned out to be eighteen- and nineteen-year-old girls who wanted to kiss him.

Outside of his take from Republic, Roy gets royalties on records which run to about 25,000 sales a month, and on comic books, guns, hats, shirts, and cowboy suits. He also has his own radio show—Saturday Night Roundup—on NBC. All cowboy stars, however, get their biggest haul from rodeos, said to be $150,000 a year. And at rodeos Roy gets plenty of help from Trigger, a horse that is a drawing card all by himself.

Roy's biggest expense is his wardrobe. He figures it sets him back about $10,000 a year.

"My first horse," he says, "was a plow horse. I rode him on our farm at Duck Run, and to me he was as handsome and brave as Tom Mix's Tony. I bought Trigger when he was a colt, nine years ago. Paid for him on the installment plan. Today I've been offered ten thousand for him. He's not for sale at any price."

Trigger is a beautiful Palomino (golden bronze). On a location you will find two Triggers: Trick Trigger, the original Trigger and Roy's great love; and Chase Trigger, who doubles for Trigger and does all his running. Trick Trigger *is* a star, gets 200 fan letters a month, has a contract that guarantees him equal screen billing with Roy, and in his private life is sort of Anna's King of Siam. He has twenty-four wives and at present seventeen of them are in foal. Roy has had so many requests for colts by Trigger that he has decided to go into the business. A foal sired by the movie horse is worth a thousand dollars.

TRIM, handsome Roy Rogers was born Leonard Slye in Cincinnati, November 5, 1911. When he was seven, his parents bought a small farm in an Ohio community called Duck Run. His father worked in a shoe factory in near-by Portsmouth, while his mother, three sisters, and Roy himself ran the farm. He wanted to be a dentist, but when he realized that it called for a "lot of learning," which his parents could not afford, he consoled himself with a secondhand guitar that he acquired at a pawnshop.

Hopping a ride with a westbound relative, he arrived in California in 1929. He worked at odd jobs and practiced on his guitar between times. An amateur radio contest helped start him on his career as an entertainer and organizer of cowboy bands.

He got into the movies by way of a hat store. As he tells it, he just happened to be in the store one morning "when a Gower Gulch cowboy came in at a lope. He wanted a ten-gallon hat pronto. He said Republic was testing for a new cowpuncher and he aimed to be it."

The tip was good enough for Roy. He grabbed his guitar, dashed for the Republic lot, and finally slipped in with a crowd of extras. Once inside, it wasn't too difficult to round up a few executives and sing Tumblin' Tumbleweeds for them. The rest is Western movie history. When his first picture, Under Western Stars, was released in 1938 he became an instant success.

Roy lives on a one-acre ranch that originally belonged to movie actress Martha Raye. Martha's once-luxurious swimming pool is now a storage bin for horse feed. Her badminton court is now a pigeon cote, her tennis court a roller-skating rink for the neighborhood kids.

Rogers has two daughters, Cheryl Darlene, six, and Linda Lou, three, and an infant son. Mrs. Rogers, the former Arlene Wilkins of Roswell, New Mexico, died tragically last month following the birth of their son.

ROY is reluctant to talk about himself, but when you mention Trigger or his racing pigeons he gets downright loquacious. Trigger is just about the smartest horse you're ever likely to meet. With the aid of a professional trainer, Roy has taught him fifty tricks. Among other things, he can count to ten, open and close doors, pick a gun from a holster, "play dead," walk 100 feet on his hind legs, untie ropes, fire a gun by pulling a handkerchief tied to its trigger, and sign autographs by dipping his hoof daintily into ink. He can "patty-cake" with Roy — the trainer calls it boxing. Audience applause always brings out the ham in Trigger. When he thinks Roy has taken too many bows, he nudges him aside and starts taking bows himself.

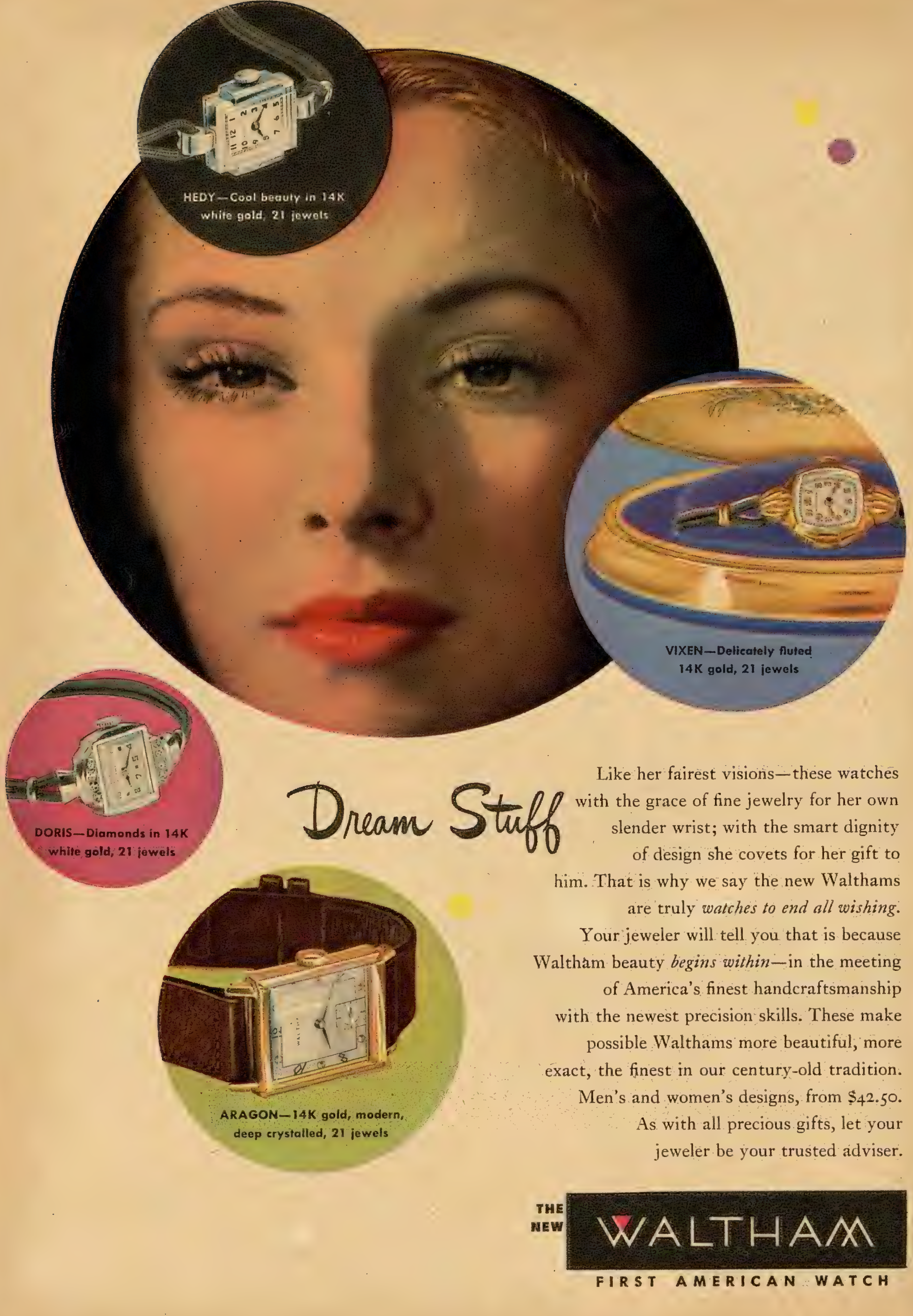
He yawns when the audience is supposed to be giving Roy its undivided attention.

But Trigger's life is not altogether a bin of oats. His admirers yank hairs from his tail and mane as souvenirs.

In today's Westerns the cowboy star must always win the girl, but must never kiss her. (Dale Evans is the girl who never gets kissed in the Roy Rogers Westerns.) He must never swear, drink, smoke, or spit. A cowboy is purity rampant. When Republic a year ago slyly issued a little publicity to the effect that Roy would kiss the heroine in his next picture, all hell broke loose. The younger set will have no monkeying with their traditions.

Roy doesn't like night clubs, so it is no hardship for him to stay out of them. He's one movie star who can go home, eat his dinner in peace, put on his carpet slippers, and stretch out with the comic strips. As a Hollywood leading man once said, "Roy Rogers can be a film star, make his million, and still live remote from Hollywood. He's the only actor who can eat his cake and have it too."

THE END



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THE DIM VIEW

BY BASIL HEATTER

Jim Masters was skipper of a PT boat off the coast of New Guinea. War had given him a dim view. This is the story of a man who overcame, through his love for a girl, the fear of death and, with it, found the courage to fight once more.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION • *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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IT was cold in the plane. I pulled the thin blanket tighter around myself, but even so I couldn't keep my teeth from chattering. I lay there and felt the shivering run down my body and out into the dead weight of the casts on my legs.

After a while Harry Matson came and sat down alongside me. His lips were almost blue with cold in the dead yellow atabrine color of his face. He kept squinting his eyes at me in the way he had. He had got that squint on Guadalcanal and lost it in Melbourne and got it back again on New Britain. Maybe he would lose it again in Brisbane.

"Another two hours of this and I'll be dead," Harry said. "I'm freezing to death."

"Old soldiers never die," I said. "But if you do, I'll see to it you get a hero's funeral."

Harry took a pack of cards out of his pocket and looked at me without saying anything.

"I'm busted," I said. "You cleaned me at Morobe."

"We'll put it on the books. I'll get Phil."

He shouted across and Phil Kramer came and sat down with us. We played five-card draw and seven-card stud deuces wild. We had been playing it for three weeks.

It was awkward for Phil to play because his arm was in a sling and he really only had the use of one hand. Harry did the dealing for all three of us, but Phil and I cut the cards very carefully after he shuffled. We were good friends and we liked playing poker together. Sometimes Phil and I won, but mostly it was Harry.

WE flew across the Owen Stanley mountains. Later I woke and looked out the window. We were over the bare dry-looking north Australian coast. We flew low over the land and it was warmer.

Toward sundown, we came in to land. When the plane was still, two orderlies carried me out. We were all very cold and stiff. Harry was shivering uncontrollably and his face was set in the grimace of a dead man.

In the ambulance, I fell asleep again. I didn't like waking up. When I was awake, I would be aware of the pain in my legs as we bounced over the road.

The ambulance stopped and the orderlies opened the doors and lifted me out.

"You okay, Lieutenant?" the one at my head said.

"Yes," I said.

"Sorry we bounced you around. Been up there long?"

"Sort of," I said.

I closed my eyes and tried not to feel the pain. I tried to keep it down in my feet, locked up in the casts. I closed my eyes and fought the pain and tried to keep it locked up, but I knew it was useless; I knew I was too tired and it would get away from me and come up out of the casts and set in behind my eyes and finally I was too tired to fight it any more and I opened my hands and let it go.

I woke up once in the night and lit a cigarette and lay there, smoking and looking at the ceiling. I didn't think about anything. A lot of people claim you can't think about nothing. Women are always fond of asking men what they are thinking about. When the man tells them he isn't thinking about anything, they tell him that isn't possible and they decide he is thinking unpleasant thoughts about them. But when you have been in uniform for a long time, you find you can spend hours and days and months and years thinking about nothing. So that's what I did. I lay there and looked at the ceiling and thought about nothing.

I SLEPT late and when I woke the sun was coming through the windows of the Quonset hut. They had the door open and I could see sparkling blue sky and fine, healthy meadowland. I could see we were on a hill and a dusty road ran down the hill and out of sight. A horse and wagon were coming slowly up the hill.

While I was watching the hill, a nurse came in. She was young and she had fair hair and a good figure and excellent legs, and she wore the cleanest, neatest uniform in the whole world, as clean and cold as ice.

She came over to my bed. She walked firmly and decisively.

"You're Masters," she said. She made it an accusation, a direct attack. Gentlemen of the jury—Counsel for the defense pleads . . .

"Guilty," I said.

Her mouth tightened. "I'm Miss Green," she said. "Are you comfortable?"

"Just fine."

"The doctor will make sick call in an hour; he will look at your legs then. The corpsman will bring you your breakfast in a few minutes. Please do not ask for any special foods. Your bedpan is under the bed."

"I'll bear that in mind," I said.

Miss Green went away and soon the corpsman came in and washed my face. After that, they gave me breakfast. After breakfast, they had sick call.

The doctor was red-faced and beautifully shaved and he wore a gabardine worsted uniform. He went from bed to bed asking each patient how he felt. Depending on whether the patient wanted to go back up north or home to the States, the answer would be, "Feeling fine" or "Not so good, sir." That doctor liked respect. If you didn't sir him whenever you spoke, you could tell by his eyes that he was hurt, and that if he had anything to do with it you would most likely go north again.

The red-faced doctor turned out to be the ward doctor and, as such, he didn't give any treatment himself. He assigned you to one of the specialists. Then, when they had finished with you, it was up to the red-faced doctor to decide whether you were fit to return to duty or to go home to the States for reassignment. A lot of the boys wanted to go home. A lot of them said sir to the doctor.

Later, I asked the corpsman to find out how Harry Matson was doing. He said Harry had malaria and had been put in a separate ward and was very sick. I told him to get the pack of cards out of my bag and take them to Harry so he could play solitaire when he felt up to it.

EVENTUALLY they took off the casts and let me get around on crutches. Harry Matson was up too, although very weak and thin. Phil Kramer still wore a sling, but he was improving rapidly.

The weather was fine. It was July then, the Australian wintertime. The days were clear and warm and the nights very cold. It never seemed to rain. Every day the sun blazed down out of a cloudless sky.

The three of us sat in the sunshine in back of the hut. Now and then we pitched horseshoes or played poker. Harry had a few bottles of Australian rum. The rum was green and raw, but we cut it with grapefruit juice and kept it down. We talked a lot about women and automobiles and baseball players and a little about the war. One day they held a big review and gave Harry the Navy Cross for the business at the Tenaru river.

There were riding stables behind the hospital. Afternoons, the three of us sometimes went over there to ride. Of course we weren't supposed to do it. I rode a very tired old lady of a horse and I slung my crutches over the saddle and let my legs hang out of the stirrups. We rode along the dusty roads through the meadows.

One afternoon we wandered into a little valley we had never seen before. We went through the quiet streets and came to a tiny pub. We stopped our horses and sat there and looked at it.

"Need I ask?" I said.

"Talleyho," Harry said.

"Let's give 'er a go," Phil said.

The place was dim and quiet. There was a large circular bar and a few small tables and chairs. Two Aussie soldiers sat at a far table drinking beer. Behind the bar was a barmaid.

The girl was young. She had copper-colored hair and when we came in she smiled at us. When Phil saw the girl, he ran a hand over his hair to smooth it down. Harry tightened his tie. I put my crutches against the wall and sat down at the nearest table.

The girl took our order and went back for the beer. We all watched her as she walked. She was small, but she held her back and shoulders very straight and it made her seem larger. She was slim and at the same time she had full hips and firm young breasts. When she put the beer on the table Phil put his hand over hers. The girl smiled and took her hand away. We gave her the money for the beer and she went back to the bar.

"Now that," Phil said, "is something."

"Something you won't get. That hand-holding routine didn't take," Harry said.

"It will," Phil said.

"Not a chance."

WE drank our beer and watched the girl move among the tables. She moved in a neat and sure way. There was never any hesitancy in her movements; they were all clean and fast. The afternoon sunshine coming through the windows gleamed in her hair. Watching her, I was conscious of the dead weight of my legs and the pallor of my skin. Watching her, I felt old and tired.

After a while, Phil went up and leaned on the bar and talked to the girl. He leaned close and talked fast and I watched the girl nodding and smiling.

"It begins to look like we lose," I said to Harry.

"It sure looks that way from here," Harry said.

Phil talked a little while longer and then came back to the table. He finished his beer and didn't say anything. After a while, he just shook his head.

"So young Lochinvar comes a cropper," I said.

"A nice girl," Phil said. He made the words very significant.

"Oh, I don't know," Harry said. "It looks to me like the field is wide open."

"Not that field," Phil said. "That field is closed. You're wasting your time."

"We shall see," Harry said.

The girl came from behind the bar carrying a tray with three bottles of beer. Harry got up and took the tray out of her hands and carried it to the table. Then he walked back to the bar with her and stood there talking. I think he was telling a story. When he came to the end of the story, they laughed very hard. Harry began to talk again and I saw her shake her head and finally Harry came back and sat down at the table.

"A foul ball," Harry said. "A *helluva* nice girl."

"Your turn," Phil said to me.

"Not this crippled pigeon," I said. "What can the novice do where the masters fail?"

"Give 'er a go," Harry said. "What can you lose?"

"Just an old man's dignity," I said.

We ordered more beers and the girl brought them. After I drank mine, I picked up my crutches and went out to the washroom. On my way back, I passed the bar. The girl was polishing glasses.

"I hope my friends didn't annoy you," I said.

"No, that's all right; they're nice boys," she said.

"Yes, they are," I said.

"And what about you, are you a nice boy too?"

"Much too nice to ask you for a date the way they did."

"I don't believe that, but anyway it's too bad."

"Why too bad?"

"Because if you had asked me, I might have gone."

"Why me and not them?"

"Because it's too easy for them. When I saw you sitting there, I knew it wouldn't be easy for you. That's why I wanted you to ask me."

"All right," I said. "I'm asking you."

"I'm Nora Young," the girl said.

"That's a nice name. I'm Jim Masters," I said.

I MADE a date with Nora for the following evening. I thought about it a lot on the way home, and all the next morning when I was sitting in the sun outside the hospital I kept thinking about it.

In the late afternoon all the boys who were not bedridden began getting ready for their dates that evening. The marines in particular were more fastidious than any debutante.

I had arranged to meet Nora downtown. I was feeling pretty fit, so for the first time I left my crutches home and limped along on a cane.

When I was ready to leave I went into the doctor's office to check out with the duty nurse. The nurse was Miss Green.

"Can I help you?" Miss Green said.

"I'm going into town for the evening."

"Does the doctor know you are leaving."

"I didn't think he was interested."

"He is very much interested. He is concerned with your health. I do not believe, and I am sure he agrees with me, that it is well for you to go ashore in your condition."

"Miss Green, your concern over my welfare is very touching but I must say it comes a little late. I have been here for some months now and this is the first evidence of it I have seen. For the most part, you have been downright nasty in every contact I have had with you. I am now going, as you so saltily put it, 'ashore,' and I don't much care how you feel about it."

"You understand that I will turn in a report to the doctor on this," Miss Green said.

"Excellent, and you can tell him the same thing applies to him."

I turned and went out of the office. Outside I lit a cigarette and limped down the road to the bus stop. My hands were shaking and I felt perspiration under my collar.

All the way into town, I kept thinking, What was that all about? What the hell kind of a hero are you to start batting women around that way? Your nerves must be pretty well shot to hell, my friend. That little exhibition came about as close to what these people call combat fatigue as I care to see you go. Let's just knock it off and relax, chum.

I got off the bus at the Red Cross club. Nora was waiting for me. She looked clean and fresh-faced. She smiled at me and we said hello and then we walked down the street to an eating place Nora knew about.

About halfway through dinner, I discovered that I liked Nora very much. I liked her ease and sureness and simplicity. I liked the way she sat close to me so that I was very much aware of her and at the same time felt peaceful and content.

For the first time in months, I felt warm and smooth and alive. I felt the girl's vitality seeping into me like sunshine. The weariness and pain and disorder of New Guinea melted away.

After dinner we went to the officers' wine mess at the submarine base. We played the slot machines and drank gin rickeys. Nora won a handful of quarters and her delight warmed me all over.

"Nora," I said, "I like you."

She took my hand in hers. Her fingers were cool and soft. Her eyes sparkled.

"I'm glad of that because I like you too," she said.

We had a few more drinks. We didn't say much. Every now and then we looked at each other and smiled, and when that happened Nora squeezed my fingers.

I was very much aware now of her warmth and softness. I wanted her very much. I wanted her so much that my stomach felt hollow and my loins ached with it.

"Jim," she said. "Jim." She stroked my cheek. "You're hurting my hand."

I let go of her hand. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

She took my hand back in hers. "That's all right, Jim," she said. For a moment she looked into my eyes. "Everything is all right, Jim."

She said it in such a way that I knew exactly what she meant. I couldn't say anything more. I knew that anything I said would be wrong. I felt a little dizzy in the thick, smoky air of the club.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

"All right," Nora said.

OUTSIDE the night was clear and cool. I took Nora's hand and we went down the road to the tram stop. Once I stopped and looked at Nora. Her chestnut hair was loose and dark around her head. The moonlight made her face seem very pale.

"Look, baby," I said. "Where can we go?"

"You have no place?"

"You know I haven't, not up there at the hospital."

We stood there not saying anything. Then I changed the cane to my left hand and reached over with my right and put my arm around her and pulled her close to me. She came to me easily. She put her cheek against my chest and her arm around my back. I could feel the whole length of her body against mine.

After a while, she put her head back and looked up at me. "I know a place," she said.

"Fine," I said.

"One of the other girls told me about it."

I saw a taxi coming down the road and hailed it. Nora gave the driver an address. I put my arms around her and we sat that way without speaking while the car rolled through the streets.

After a while we came to a street of small houses, all very much alike. The car stopped in front of a tumble-down fence. In back of it, I could dimly make out a rickety porch and the dark shape of the house.

Inside, Nora took off her coat and sat on the edge of the bed. I sat alongside her and offered her a cigarette. We sat there smoking until we had finished the cigarettes and then I put my arm around her and kissed her. Her lips were soft and moist. The feel of her in my arms sent a flood of warmth through my body. For a moment I was drunk with love. The room whirled around me and I began trembling a little.

I kissed Nora's throat. She lay back and closed her eyes and ran her fingers through my hair. I kissed the tips of her ears and her closed eyelids.

It had been a long time since I had touched a woman. My head throbbed and the trembling ran all through my body.

It was cold in the room. The blood in me was thin and weak. It was tired blood, blood full of malaria, and sulfa and dengue and alcohol and exhaustion and fear and war. Now with that bad blood in me, I was getting cold and tired.

Nora put her arms around me and we lay with our bodies pressed close together.

"You're cold," she said.

"I know."

"You'll be warm soon."

"Sure," I said. But I knew I would not be warm soon. I felt as if I would never be warm again. I felt drained and empty. I felt like the oldest man alive.

Nora put her lips against my throat. Her hair against my face was warm and fragrant. I lay with her in my arms and looked into the darkness of the room. There was no desire in me. There was nothing in me. I don't know how long we lay like that. It may have been a lifetime or it may have been a quarter of an hour.

After a while Nora whispered very softly, "Don't you like me?"

"Like you? Sure I like you. You're a fine girl, a beautiful girl. But I'm a washout, a bust. I'm tired. I'm always tired."

A CAB took me back to the sub base. I got out and limped into the bar. I sat down in a dark corner where no one would see me and ordered a double rum with water chaser. I drank that fast and ordered another. When I had finished the second one, I began to feel warm again. After that I drank slowly and carefully, spacing the drinks so that I would get very drunk but not drunk enough to be sick or pass out.

Later on, the room was empty. The girl came and told me the club was closed and I would have to go home. She helped me to my feet. I went outside. The night sky was clear The stars circled around my head in a slow sort of dance. The moon was still bright and cold.

I stood in the road until a car came along. It was an Army car driven by a sergeant. I got in the car and went to sleep. The sergeant woke me when we got to the hospital.

I walked slowly along the little path that led through the trees to the officers' quarters. It was dark and pleasant in there. I stopped once to light a cigarette and while I was standing there I saw something white coming toward me. At first I thought it was a Japanese destroyer painted white. I couldn't figure out why they wanted to paint it white. When it got closer, I saw it wasn't a Japanese destroyer after all but simply one of the nurses coming off duty. When it got very close I saw it was Miss Green.

"Well. The beautiful and icy Miss Green."

"Please let me by," Miss Green said.

"The poor man's Florence Nightingale."

"You're drunk," Miss Green said.

"Oh, absolutely," I said.

"Get out of my way."

"But yes," I said. I bowed as far as I could without losing my balance. I stepped aside and Miss Green started by me. I put out my hand and took her by the arm. "Are you really so icy?" I said. I swung her around and put my arms around her and kissed her. She struggled and tried to twist her face away but I was too strong for her. She stopped struggling. Suddenly she went limp against me. I was dimly conscious of tears running down her face. "Darling," Miss Green murmured thickly. "Darling, darling . . ."

LIEUTENANT GEORGE STARBUCKS, JR., USNR, was a fair-haired, rather good-looking young man who had graduated from a Midwestern college and then spent a couple of years teaching school before he accepted a commission in the navy. He was now rounding out a year as assistant personnel officer for naval headquarters in Brisbane. He was a monumental bore. He was in the hospital because he had piles.

When I awoke, Starbucks was standing by my bed looking down at me.

"Had quite a night, didn't you?" His gaze took in the muddy clothing I had left lying on the floor.

I closed my eyes and turned over and buried my face in the pillow.

"Look here, Masters, I'm just trying to help you. I think you'll admit you're in no shape to stand inspection."

Still keeping my eyes closed, I turned over and felt under the bunk to where the musette bag lay. I reached into the bag and took out the belt that held my holster and .45. When I had the gun out, I opened my eyes and pointed it at Starbucks.

"All right," I said. "You're asking for it. Now I'm going to kill you."

Starbucks turned and ran out of the hut. I put the gun back in the musette bag and went to sleep.

I WOKE up because someone was shaking me. I opened my eyes and saw the doctor leaning over me. "Masters, wake up. I want to talk to you."

"Yes?" I said.

"I'd like you to get dressed and step into my office."

"All right," I said.

When the doctor was gone, I got up and went into the shower room. I kept thinking of some way to avoid Miss Green. I didn't want to see her today. I didn't particularly ever want to see her again. It was very funny that I didn't even know Miss Green's first name.

When I was dressed, I went into the doctor's office. After telling me to sit down, he ruffled through some papers on his desk and then looked up at me.

"Masters, I have two very serious reports concerning you," he said. "I will have to ask you for an explanation of your conduct. The first report is a complaint from Miss Green. She says that you left the hospital without proper authority and that you used violent and insulting language toward her."

"When did Miss Green make her report?"

"Last night before she went off duty."

"I just wondered," I said.

"The second complaint is from Lieutenant Starbucks. He says that you threatened him with a gun."

"That's right," I said.

The doctor leaned back in his chair and took off his glasses. "I'd like to know a little more about you."

"It's all in the record," I said.

"Yes, I've looked over your papers. Your combat record is very good. I find you've been awarded the silver star although I see you don't wear it. What were you doing before joining the navy?"

"I worked," I said.

"At what?"

"This and that."

The doctor pulled his chair a little closer. "All right, my boy. I see you don't want to talk about yourself. I won't press you. I just want you to remember that you're a sick man."

"You mean my legs?"

"No, I don't mean your legs. They're coming along very well. I mean you. You're not a well man."

"You mean I'm a psycho?"

"No, I didn't say that. What I mean is that your nerves are on edge and you'll have to be careful. It would be my advice that you take stock of yourself and decide to calm down a little."

"Or a straitjacket, is that it?"

"Of course not. Now, why don't you try to be reasonable? We're here to help you get well. We're doing our best, but you'll have to cooperate with us."

"How much longer are you going to keep me here?"

"Well, that depends on the survey board. When you are considered ready for discharge from the hospital, the board will decide whether to send you back to the States for further treatment or return you to duty."

"And you're a member of the Board?"

"Yes."

"It couldn't be clearer," I said.

"That's fine. I think we understand each other now. And as for the charges against you, we'll just suspend any action on those for the time being."

"All right," I said. I got up and went out.

NEXT morning the corpsman left a little envelope on each bunk. The envelopes contained letters that said a party was being given by the staff for the patients of Ward Two. The affair would take place the following evening in the officers' club and we were all cordially invited.

Later in the day I was called to the phone in the doctor's office. It was the sentry at the main gate. He told me Miss Nora Young would like to see me. I told the sentry to tell her I was not at the hospital and had left no word as to when I would be back.

When the doctor made his rounds next morning, he asked each of us if we were going to the party. I said I didn't think I'd be able to make it. Harry said he'd try. Phil said, "Okay, Doc, I'll have a drink."

In the end, we all went to the party. Harry, Phil, and myself finished half a bottle of rum before we left the hut. That was to keep the chill out.

The club looked very festive. They had an automatic phonograph going and colored streamers hung over the bar. There was a large bowl of punch at one end of the bar. The punch wasn't much good. It was mostly grape juice and orange peel. Harry went back to his locker and got another bottle of rum and we kept that hidden in the men's room.

Off in a corner, I saw Miss Green. She was as immaculate as ever. She nodded at me across the room and I gave her a mock salute. Starbucks was standing by the door when we came in.

"Hello, Harry; hello, Phil," Starbucks said.

"The simple———himself," Harry said.

"Why don't you lay off that?" Starbucks said.

"Why don't you go soak your head?" Harry said.

Starbucks turned and went away.

I looked over at Miss Green again. She was sitting down in a chair near the wall. A stocky, bullnecked man was leaning over her.

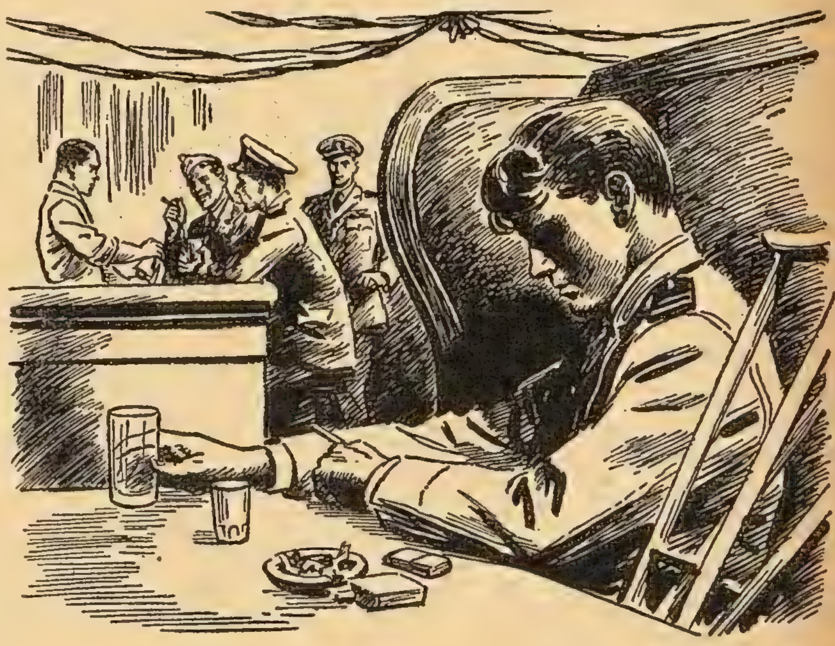
"Little red riding hood and the wolf," Harry said. "That's Leary, the skin man, with her. He's hot on the trail."

We went over to the bar and drank some of the punch. After two swallows, we went into the men's room and drank out of Harry's rum bottle. While we were sitting there, Starbucks came in.

"Now look here, Masters," he said. "We're all in the hospital together and we might as well be friends. I'm perfectly willing to shake hands and call it quits."

"Get away from me," I said.

Starbucks reclaimed his hand. "All right, Masters," he said. "I've tried to do the decent thing, but you're determined to keep it up. Personally, I think you're acting like a dangerous maniac, and I'm sure the rest of the ward thinks so too."



I got up and hit Starbucks in the face. It wasn't easy to punch because I wasn't steady on my legs, but I hit him in the nose and saw the blood spurt out on his face. He fell down, half sitting, half lying on the floor. I waited for him to get up, but he just sat there with his hand to his face looking up at me with wide, startled eyes. It was suddenly hot in the little room and I felt dizzy. I walked outside and took hold of the bar and waited for everything to stop going around.

Miss Green and the heavy-set man who had been bending over her earlier in the evening were standing at the bar. They walked toward me.

"Lieutenant Commander Leary, this is Lieutenant Masters," Miss Green said.

"Hello, Masters," he said.

"Hello, doc," I said. I was perfectly sure that Lieutenant Commander Leary, (MC) USNR, detested being called doc.

Leary gave me a long look. "Wilma tells me your legs are coming right along."

Wilma, now whoever would have guessed it would be Wilma. Why shouldn't it be Wilma? A good solid name, Wilma.

"Yep," I said. "Coming right along. Well, thank you for a lovely evening. I couldn't have enjoyed it more." I turned and walked out of the hut.

Soon I heard footsteps behind me. It was Wilma Green. "Darling," she said. "I can only stay a minute or Dr. Leary will get suspicious."

"And we can't have that, can we?" I said.

"Darling, why do you insist on behaving that way?

You get so sullen and sarcastic. And, darling, don't you think you drink too much?"

"Not at all. That's in answer to the last question. As for my behavior, that's a long sad story. Let's go into it some other time."

"All right, darling, you're tired; you'll feel better in the morning."

"That's right. We'll all feel better in the morning."

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked.

I kissed her. Her lips were dry.

"Now then," I said. "We mustn't keep Dr. Leary waiting."

"All right, darling, good night." She went into the hut. I walked on down the road. I was so busy hating Wilma Green that I even forgot to hate myself.

THERE was a message waiting for me when I got back to the ward. It said, "Please call Nora Young." Nora. Beautiful Nora. Nora, who had watched me make such an ass of myself and still wanted to see me again. Nora, sweet, simple, and kind. I wanted to see Nora.

I called the number she had left. It was the house of a neighbor and I had to wait while they called her to the phone. While I was waiting, I kept wondering what to say to her, but after she answered I found I didn't have to say anything at all, because all that happened was that she said she'd like to have me come to her house for dinner tomorrow night and I said I'd like that fine and after that we said good night and I went back to my bunk and fell asleep very quickly.

NORA'S mother was an enormous woman. She wore a clean cotton house dress and no shoes. She was standing in the dorway of her house to welcome me when I came for dinner. Nora, who was standing just behind her, wasn't wearing shoes either. Later I discovered that the Youngs, of whom there were a great many, always padded about the house with bare feet. The only exception to this rule was Nora's father. Mr. Young wore a high starched collar with no tie, a sober black suit, a white tattersall vest, and shoes.

Harry Matson had borrowed a jeep from the Marine Detachment at the hospital and I had borrowed the jeep from Harry. When I drove up to the Youngs, the whole family rushed out to examine this masterpiece of Yankee ingenuity. The younger Youngs swarmed all over the car.

The best room in the Youngs' house was the kitchen and Mrs. Young knew it, so we went straight in there. The kitchen was a large room full of food. A tea kettle boiled merrily on the stove, a row of pies stood cooling on a shelf, and two bottles of gin made a centerpiece for the table. A white horse had his head poked in through the open window with his chin resting on the sink.

The horse regarded me with large eyes.

"That's Roger," Mrs. Young said.

Roger flicked his ears at the mention of his name.

"Have a drink, son?" Mr. Young asked.

"Sure," I said.

Mr. Young took the cap off one of the gin bottles and poured two water glasses half full. He handed me one of the glasses. "Cheers," he said.

"Cheers," I said.

For the first time I took a good look at Nora. Here in her own house, she looked clean and fresh and very young.

The gin made a warm pool in my stomach. I liked sitting here in this kitchen, I liked these people, I liked Roger the horse. I winked at Roger, but he didn't wink back. I took off my shoes and socks.

"Now then, Jim," Mr. Young said. "That's not necessary."

"Good for you," Mrs. Young said.

I wiggled my toes under the table while Mr. Young poured us another drink. The smaller members of the family clustered around the table to get a better look at Nora's Yank.

"How do you like the country?" Mr. Young asked.

"I like it fine. I feel right at home here."

"That's a nice thing to say," Mrs. Young said. "That's the best thing you can say about any country. Here's to you, Jim. You're a handsome lad. If it wasn't for Mr. Young, here, I'd make you feel right at home indeed." She looked fondly at her husband. Mr. Young, who was about three inches shorter and sixty pounds lighter than his wife, smiled back at her.

"How are the legs, Jim?" Nora asked. "When do you put away the cane?"

"Any day now. One more glass of your daddy's gin and I'll do the sailor's hornpipe for you. But look here, I want to contribute something to the party. I'll hop in the car and pick up another bottle."

"No, no," Mr. Young said. "You're our guest."

"And why not?" Mrs. Young said. "I think that would be a fine thing to do, Jim."

"Right," I said. "I'll only be gone a few minutes."

"I'll go with you," Nora said.

Nora and I went out and got into the jeep.

"I like your family," I said.

"They like you, too."

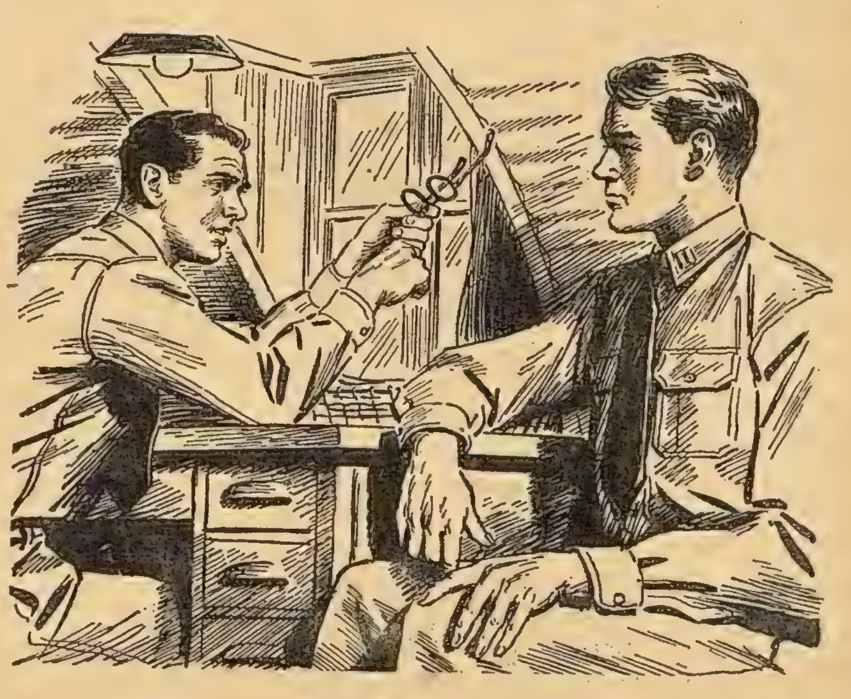
"I like Roger, he's a gentleman. I like you."

"Too much gin."

"Not at all. I do like you, Nora."

"That's nice to hear," Nora said.

I was beginning to have a lot of respect for Nora's good sense. At first I had thought she might bring up the subject of the other night. But now she was making it clear that we would not have to talk about it.



When we came back to the house, a red-faced Australian soldier had joined the group in the kitchen.

"This is our lad, Art, Nora's big brother," Mr. Young said.

"Ahoy," Art said.

"Art is a Seventh Divvy boy," Mr. Young said. "I guess you were not far apart up there."

"I saw them little boats," Art said. "After we reached Buna and started up the coast, we used to see those bloody little craft coming home in the morning after being about their business all night. All in all, I'd say that was a nasty bit of work. But then I'm not one of your seafaring Johnnies. I'll take the terra firma any time."

"It's a funny thing," I said. "War is the only thing I know of where the other fellow's grass is not always greener. Art here says our boats were a nasty business. Actually it was child's play compared to what he and the rest of his outfit were going through. I would not have traded places with the Aussie troops ashore in New Guinea for anything in the world. The lads who fought their way up and over the Owen Stanleys, and from Buna to Lae and Salamaua, can have my vote for the dirtiest job in all the history of fighting."

"Enough of that war talk," Mrs. Young said. "If you gentlemen will retire to the front of the house for a little while, Nora and I will try to fix something that will go better in your mouths."

Mr. Young picked up the bottle, and Art and I followed him out of the kitchen. We sat on their little front porch in the dark, drinking out of the bottle and talking about the advantages of cricket over baseball or was it baseball over cricket.

I WAS happy in this house. These people were simple and good and full of the warmth of living. I was a little drunk and very happy about it. I stretched out my legs and listened to Art talking about women.

"What about your American women, Jim?" Mr. Young asked. "When are we going to see these nurses and Wacs and Waves?"

"The beachhead has already been established," I said. "The first batch of Wacs landed a few days ago. You may have seen the newsreel pictures. It's one of the great operations of the war."

"Gor, it is! I saw those pictures. Wot a bloody show," Art said. He roared with laughter. "I understand some of our lads was on the streets when this invasion started and when they saw wot was coming off the ship they got so frightened, they ran into the air raid shelters and haven't been seen since. They claim it was a more fearsome spectacle than Alamein or Buna."

"You better watch your step, Art," I said. "They're man-eaters. When these girls finish with you, you'll be begging to go back up north where things are peaceful and quiet."

Then Nora's mother called us in to dinner. I was a little drunk so I don't remember much of what we ate, but I do remember the joking and giggling and laughter that went on all through the meal.

After dinner, Nora and her mother shooed us out of the kitchen. Art went off downtown. Mr. Young and I went back to the porch and finished the bottle.

"She's a nice girl," Mr. Young said.

"Yes, she is a nice girl," I said.

"All right then. The moon is coming up and you rate a bit of fun. Put her in that military buggy of yours and take her for a ride."

"Maybe she doesn't want to go."

"Ah, lad, she'll go."

"Mr. Young, sir, I salute you."

When Nora and her mother came out, I asked Nora if she would like to take a ride. She said of course she would. I asked Mrs. Young if she would excuse us and she said she had been wondering why I was wasting so much time.

The jeep groaned up a winding dirt road into the hills. I drove until we came to a level spot that looked out over the town. The rocks and trees were washed with moonlight; the city lay in shadow below us. I pulled out of the road a bit and shut off the motor. I put my arm around Nora and she put her head on my shoulder.

"Are you happy?" Nora asked.

"I am that. I'm full of good food and bad gin and I'm sitting in the moonlight with a beautiful girl. Therefore I'm happy."

Nora sighed and settled closer to me. "It's better this time, isn't it?"

"Much better. This is the best medicine of all—a cure my doctors don't know about. I recommend it without reservation. You collect a beautiful girl and some moonlight and you distill them together and then you bottle the essence. Take as prescribed and as often as required. Let me see if the mixture is right." I bent down and kissed her.

"How does it taste?" Nora asked.

"Perfect, the finest-tasting medicine in the world. Do you think one spoonful is enough?"

"The label says to be taken in large amounts."

I kissed her again. Her lips were soft and smooth. I put my cheek alongside hers and let the fragrance of her hair drift over me. "Hello baby," I said.

"Do Americans always say baby?"

"What do you mean, always?"

"You know what I mean," Nora said. "Always."

"There is no always, just now."

"All right, keep your past a dark secret. But don't call anyone else baby. Let's pretend you never called anyone baby before. That's just for me."

"Just for you," I said.

"I love you," Nora said.

There was a long pause.

"All right," she said. "You don't have to answer. It doesn't commit you to anything. But I do love you and I thought it might please you to know."

"Of course it pleases me. But I think it's the moonlight. You hardly know me."

"We're in the middle of a war. You're in it more than anyone I know. Tonight was the first time I saw you out of it at all. There isn't time to know you very well. You'll be going away soon. I want to love you now, not after you're gone. It doesn't obligate you to anything, Jim. You don't have to say you love me."

"But I do," I said.

"No, you don't. Maybe I don't know you very well, but I know you well enough to know you're not in love. You don't have to say anything. Don't say anything at all. Just kiss me."

I kissed her.

AFTER breakfast the next morning, Harry and Phil played cribbage. I wrote a letter home. While I was sitting there, Miss Green came in.

"Good morning, Lieutenant Masters," she said.

"Hello, Wilma," I said.

Being called Wilma came as a shock to her. She looked at the others and then put her finger to her lips and shook her head. I nodded brightly.

"The executive officer has made an appointment for you to see Dr. Schwartz," Miss Green said.

"The exec's personal interest in my case is very flattering. I take it Dr. Schwartz is the psychiatrist."

"Yes, but of course it's just a routine examination. It doesn't mean anything."

"Oh sure. When do I go?"

"He can take you right now."

"Fine, I'm off. And by the way, Wilma, do *you* think I'm crazy?"

"Of course not. But I don't see why you wanted to fight with Lieutenant Starbucks. He's such a nice boy."

"It wasn't a fight," I said. "I just hit him."

After she left, Harry Matson came over to my bunk. "This is it, huh?"

"Preliminary skirmish," I said.

"Look, if they try any real pressure, Phil and I will be right behind you. We saw Starbucks pull a knife on you. He smokes marijuana; he wears a top hat and has wings like a bat; his steady diet is three quarts of human blood a day. How's that?"

"Very good. With you behind me, I can't lose."

"Okay, bub. Take it easy."

"Sure," I said.

THE psychiatric ward was made up of an examination hut with two wards for the patients. A nurse took me to a small bare room and told me to sit down. I sat down on a chair next to a small desk.

Soon the door opened and a doctor came in. "Hello, Lieutenant," he said, "I am sorry to keep you waiting. My name is Schwartz."

We shook hands. Dr. Schwartz was young and he had a pleasant, unhappy Jewish face. His eyes were shy and sensitive and he looked thoroughly civilized. He spoke with a slight German accent. I wondered what he was doing in the navy.

"The legs are well?" he asked.

"Fine."

"There are some questions I would like to ask you," he said. "Maybe you would tell me a little about what it is like to be a PT officer. Oh I don't mean about the speed and the combat and the guns. I mean how did you come to be here? Did you travel from the west coast?"

"No. We went from New York to Panama. We stayed in Panama for a while and then we came on out here."

"Ah, Panama. I have never been there but I can imagine it. Very colorful, very dirty, very hot, and with a lot of women."

"That's about the size of it."

"Now I ask an impertinent question," Dr. Schwartz said. "Did you have a girl there?"

"Yes."

"Tell me a little about her. What sort of girl?"

"A dancer. Her name was Rene Savage, from Kansas by way of Paris and Buenos Aires."

"She sounds very interesting."

"She was that, all right."

"And how long did you and she know each other?"

"A few months."

"Is there another girl now, here in Australia?"

"Yes."

The doctor gave me a long look. "You are a lucky man, Mr. Masters," he said.

"Tell me. Is this the standard examination?"

"Not at all. In your case, an examination is unnecessary. There is nothing wrong with you. But I will tell you this. There are people here in this hospital who are not your friends."

"I know that."

"Then take care. They can harm you if they will."

"All right, doctor, I'll remember that."

"Good. Now tell me one thing. Do you want to go back to the fighting again?"

I offered a cigarette to the doctor and lit one myself. "I don't know," I said.

"Soon you will have to make that decision."

"Maybe the navy will make it for me."

"No, I don't think so. Not in your case. I will be very much interested to know what you decide. And this girl, I think she will help you to decide, also."

I thought that one over. "Yes, I guess she's in the picture."

"Good. Now as a doctor, there is one thing I would suggest, that you take a little vacation. I am sure it can be arranged. Shall we say ten days?"

"Fine."

"All right then. I know of a little hotel down the coast. It is warm there and there is swimming and not many people. I am sure you will like it." Dr. Schwartz took a little pad and wrote the name Seaspray on it. Underneath he scribbled traveling directions. "Also," he said, "if the young lady would like a little trip that might be a good idea too."

"Very progressive doctor, aren't you?"

Doctor Schwartz liked the sound of the word. "Yes," he said, smiling, "I am a very progressive doctor. Now good-by and a good vacation to you."

We shook hands and I left.

As I went out, I glanced back and saw Dr. Schwartz watching me with his large, tired eyes. He waved at me and I waved back.

WE lay on the beach in the sun. The surf came rolling over the reef and flew sparkling into the air. The coast curved out on either side of us, a thin white line against the blue sea.

Very far off we saw a small convoy. Later we saw a Hudson coming along the coast. He flew very low and fast along the sand. I had a sort of tight feeling watching him come at me that way. My body wanted to do something. I think it wanted to get up and run away but I wouldn't let it. I put my hands down in the sand and squeezed hard against nothing. Nora didn't look at me. We both watched the plane. It was very low and we could see the guns quite clearly.

"Another swim?" I asked.

"What about you? How are the legs?"

"Don't look at them. They're ugly."

"They're not ugly. They're not pretty, but they're not ugly."

"All right," I said. "They're beautiful. I'm a perfect stand-in for Betty Grable. And I've made such a quick recovery. I'm a model patient."

"Now you're boasting. You don't have to boast."

"Anyway I'm not really a model patient."

"Why, do you chase the nurse?"

"Sometimes. Other times I punch people in the nose."

"Wonderful. That's a very healthy sign."

"Oh no, it isn't."

"Enough of this. Let's go swimming."

"Nora, I like you. Let's go."

We waded out into the surf. The water was cold and clear. We swam out to the reef. It was a long swim across deep water but when we got out there, the water was shallow and warmer. We rested there on the reef and let the long rollers wash over us.

We came out of the water and lay down on the blanket we had brought from the hotel. Nora's body was brown and firm with the drops of cold water still clinging to her skin. Her hair was dark and wet. I leaned over and kissed her. There was a faint taste of salt through the sweetness of her lips.

We lay on our backs and let the sun beat down on us. We fell asleep that way. When I awoke, the sun was far over to the west and the beach was deserted. I put my lips against Nora's shoulder. Her skin was warm from the sun and unbelievably smooth.

I lay there with my eyes closed and my lips against her shoulder and felt the fine glow of the sun all through my body.

I remember thinking: This is the best. If you never have anything else, this made it worth-while. Whatever happens, you will at least have had this. What was it that doctor said? "You are a very lucky man, Mr. Masters." How right you are, doc, how right you are.

Nora stirred and turned and put her arms around me. Her hair fell warm and shining over my face. I kissed her. Then we fell asleep again.

AFTER dinner, we sat in the little bar off the dining room and drank champagne. It was a dim little room and they had a fireplace that cast flickering shadows. Nora's eyes sparkled in the firelight.

We drank more champagne and then Nora excused herself. While she was gone, I saw a familiar figure come into the room. It was Dr. Schwartz, the psychiatrist from the hospital. He crossed the room and ordered a drink. I got up and went over to him. He stood with his back to me.

"Keeping an eye on me?" I asked.

Dr. Schwartz turned very quickly. I saw his face go red. "No," he said. "That is not true. Really, you mustn't think that."

"What else could I think? I suppose you're waiting for me to cut somebody's throat or burn the house down."

"No," he said. His large dark eyes were unhappier then I had remembered. "You must listen to me. Please, let us sit down together for a moment."

We sat down at an empty table.

"You must not think I have come here to spy on you. No, really, it is only because I am tired that I am here. I also need a vacation. I regret that it should make you uneasy. If you prefer, I will go away again."

"No, that's all right. I should have realized it might be that. I'm sorry I flew off the handle. Will you come over to my table and have a drink?"

"Is not the young lady with you?"

"Yes, she'll be back in a minute."

"Then I will not intrude. This is your first evening here and you will not want a stranger. No, please, I will see you tomorrow."

"All right, doctor."

We shook hands and the doctor finished his drink and went out of the room.

When Nora and I had emptied the bottle of champagne, we went upstairs. We had a small white room. French doors opened onto a little terrace that overlooked the sea. We opened the doors and let the moonlight into the room and with it the heavy whisper of the surf.

We sat together and held hands and looked out at the night. A soft breeze blew off the sea. Once, far away in the night, I heard the sound of a plane, but I didn't pay any attention to it. Nora was beside me. Her face looked pale and very beautiful in the moonlight.

THE next morning, after breakfast, we put on our bathing suits and went out to the beach. We spread a blanket on the sand and lay down to sun ourselves. While we were lying there, I saw Doctor Schwartz walking along the sand near the water's edge. I waved at him and he came toward us.

"Hello," I said. "Miss Young, Doctor Schwartz."

"Won't you sit down?" Nora asked.

"Thank you," the doctor said. He sat down beside us. "Please," he said turning to us. "If you do not mind, I will call you Jim. My name is Milton."

"Okay, and this is Nora."

"A nice name," the doctor said. "There was a girl named Nora in Ibsen's 'A Doll's House.' For many years she was quite my favorite lady. Now I am happy to know another beautiful Nora.

"It is pleasant here," he went on. "And very far away from the war. The sun and the water, they are nature's great remedies. Maybe that is the only nice thing about this war in the Pacific, there is so much sun and so much water."

"Not so nice at that," I said. "Up north the sun will fry your brains out and the water is loaded with coral snakes, sharks, and fungus. If you swim in it, you wind up with running sores in your ears and nose."

"Oh no, that is not pleasant at all. But maybe soon it will be over. What do you think?"

"I don't think. Maybe one year or maybe twenty years. It's anybody's guess."

"And you do not choose to guess. What about you, Nora? What do you think?"

"I don't think it can go on much longer," Nora said. "Our people are very strong out here now."

"Yes, I agree," Schwartz said. "I am like Nora, I am very hopeful. But Jim, he takes, how do you people say it, the dim view?"

"Have you noticed that?" I asked.

"How could I not? It is written all over you. Always now you look at everything in relation to the war and always the view will be dim. But how could it be otherwise? If I had seen the things you must have seen up there then I think everything would be dim for me too."

"Well, dim or clear it's a bloody bore. Let's get off it. What about you?"

"About me there is nothing. I am just a doctor."

"Where from?"

"From Vienna. That was my home before I came to America."

"When was that?"

"In 1938, when it became unhealthy to be named Milton Schwartz."

"Then you've seen a thing or two yourself. Hasn't the view dimmed at all for you?"

"No, I will tell you. I have never really seen anything. I left before the real trouble came. Oh yes, I have seen a few things. I have seen the people kicked and beaten and herded into the ghettos. I have seen the dignified old men with gray beards down on their hands and knees scrubbing the gutters. In the night sometimes I have heard women screaming. I have seen those things and they are very bad, but they are nothing to what you have seen. I did not stay to see the really bad things or to fight against them as you might have done. No, I ran away. That is why I have such a clear view." Schwartz turned away and looked out at the ocean.

"It is a bad thing to run away," he said after a minute. "It may not seem important at the time, but later there is always a little soft spot, a spot of fear. It is like cutting open a fine, healthy-looking fruit and finding inside a little spot of rottenness. Unless the rotten spot can be cut out quickly, it grows bigger and finally the whole thing must be thrown away. That is the terrible thing of these men we are fighting. They have brought fear to so many people. They have planted this seed of rottenness all over the earth."

"I'm going for a swim," I said to Nora. "Want to come?"

"No, I think I'll stay here in the sun."

"All right, see you soon." I got up and limped down to the water.

NORA and I had brought sandwiches and a thermos from the hotel and we ate our lunch there on the beach. Later, we walked for a long time in the hard sand near the edge of the water. Finally, the hotel disappeared from view behind us. We were alone with the sea and sky and beach. We walked into the shallows and stood looking down through the clear water at a little school of silver-colored fish.

It was while we were looking at the fish that I heard the planes coming. I looked up quickly and I saw them just above the horizon coming low and fast over the water, and then I was dragging Nora by the hand out of the water and running across the sand with her to the dunes and finally I was flat against the sand behind a little rise with my arm over Nora's head and my heart thudding like a drum in my chest.

Then they were over and past and I was aware of Nora stroking my cheek and that my heart wasn't pounding so violently any more and that my knees were only shaking a little. I sat up and looked at the sky. Sweat was running off my face. "I'm sorry," I said.

"Sh, don't be sorry, baby, there's nothing to be sorry about. Let's just sit here for a while."

"That's the first time that's ever happened to me. I bet our friend Schwartz has a fine name for it."

Nora put her arms around me and put her face against mine and kissed me long and slow on the lips. While she was kissing me, I felt my stomach beginning to unwind and the tension going out of my arms and legs. . . .

The breeze was cool on my body and the water was sparkling under the sun. I felt fine. We got up and walked to the water and swam far out and lay on our backs and drifted. Floating that way, I was completely drained of everything. The bad thing that had happened to me with the planes had emptied out of my body when Nora held me in her arms. It was almost all gone. There was still a little of it left, a slightly sour taste like the after-effect of too much liquor, but the worst of it was gone. I turned over and dove under the water and swam down into the cool green darkness and tried to wash away the last of it, but I knew the taste I had in my mouth was the taste of pure fear and you couldn't wash it away with water and maybe you could never wash it away with anything.

WE came back to our room and I showered and dressed. I left Nora to bathe and went downstairs for a drink. Milton Schwartz was sitting alone at a table.

"Won't you join me?" he said.

"Thanks." I ordered a double rum and water and sat down alongside him.

"You look a little tired," Milton said.

"Just a little. How's it with you?"

"With me it is fine. I am enjoying the quiet and the feeling of being so far from the hospital."

"In that case you don't want another patient on your hands."

He gave me a long look. "Are you not well, Jim?"

"I'm all right now, but I had a sort of bad time a little while ago. Do you want to hear about it?"

"I would like very much to hear about it. It may be that I can help."

I told him what had happened to me. When I finished, he asked me to go back over the beginning again describing exactly what I felt when the planes first appeared.

"Yes," he said. "This must have been a very bad moment for you, but it means nothing. What you just went through is perfectly natural. This is nothing more than a delayed reaction from the combat. When you first came down from the north, you were holding yourself in very tightly like a coiled spring, the way you have to hold yourself in to fight and kill or prepare to be killed. Now that you are rested and have been out of it for a while, the tension on the spring is relaxed and the steel is beginning to uncoil. That is why this is happening to you now. It simply means that if the spring were not so tight it would have happened earlier. I am sure it is a most unpleasant thing to happen, but it has no significance and it will pass. These planes up north, they were very hard on you, eh?"

"A little dusty at times."

"You will tell me something about them?"

"The worst one was one morning off Arawe. We were coming back from patrol off Gasmata and we had orders to stop at Arawe in order to pick up some of the army's casualties. We took thirty of them on board. These men were not wounded in the ordinary way. Their wounds were self-inflicted. They were so frightened and so desperate to get out of it, they preferred to shoot themselves rather than stay there."

"Poor devils," Schwartz said.

"Yes, quite. What I mean to say is, these men were at the end of their rope. They were in no shape to take anything more. And so of course it had to happen. There were thirty-eight dive bombers. They peeled off and came in one after the other and when they did everything blew wide open. Our thirty casualties went crazy. They were screaming and dragging themselves from one end of the boat to the other looking for shelter. They scratched with their nails and teeth at the deck trying to dig themselves out from under the planes. They crawled all over the gunners trying to drag them off the guns to make them stop shooting, and I had to keep beating them off me where I was standing at the wheel. The whole thing lasted about half an hour. The planes killed six men and put holes in most of the others. We shot down four of them. It was quite a good show."

"My God, does it surprise you then that you run across the sand when you hear planes coming?"

"How long do you think it will last?"

"There is no way of knowing," Schwartz said.

"Listen," I said. "This morning you were talking about fear. You described it as a little spot of rottenness in an otherwise healthy fruit. You said that if the spot weren't cut out it would slowly spread through the whole body. All right, now listen. That spot is in me. I guess it was always in me way down. But today it began to spread."

"And you want to know how to cut it out?"

"Just that."

"There are two ways. The first is to take out the fear and look at it, to analyze, to talk about it—to destroy the fear by bringing it into the light."

"And the other?"

"The other is more dangerous, but also more effective. It is simply to go back to whatever produced the fear and to face it and try to master it. I say this is more dangerous because it is a gamble. If you win, the fear will be gone, but if you fail then the fear will master you completely and you will be broken and done for. I ask you to remember one thing, however, that all men know fear in greater or lesser degree. The strongest instinct in the human mind is for survival. When the dive bombers attacked you, every impulse in your body shrieked to run away, to take shelter, to protect yourself. That you did not do so is a credit to your own strength and to your training and to the sheer power of the will. But when you accomplish that you pay a price; your experience of this morning was a sample of it."

"That's a fine analytical approach. I wonder if it works. How about you? You told me the Nazis put fear into you. Did you analyze it?"

"Yes."

"And did you get rid of it?"

"No."

"But you haven't gone back to face it?"

"No, I am a coward. You see, my friend," Schwartz went on, "That is the major difference between us. We both know fear, but only one of us is a coward! You have known fear as any sensible man knows fear, but in spite of it you have gone back many times to fight. It is only the very brave who can do that. But I have never been shot at, I have never killed a man. There will always be a gulf between the men like yourself who have known combat and the rest of us who can only talk about it. Until I have seen the things that you have seen, I can never really belong among these men as you belong."

THE ten days went by very quickly. We spent most of our time in the water and our bodies became hard and brown. My legs were fine. I ate well and began to put on weight. I was in better shape than at any time since I had come out to the war.

Nora became even more beautiful. Her hair was burnished by the sun to a sort of reddish gold. Her eyes seemed to take on some of the quality of the sea. I liked her better than any woman I had ever known.

Schwartz had a tremendous admiration for her also. "She is so simple," he said. "She is clear and simple and good. Also, she is very strong. She has a great honesty. You should marry this girl, Jim."

"Oh, absolutely," I said. "I ought to marry all kinds of girls. Then they can slice my insurance fourteen different ways. I might as well spread it around while I'm at it."

"Do you really believe that you will be killed?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Law of averages. Just like a roulette wheel. You pay your money and spin it. The little ball goes around and falls into all the other slots but never into yours. That's not mathematically sound. The more you spin it, the fewer your chances. Sooner or later it takes you."

"And every time you go out on a mission you spin the wheel?"

"Right."

"Then why go on—patriotism?"

"No. Maybe it was that in the early days when it looked like we might lose, but that's out of the picture now. We've got too much stuff. They've got all kinds of fat young replacements up there now to do the job."

"So it's you."

"Yes, just me and the thing we talked about."

"For a man who is convinced he is going to be killed, you seem very cool about it."

"Not nearly as cool as I was. I care a lot more about it now."

"Nora?"

"Yes."

"Good," Schwartz said.

AFTER our stay at Seaspray, the hospital seemed even more drab than before. It was difficult to return to the routine of inspections, bad food, and surly corpsmen. The ward doctor regarded me sourly and asked how I felt. I said I felt fine. He said he supposed I had probably been using my legs too much. I said that was right and they never felt better.

Wilma Green was standing outside the hut when I finished with the doctor. She looked very pretty. I told her so. She smiled nicely and said that I looked very fit and handsome. After that, I went out to call Nora.

Nora was very gay on the phone. She said we had returned just in time for the wedding. Her brother Art was getting married in a few hours. They would all be very much disappointed if I didn't come right over. I said I wouldn't miss it for the world and who was the girl. Nora told me that was a surprise and I'd find out when I got there. I asked if I could bring Harry and Phil and she said certainly.

Back in the hut, I saw Harry Matson polishing his shoes. "Hello, bub," Harry said.

"You still here?" I said.

"And why not, bub? They tell me there's a big nasty war going up north. I like it here. Have a good trip?"

"The best. How's it here?"

"About as usual. They put the survey listings up. Phil and I are on it."

"State side?"

"That's it."

"Congratulations."

"Thanks. What about you, bub? They'll pretty much give you your choice, you know."

"I'll think about it."

"Don't be a sucker."

"All right, chum."

"Well I don't mean it that way. What the hell, it's your own business. Phil and I figure we've 'ad it. Three years out of the States, the canal and 606, that's plenty. You don't want to win the war all by yourself, bub."

"No, I know. How about going to a wedding tonight."

"Hey, that's great. She's a fine little lady."

"Knock it off, this is her brother."

"Swell, it's all in the family. Want Kramer too?"

"Sure I do," I said.

BY the time I got to the Youngs', the wedding was over and the party was beginning. Mrs. Young kissed me and said she was glad to see me. The house was full of people and flowers and kids and gin bottles. Nora hugged me and then went off to say hello to someone else. I saw Mr. Young sitting in the living room and went in to speak to him. "Hello, son," he said. "Had a drink?"

"Not yet."

"Here we go." He produced a bottle from back of the couch and I took a long pull of it.

We finished his bottle and then I saw Art and went over to him. He was standing alongside a stocky blond girl who wore a uniform I couldn't quite place. Finally I realized what it was. The girl was an American Wac.

"Congratulations," I said to Art.

"Hello, Jim, had a drink?"

"Yes."

"Have another." He took a bottle out of a large bouquet of flowers.

"Cheers," I said.

"Marital bliss," Art said. "Met the wife?"

"No."

"Right here. Lovely state of matrimony. Only proper state for man. Ought to try it, Jimmy."

"When did all this happen?"

"Last week. Whirlwind courtship."

"Hello," I said to the Wac. "I'm Jim Masters."

"Hello, lieutenant. I'm Helen Basset—no, I mean Helen Young."

Helen Basset had nice eyes and thick legs and a strong Kansas twang.

"Well, congratulations," I said. "You married a hell of a nice guy."

She put her arm through Art's. "I think so too."

I saw Nora coming through the crowd. She came up and stood very close to me. "Hello, baby," she said. "Had a drink?"

"I can always use another."

"Let's go."

We went out to the kitchen. Nora took down a tin box marked sugar. There was a bottle of gin in it.

"Kiss me first," Nora said.

We kissed standing up against the kitchen table.

"I've missed you," Nora said.

"Me too."

"Are you drunk, baby?"

"A little bit."

"That's good, I am too."

"Where's Roger? I'd like to see him."

"I'll call him."

Nora opened the window and whistled. There was a rustling outside and then Roger put his long white face through the window and looked at me. Some wag had tied a bouquet of yellow flowers on top of his head. Now it hung rakishly over one ear.

"Is Roger drunk?" I asked.

"He never touches it. We tried to get him to drink gin, but he won't do it."

"Stuffy," I said. I put my arm around Roger's neck and looked into his eyes. "Don't be stuffy."

Roger put his chin on the sink and flicked his ears. I told Nora I had better go and see whether Harry and Phil had arrived.

They were sitting on a couch with Mr. Young. It was a warm night and Mr. Young had taken off his coat and stiff collar.

"Hello chum, how's it going?" Phil said.

"Nice party?" I said.

"Swell party. Mr. Young has a very superior brand of firewater."

"I make it myself," Mr. Young said. "I use this stuff your people send over. What is it again. DDT?"

"I thought it tasted familiar," Harry said.

"Hear anything yet?" I asked.

"It's next week. They told us just before we came."

"Bon voyage," I said.

"Same to you, chum," Harry said.

We finished off the bottle and Mr. Young curled up on the couch between the two marines and went right to sleep. Harry had a bottle with him and we started drinking out of that. After a while, Phil took off his shoes and lay down on the floor and put the shoes under his head and went to sleep.

"No real marine," I said.

"Feather merchant," Harry said.

"You next."

"After you, bub."

I stood up. My head was all right, but my limbs were very heavy. Harry stood up too. He rocked back and forth on his feet. "Think take little nap," Harry said. He lay down and put his head on Phil's stomach and closed his eyes.

I stood there looking at the three of them sleeping. I felt lonely. I decided to go back to the kitchen. I looked out the window to see if I could find Roger, but I couldn't see him. I went out the back door to look for him. It was very dark outside. I saw something white standing over by the fence. It was Roger. I went over and put my arm around his neck and my forehead against his and looked into his eyes and then I fell asleep.

I AWOKE because someone was touching me. I found Nora on her knees beside me.

"Let me put this blanket under you, baby," she said. "The ground is wet."

I raised myself on one elbow. The night sky was just faintly rosy in the east. Roger, the white horse, looked ghostly in the moonlight.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"It's four-thirty. You were sleeping very peacefully, but I didn't want you to lie on the wet ground."

"Has everyone gone home?"

"No, most of them are asleep. They're scattered all over the house. How do you feel, baby?"

"Terrible."

"I thought so. Would you like something to eat?"

"I don't feel much like eating, but it might be a good thing."

"I'll be right back," Nora said.

I had fallen asleep under an apple tree. While Nora was in the kitchen, I sat with my back to the tree trunk and thought very hard. I was thinking how to say it. By the time she came back, I knew there was only one way.

"I made some sandwiches," Nora said, "And I found this." She was holding a half-empty brandy bottle.

I took a good long pull at the brandy and began to feel better. We ate the sandwiches and then we spread out the blanket and lay down on it and watched the last of the moonlight shining through the leaves of the apple tree.

"Harry and Phil are going home," I said.

"Yes, they told me."

"I'll be leaving too. I'm going back up north."

Nora looked away from me for a long moment. "I guess I've known it for quite a while," she said without looking at me.

"It will be some time yet."

"Yes, it may be as long as a week."

I didn't say anything.

"I'm sorry, baby," Nora said. "I shouldn't talk that way. I think I knew all along that that you'd be going back. And I think you knew it too and it's been bothering you. Now that it's been said, let's forget about it and be happy with the little time we have. In my own selfish way, I'm almost glad. If you go north, you'll be coming back this way. If you went home to the States, I would probably never see you again."

Well, I thought, your chances aren't so hot this way either. Personally I think it's a bum bet. The odds would be very long in my book. On your second time around, they only give you a one-way ticket. Pop goes the weasel.

We sat there watching the sky grow lighter. It had been a fine party. It was a beautiful dawn. Nora looked very beautiful sitting there under the leaves of the apple tree with the eastern sky behind her. We didn't talk much. We just sat there holding hands and looking at the sky. Roger nibbled at the grass. It was a beautiful morning. It would have to last me a long time.

BACK at the hospital everything went smoothly enough. When I told Schwartz what I wanted he said, yes, of course. The personnel officer sent off a speed letter to my task group commander and the answer came back soon enough. When detached by the hospital, I was to proceed by air to Townsville and there pick up a boat which had been left behind because of engine trouble and take it on to New Guinea.

I had arranged to meet Nora at the Red Cross club. I came along the street and she was standing in front of the club waiting for me. She looked very fresh and sweet standing there in the late afternoon sunshine.

"Where shall we go?"

"Let's go over to the park and feed the pigeons."

We walked over to the park and bought a little bag of birdseed and sat on one of the benches near the fountain. It was pleasant sitting there.

There was a raised bandstand on the other side of the fountain. While we were sitting there feeding the pigeons, a group of musicians came out to the bandstand and began to play. They played waltzes and slow band numbers. I thought it was fine. Nora and I held hands and listened to the music and watched the birds drinking out of the fountain. Finally the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and then "God Save the King." After that, they packed up their instruments and went away.

We left the park and went to the little restaurant where we had gone on our first evening together. We had been there a good many times since and the ancient Italian proprietor knew us well. I told him I would not be back for a long while. When the meal came, there was a little bottle of chianti on the tray. With the bottle was a card and written on it in old-fashioned hand were the words, "With the compliments of the owner."

I opened the little bottle and poured two glasses half full. We raised the glasses and looked at each other across the rims. "Salute," I said.

"To you, darling," Nora said.

The wine was very dry and a little flat. Nora looked away from me. There were tears in her eyes. "How long will you be in Townsville?" she asked.

"I don't know. Possibly a few days or a few weeks. I don't know what condition the boat is in."

"And of course you don't know when you'll be coming back again."

"No. The average tour of duty up there now is about six months and then two weeks' leave in Australia."

"It sounds such a long time."

"Yes."

"Baby, you're so hard about it. You make it seem as though it doesn't matter."

"It matters very much," I said.

"Sometimes I think you're glad that you're leaving and going back up."

"No, I never wanted anything less in my life."

"I'm sorry, baby. I promised myself I wouldn't begin to talk this way and now I'm doing it. What time are you leaving?"

"Very early in the morning."

"Then I won't see you again?"

"No."

No, you won't see me again. Not ever again, not ever any more. This is the end, the finish, done for. No more chianti, no more talk, no more warm nights and sweet caresses. No more of anything and never again the name "baby." It was all and nothing and now it's over.

"We had a fine time," I said.

"I'll be here when you come back and we'll have more fine times."

"Sure we will."

"You believe that, don't you, Jim?"

"Sure."

"Will the time go by quickly for you up there?"

"Yes, you lose track of it. You lose track of everything."

"But not of me."

"No, not of you, baby."

Later we went to a movie. That seemed to be a strange thing to do on our last evening together but that way we could kill a lot of time without displaying too much emotion.

After the movie, I took Nora home. I was tired and I had to be up early in the morning. Anyway, what was the use of prolonging it? This was the end and this was the way it was going to be and I wanted to get it over with.

"Just go in," I said. "Don't turn around."

"I can't. I can't do it that way."

"It's the only way. You'll have to do it."

"I can't."

"All right, then I'll do it." I put my arms around her and kissed her. Her face was wet against mine. "Good-by, baby," I said.

"Good-by," Nora said very softly.

I turned and walked away from her. I climbed into the jeep, started the engine, and drove away.

I didn't look back.

IT was still dark when the corpsman woke me. I dressed in the cold dawn and went across to get breakfast.

While I was finishing my coffee, Milton Schwartz came in. "I came to say good-by and to wish you a pleasant trip," he said.

"Nice of you. Rotten time of day."

Schwartz sat down with me. "It has been a pleasure to know you, Jim. Good luck to you."

"Thanks. Thanks for everything. Good luck to you too."

"Maybe someday we will meet again."

"Sure we will. If you stay in the navy long enough you meet everybody again."

"Take care, Jim."

"Right," I stood up. "So long," I said.

"So long," Schwartz said. The words sounded foreign the way he said them.

I picked up my bags and got into the jeep that was waiting for me. As we drove away, I looked back at the nurses' quarters. There was a woman in a blue cloak standing on the hill looking down at the road. For a moment I thought it might be Wilma Green but then I decided no it probably wasn't.

AT Townsville I found my boat in a narrow channel that wound under a bridge and came to an end among ancient warehouses and piers. It was a nice new boat. A young ensign was standing on the deck.

"Hello," I said. "I'm Masters. They sent me to take over the boat."

"Hi, I'm Hillman. We've been expecting you."

We shook hands.

"We're all anxious to get going," Hillman said. "How long do you think it will be?"

"I don't know. That depends on the boat and the port director."

"How does the boat look to you?"

"Very shipshape. But not enough guns."

"Well, this is standard equipment."

"Then I guess they're not standard Japs. Anyway, you'll need a forty, a thirty-seven, and four more fifties. After that, we'll put on a sprinkling of thirties."

"But we haven't got the men for those guns."

"We'll get more."

"There's no room for them," Hillman said.

"We'll build room."

"Well I must say you're a fast worker."

"Not exactly, it's just that I've had these headaches before."

"You mean you've been up north before?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I see."

Of course he didn't see, but what was the difference?

After I had washed up, I told Hillman to get the crew together. He got them all up on the bow and I went up there and he told them who I was. They looked pretty much like any other crew, nice-looking kids for the most part with maybe one or two troublemakers. They were all green but they'd get over that soon enough.

I left Hillman with the boat and went over to army ordnance to see if I could beg, borrow, or steal some more guns. I knew there was no use going to the navy. Bureau of Ships specifications called for so many guns on a PT and anything over that was non-regulation. Of course the men who laid down the regulations had never done any fighting, but that was the way it was and what could you do about it?

By the time I had arranged for delivery of the guns, the day was over. I walked back to the waterfront. There was a little sandwich stand near by and I ate my dinner there. After that I lit my pipe and sat for a while on the pier. Then I went to bed.

Lying there in a bunk for the first time in so many months, I listened to the creak of the boat against the fenders on the pier and the soft slap of water against her hull. They were nice familiar sounds.

THE next afternoon there was a letter from Nora. She said she loved me and missed me, and how long would I be in Townsville? I wrote back that I missed her too and that I was busy with the boat and it looked like it would be a couple of weeks at the least.

We worked on the boat all next day, strengthening the deck so that the guns could be mounted. The following morning, we mounted the thirty-seven on the bow.

The army arranged to send a target plane over for us. I took the boat out about ten miles beyond the harbor and cruised in slow circles waiting for the plane. It was good to be at the wheel again. It felt fine to have the spray beating over my face and the impact of the boat biting into the chop.

The plane came in very high, towing the narrow white sleeve. He came over us the first time and I got on to his frequency and told him he was too high. He said he'd try it again. This time it was better. When the target was just overhead. I knew the plane was safely past and I threw down my arm in the signal to fire.

The gunfire was louder then I had remembered. The flat chatter of the fifties sent a wave of pain through my ears. I had grown unaccustomed to it. I didn't like it. I closed my eyes and fought against the sick feeling. I knew there was sweat standing out all over my body.

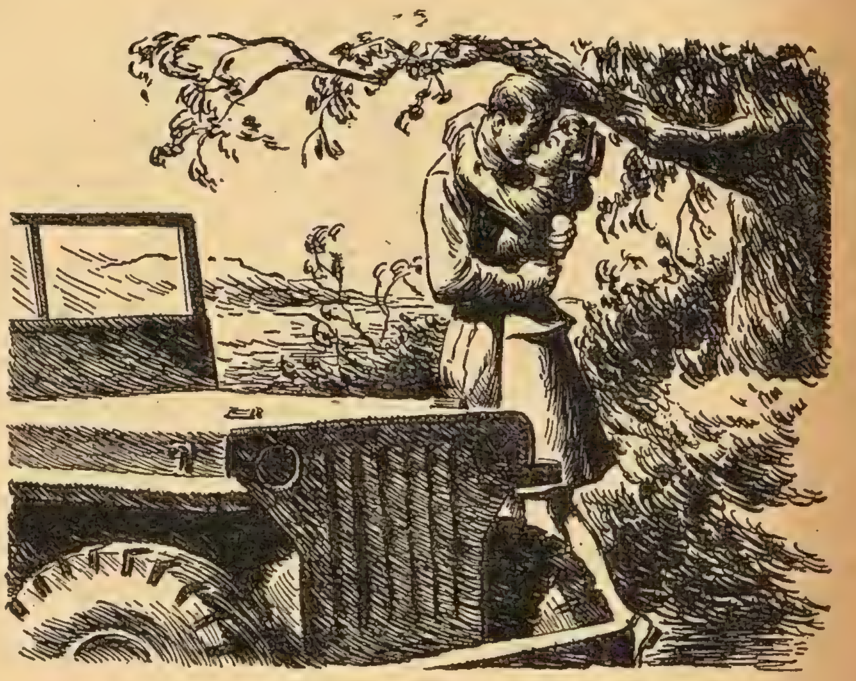
I opened my eyes and looked at the tracers going up into the sky. They were wide of the target. I wanted to tell them to lead him more but my mouth was dry and I couldn't speak, and anyway they couldn't have heard me over the pounding of the guns.

Finally the plane was past and I waved to them to stop. I rubbed my arm across my face to wipe the sweat off. "We'll try it again," I said. "He'll come in from the other side. This time stay ahead of him more." My voice sounded strange. For a moment I wasn't sure I had actually spoken. I looked out at the sea. The plane was coming over again. Soon the firing would start. I could feel the trembling beginning in my legs. I knew it would get worse. We would have to make about ten runs. I threw down my arm and waited for the sound of guns.

THE card came in an unstamped envelope. All it said was: "If you would like to meet a beautiful girl, be in the lobby of the Queensland at five this afternoon."

Some kind of a gag, I decided, but what kind? Would I like to meet a beautiful girl? Of course I'd like to meet a beautiful girl. I bet this will be good. Some joker from the squadron feeling his oats. Well, I generally went over to the Queensland for a drink at that hour anyway, so what could I lose?

At five I went over to the hotel. She saw me first. I heard her say, "Hello, baby," and I whirled around and she ran into my arms. I could feel her body clinging to mine and the softness of her hair under my cheek. I kept trying to say, "What are you doing here?" but I couldn't seem to say much of anything.



She looked up at me. "Beautiful girl," she said. "I knew that would bring you."

"Baby, what are you doing here?"

"Let's go outside where you can kiss me and I'll tell you about it."

We walked along the drive that wound around the harbor. As soon as we were away from the hotel, I took her in my arms and kissed her long and hard. Her mouth tasted sweet and fresh against mine. We sat down on one of the benches looking out over the sea.

"I came up by train," Nora said. "When I knew you were going to be here a little longer, I had to be with you. It's as simple as that."

"I'm speechless. This is the best thing that ever happened to me. Where are you living?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything. I just know that we have only a little time and I wanted us to be together."

"It's wonderful, baby, but the first thing we'll have to do is find you a place to live."

"No, the first thing you have to do is to kiss me again."

We kissed again and sat there on the bench with our arms around each other.

"You're not angry with me, are you?" Nora said.

"How could I be angry with you? You're a beautiful and good girl who comes to me when I need her."

"I'm your good girl, just yours."

"Fine. I always wanted a good girl all my own."

"You've got one now, baby."

WE found a little cottage owned by a fat and pleasant old woman named Mrs. Ramage. She was very happy to rent her cottage to the young American naval officer and his wife.

Our bedroom faced the sea. There was a tiny kitchen in back. "I'll cook you wonderful things here," Nora said. "I'm a very good cook, you know."

"Right now I'm not interested in cooking. Right now I'm interested in . . ."

Nora put her arms around me and her lips against mine. "That's it exactly," I said.

During the day I stayed with the boat, the Blue Moon, and worked on the gun mounts, and in the evening I came back to the cottage. Nora prepared dinner. I celebrated the occasion by having a case of Australian champagne delivered to the house.

"I like this little house," Nora said.

"It's a fine house; we'll consider it ours."

"Good. Every young couple should have a house of their own."

"Every young man should have a beautiful girl."

"I love our little house, baby, and I love you in it."

"Wonderful little house, wonderful girl, wonderful champagne."

"Maybe I can be here waiting for you when you come down."

"That would be nice."

"Mrs. Ramage and I will be waiting for you to open the gate and come up the path to our house."

"Let's hope you're right."

"You don't like to talk about it, do you, baby? What would you like to talk about?"

"Champagne, I'll get some more."

"Fine. A big bottle of champagne in our little house."

FINALLY the boat was all ready and I went down to the port director's office and told them all our preparations had been completed. They said that a convoy of Liberty ships would be leaving in two days and I would be expected to join it.

When I came back to the house that evening, Nora was waiting at the gate for me. Somehow she sensed it before I said anything. "You're leaving?" she asked.

"Yes, day after tomorrow."

"I thought it would be sometime soon, baby. Anyway I feel much better about it this time. We've had a wonderful two weeks and I suppose we can't ask for much more than that in the middle of a war."

"No, you can't ask for much of anything in a war. Whatever you get is gravy. You're all gravy, baby."

"I'm very happy now. I only hope I can be here waiting for you when you come down."

"I hope so too."

"But you don't believe it?"

"No."

"I do. I believe it with all my heart."

"That's fine. But that's not the way it works."

"You'll see. I'll write you great heaps of letters while you are gone and I'll make myself healthy and beautiful so that when you come down you will want only me and never any other girl."

"You're the only girl I want."

"I thought men always wanted other girls. Even when we're on the street together you look at other girls."

"Just window shopping. It doesn't mean a thing."

"And really I'm the only one you want?"

"You're the only one. You're the best, the finest, the sweetest, the loveliest."

"Baby, baby. I love you so. I'm so full of love I can't even speak. I want to cry a little, but it's not because I'm sad. It's just that I'm so much in love it makes me want to cry. Is that very silly of me?"

"Yes, it's very silly and it's very beautiful."

THE day came when I was to leave. I awoke early and went to the window to see about the weather. A light rain was slanting across the bay.

After breakfast, I said good-by to Mrs. Ramage. She said she hoped we'd meet again. I slung my musette bag over my shoulder and Nora put on her raincoat and we went out of the house into the rain.

"You'll be all right going home, won't you?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. It's an easy trip. I'll leave this afternoon. I don't want to be alone in the cottage where we spent all our nights together."

We walked down to the waterfront. When we were about a block away from the boat, we stopped. "I'll kiss you here," I said.

We kissed standing there in the street in the rain.

"Have a good trip," Nora said. "And write often?"

"Very often."

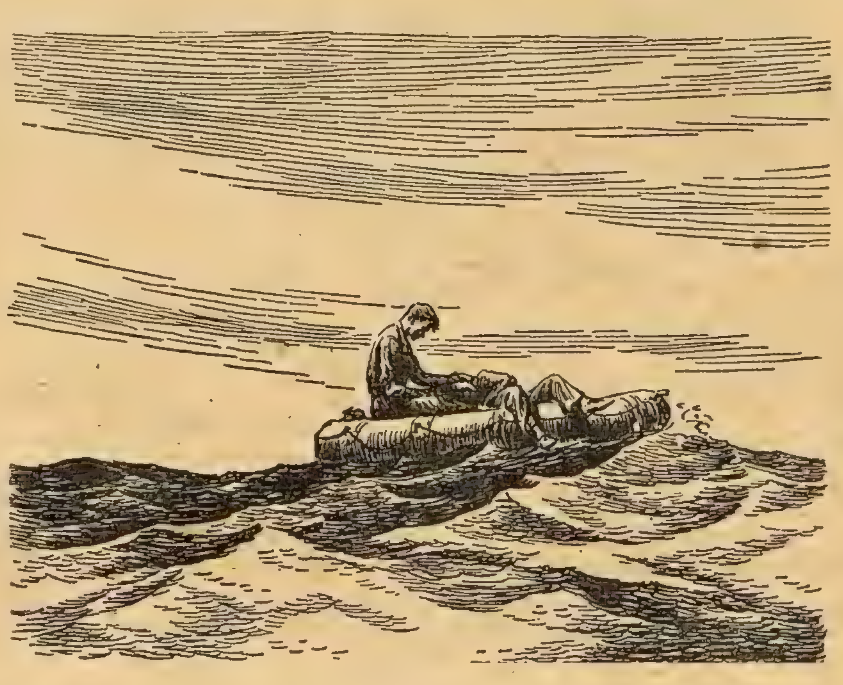
"'By."

"So long, baby."

"I'll be waiting for you."

"Swell."

I kissed her once more and then I left her and walked on down to the boat. Everything was ready on board.



The engines came alive with a heavy roar. "All right," I said. "Let go everything." We backed away from the pier and swung around in a wide circle and pulled out into the bay.

As we went away from the shore, the clouds broke for a moment and the sun came through. Suddenly there was a rainbow in the moist air. It arched across the bay. I looked back and there was a girl in a raincoat standing on the pier. I waved at her and she waved back. Then the rain came down again and I turned my attention to the channel.

When I looked again, the shore was gone and the rainbow was gone too.

TOWARD evening of the fourth day we saw New Guinea, a soft blur on the horizon. I laid a course for Milne Bay, and we spent the night there. I refueled in the morning and we got under way again. All that day we continued up the coast, past the wrecked Japanese barges, the abandoned supply dumps, the overgrown airfields, and shore batteries.

Later we passed Buna Mission, Buna with its Maggot Beach and its rotting corpses and the smell that knocked you over twenty miles out to sea.

Darkness had fallen as we approached the outer edge of the Huon Peninsula. A brilliant rim of moon appeared from behind the mountains as we came into the straits. Unless things had changed a lot, I knew what that moonlight indicated: bombers. I sent the crew to general quarters. That excited them enormously.

For the first time they felt they were actually in a combat zone.

We saw the planes long before we heard them. We saw them in silhouette against the moon. I throttled down and let the boat lie dead in the water to obscure our wake. The bombers passed over us going very high and fast.

After a while, we saw the little orange fireflies of anti-aircraft fire springing up out of the jungle and then the heavy thudding of the bombs.

"Holy smoke," Ensign Hillman said. "They're sure giving somebody hell."

"That's our base they're after. We'll probably get another raid before morning."

"Maybe we better stay out here."

"No, they seldom hit anything."

"Seldom may be once too often."

"That's right, Hillman."

I waited outside until after the raid was over and then I called the base to tell them where I was. They said, okay, come ahead. I came into the little harbor very carefully. I had been shot at by our own guns before and I knew how edgy they would be after a raid.

Nobody bothered us and I came on in and made fast to the little palm log pier. I told the crew to stay aboard because on a moonlit night you never could tell what would happen and they might have to get under way in a hurry. After that, I told Hillman that if the bombers came back before I was on board he was to start up the engines and get the hell out of there.

I went ashore and checked in with operations. Marschalk, the naval intelligence lieutenant, was still on duty there. "How's your boat?" he asked. "Ready to go tomorrow night?"

"I guess so."

"What about your crew?"

"Green but willing."

"Okay, we'll start you off with an easy one."

I went out and walked along the path through the jungle. Everything had changed. Where there had been three tents and a dump of gasoline drums, there were now Quonset huts, piers, tenders, a floating drydock, and even an officers' mess. Lights were on in the mess hall and I went inside, hoping to see someone I knew. There was no one.

There were two poker games in progress and a big crap game going full swing on the center table.

I didn't get into the crap game; it was too steep for me. The poker games were for smaller stakes. I saw a man get up to leave and I went over and bought in and sat down in his place. When I was out about twenty dollars, I decided to go one more hand and quit. As the cards were being dealt, I heard a quiet voice behind me say, "It is nice to see you again, Jim."

I knew who it was even before I turned around.

"Well I'll be damned," I said.

"Yes, I think you probably will be," Schwartz said.

WE went outside into the still night and walked down to the edge of the lagoon.

"Well, Jim," Schwartz said. "It seems that I have followed you again."

"It certainly does. What's your game this time?"

"Oh come now, I have no game. I just thought it would be a good idea."

"Some idea."

"Jim, I am here for the same reason that you are here. You told me then you had to prove something to yourself. It is the same with me. I have been here now for almost two weeks. I convinced the authorities that you required a psychiatrist here at the PT base and asked to be assigned to this duty. Of course it took a good deal of talking. I even cited you as a case history."

"You rat. I suppose you told them I was nuts."

"Hardly that, but I told them that in duty so hazardous the nerves must be stretched very thin and it would be well to have a diagnostician on hand."

"Well, by gum, I'm glad to see you anyway."

"And I am glad too. Jim, tell me, do you still feel that time is running out for you?"

"I don't know. How can you figure it?"

"You figured it out for me once. You said it was like a roulette wheel."

"Okay then, the percentages haven't changed. Maybe after you've been here a while, you'll see what I mean."

I heard three shots fired in rapid sucession. A moment later the lights along the shore began to wink out. "Another raid," I said. "Where's your favorite hole?"

"I don't know. I have not yet made a very careful study of this."

"Then you better start studying in a hell of a hurry. That's the first thing you want to know about. Come on, I think I remember a pretty good one."

We stumbled along the path in the blackness. The place I had in mind had been built a long time before by an old warrant torpedo man who had roofed it over very carefully with palm logs and coral.

"What's that for?" Schwartz asked.

"Coral snakes and tarantulas. They like fox holes even better than we do. All right, let's go."

Just as we slid into the hole, I heard the thud of the first bomb and the heavy bark of the anti-aircraft guns. We sat listening to the thunder of the bombs. Once or twice the earth vibrated heavily and bits of the coral roofing fell on our heads.

"That's a close one," I said. "How do you like it?"

"I do not like it."

"Wish you'd stayed in Brisbane?"

"I am very glad I did not stay in Brisbane, but I still do not like this."

We sat for a while longer listening to the racket. Then Schwartz said, "Everything certainly begins to happen as soon as you arrive. You know that tonight is the first time we have been attacked since I have been here."

"It's not me, it's the moon coming up."

"I prefer to think it is you. Some night, if you will let me, I will go on patrol with you. Then we shall see what we shall see."

"It's your funeral."

"That is a very grim way to look at it but, as you say, it is my funeral."

When the raid was over, I left Schwartz and went back to look for the boat. They were just returning to the pier. When the raid started, Hillman had followed my orders and taken her outside. I told him he had done very well.

Before dawn, they came again. We ran out of the harbor in company with the other boats. Out there, we lay to and watched the show. The planes were very high. The searchlights and tracers kept feeling across the sky for them. Now and then one of the planes would stand for a moment in the light like a tiny silver bug and then dive away into darkness. The raid lasted about fifteen minutes. None of the planes were hit. They dropped several dozen bombs, most of which fell into the jungle and did considerable damage to the palm trees. The raid was about over when the last plane came in very low and dropped the final bomb. It hit a merchant ship in the harbor and killed seventeen men.

EVERYTHING began to happen pretty fast after that. The military treadmill I had been running on for four years was spinning like the very devil and I couldn't keep up with it any more. I knew the Big Patrol was coming up—the last one.

Schwartz knew it too. That was why he insisted on going out with me that night. At first I tried to fight him off but in the end I gave in. He stood beside me at the wheel as we pulled out of the harbor.

I try not to let myself remember much about it. I knew we were in too close; I knew this was it. The night was suddenly split apart. We were ringed by fire. We were like insects thrown into a pot of boiling water and scrambling to escape. I heard the blast and saw the flame and saw Schwartz outlined against it. The ready box was on fire and he was up there in the flames throwing live ammunition overboard with his bare hands. Then the next one hit us and I went out. The curtain was pulled down.

I was conscious of my hand in the water. I pulled it out and raised my head. I was on a raft. The sun was shining. We drifted on a peaceful sea. Schwartz lay beside me. He was quite dead. I looked at his still face. It told me nothing. After a while I dragged his body to the edge of the raft and slid him into the water.

That was when my war ended. They kept me in the hospital a few weeks but it was just marking time. They finally let me out and put me on a plane going south.

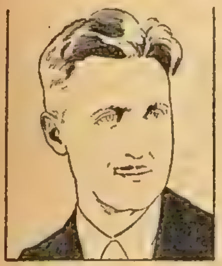
I got off at the airport and walked along the street to the little house. I'll never know how she knew, but she was there waiting. I saw the sunlight on her hair as she ran toward me. I put down my bag and opened my arms. Behind her I could see a fine clear view across the bay.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

GEORGE ORWELL describes his book, **Animal Farm**, as a fairy tale, and his publishers compare it to Alice in Wonderland. Both are wrong. The book is a bitter little fable written to illustrate apparently the writer's belief in the futility of endeavor. Mr. Orwell, an English liberal, has been so severely disillusioned that he now believes society cannot be improved.



George Orwell

Animal Farm starts with a meeting of the animals on Mr. Jones' farm, a meeting led by Major, the old boar, who tells them that all the habits of man are evil. Major dies a few days later and soon after that Farmer Jones forgets to feed the animals and they rout him off the farm. Organized by the pigs, especially Snowball and Napoleon, the animals proceed to conduct the farm under the principles laid down by old Major. Jones makes an attempt to recapture the farm but is again routed by the animals under Snowball's leadership.

With the passage of time, conditions on the farm worsen—the animals find that they are working all the time. Under Napoleon's influence they are persuaded that Snowball wasn't the hero they thought him, and finally Napoleon drives him off the farm. Napoleon's influence gradually increases—and while it increases, a good many of the commandments laid down subtly change so that instead of "All Animals Are Equal" it becomes "But Some Animals Are More Equal than Others."

The final scene shows a party thrown by the pigs for the humans in the neighborhood while the other animals on the farm look through the window. To their amazement—"the creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which."

Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. Price $1.75.

MARGARET HALSEY'S **Color Blind** is the result of her experiences as a hostess at an interracial servicemen's canteen. It should do a great deal to promote racial understanding, for Miss Halsey writes coolly and clearly and with unassailable logic. The book is the more effective because she herself started out with rather confused feelings about the whole situation and gradually acquired understanding.

Margaret Halsey

She tells of some of the tense moments when whites objected to Negroes dancing with white girls, and she writes with great tolerance of the little Southern girl who was uncertain of her own ability to cope with certain predicaments that arose at the canteen.

Here is no street-corner ranting, but a civilized summation of a difficult problem.

Simon and Schuster, New York. Price $2.50.

IT'S good to see books like **Stuart Murray's Fun at Sea** being published again. It marks the end of the days when ship travel for civilians was limited to a ride on the Hudson River night boat.

This is a complete guide to ocean travel, full of practical advice and explanations. Mr. Murray tells one what to take on an ocean voyage, tells what "athwartships" is and ends his volume with witty descriptions of the sort of passengers one might expect to meet on a cruise ship.

Excellent reading even if you're not going any place.

Sheridan House, Inc., New York. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 What all the beefing was about last fall (They got potted Sundays)
7 Totalitarians, always figuring who's going to win
14 What men go into clip joints for
15 After moving a little left of center, it was used in the progressive movement
16 4, or part of the New England League
17 Man's name, *cf.* —— or not —— !
18 Canal, surrounded with ease
19 Word uttered when pounding the chest
20 This little thing stopped going to market a while back
22 Only things in America enjoying a serious deflation
24 Business People's Effort (abbr.)
25 Scientific crystal-ball gazing
27 A woman's brain
28 Him kinda big Injun
29 We defy you to name butter substitutes than these (abbr.)
31 Make optical contact
32 Oh, What a Beautiful Mourning! (song)
33 The knights lost theirs in a crap game
35 He makes faces at people for a living
36 Ancestral clan
37 Though a swell one, she couldn't cook a swell one
38 What they did to disagree
41 Birdlike attachments
45 Lady wolf
46 Old collection of fine old English hams
47 Wooden French doghouse
48 No soap, unless you give 'em up
49 Wicious winds
51 Pantsibus and vestibus Romanorum
52 He just doesn't make sense
53 The sadist man in the orchestra
55 Heart of the matter
56 Baloney Spreaders (abbr.)
57 Often found in pockets, but it's not money
58 Mike & Ike, sons of Spike are these abbr.
60 Awful healthy, and subject to drafts
61 Just an old softie
63 He thinks a lot of himself
65 They give gals the run-around
66 Make a mesh of things again

VERTICAL

1 Envelopes of Italian dough filled with odds and ends
2 Nothing to an eye
3 With a little paint, a gal becomes a work of this
4 The S.S. Garbage Snagger
5 They have sax appeal, despite their windiness
6 The gods of fashion
7 Johnny's handkerchief
8 Menu vehicle (horse meat's served *à la* it)
9 He's responsible for the ups and downs of the business man
10 Ruff dame
11 Speaker's wind breaker
12 Medieval train holder upper with a sheep's head, or what the boss goes on when upset
13 If you take one, you can go to bed in one place, wake in another
14 Zoo slobs (abbr.)
21 Fairies' dance hall
23 *Eels* ends (anag.)
24 Ambling Atlantic Alp
26 Cut-ups who get in some terrible jams
28 Snooty member of the kelly family
30 Damp, cold mush
32 Passes a rag lazily over the surface @ $1 per hour
34 He's both left and right of center
35 Mugs Imitate Apes (abbr.)
37 July with frostbite
38 Big-time Charleyish
39 These are needed to see present-day restaurant portions
40 Stir backward
41 It's made of celluloid and filled with funny mugs
42 Poetic black wood
43 Kind of gal who couldn't make her eyes behave
44 —— Mater
46 Extra-large purses
49 Unpopular name around Richmond
50 It shines in the world of men's fashions
53 —— die!
54 Only thing you can't get at a hotel these days
57 The A.F. of Hell?
59 A good woman (abbr.)
62 Duke's rival (abbr.)
64 The latter half of this

P	O	P	I	N	J	A	Y	■	S	H	O	P
O	P	U	S	■	E	X	E	R	C	I	S	E
L	E	G	■	J	E	E	T	E	R	■	S	A
O	R	■	S	U	P	■	■	W	E	D	■	R
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S	T	O	W	■	S	T	U	D	■	G	A	R
A	I	L	■	T	H	U	G	S	■	G	I	E
P	O	I	■	E	I	N	S	■	D	E	L	E
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N	B	■	N	O	R	D	I	C	■	P	R	E
C	O	C	K	T	A	I	L	■	A	I	D	S
E	R	I	S	■	W	I	L	D	W	E	S	T

Last week's answer

■	1	2	3	4	5	6	■	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
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61		62					■	63				64		
65							■	66						■

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HIRAM WALKER &
No3 PEORIA

'Whiskey Going into the Barrels to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Georges Schreiber

88 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good

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Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
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86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

THANKS TO THE YANKS

Continued from Page 19

he better get on the ball," Decker warned.

"As for all that patriotism we've heard about," Decker sums up, "there is no real patriotism among the men as we know it. The women have it. They are the better sex, without question. The men are as crooked as a ram's horn."

Decker's first move was to retake the area his forerunners had returned to the Japs and expand it until the entire base was under American control. He will give it back piecemeal, when and as the materials therein have been put to good use.

THEN he began to test his plan to use the women to spearhead his program. "My idea was to divide and rule—by sexes—using the approach that the men lost the war." He gave the women first the responsibility of distributing the native food ration. In four or five hours they did what the mayor's police gang had taken a week to do.

The mayor protested. He cited the Japanese law. Decker told him, "I'm not interested in the Japanese law. We make the laws here."

When he found that the garbage drivers regarded arrest and jailing merely as an occupational hazard, Decker turned garbage collection over to the women too. They distributed it to the town's destitute, the sick, and the orphans. The women take charge of the left-over food directly in the galleys. They go there each mealtime, separating it according to kind, and making delivery in neat packages while it is still fresh.

The navy was about to dump overboard several tons of food which by our standards had become unusable: 40,000 cans of cashew nuts, tons of peanuts and candy, 600 cases of eggs. Decker gave it to the women, who added it to the regular largess for the needy, while the city fathers winced in the knowledge that a single egg, vintage unimportant, fetched six yen in the black market.

With so much entrusted to them—where there had been no trust before—the women reciprocated by imitating the direct-action methods of the Americans and initiating work which patently needed to be done. They dismantled old wooden barracks, laying out the lumber in orderly piles; cleared a space for a children's playground; and took over supervision of the neglected city park. In the long space hidden behind that section of the navy wall which flanked the road into town, they are helping to tear up railroad tracks and clear away buildings for a second park.

When they began to clean the street drains, Mrs. Decker passed the word to them that the captain appreciated what they were doing. Mrs. Decker was cautioned, however, not to encourage them too much "or they'll be out there cleaning the streets at midnight."

It took only a hint from Decker to make the club draw up its constitution in English. "This picture language has got too many interpretations," Decker said. "I'm going to get all the laws of the town done in English so the little man will have a chance. If they had written the new constitution of Japan in English first, they wouldn't have had all this bickering now about interpretation."

It was after the club had been given the substandard American food that the men, first contemptuous, then respectful, began to ask membership in it. With 58,000 members by late August and still growing, and the U. S. Navy behind them, the women could be an unpleasant factor at the polls in the November election. That the city's women meant to use the new franchise was apparent when they turned out 90 per cent of full strength at the Diet election last spring. The club's president, Mrs. Kazuko Mabuchi, a middle-aged matron with a quiet and firm manner, said the club would vote as one. A candidate would be in or out according to the will of the Women's Club.

While the city officials are deciding how—and whether—to get going on the work before them, the navy and its Women's Club auxiliary are setting them an example which would shame more sensitive men.

The Kai Jin Kai Hospital, for dependents of Japanese Navy men, was a stinking goat's nest of filth. The cesspool hadn't been cleaned since the place was built six years ago. Dr. Bernie Ehrenberg, a junior grade lieutenant in the Navy Medical Corps, using 100 Japanese laborers and a figurative bull whip, hauled away twenty truckloads of dirt from the rooms and corridors, moved out tons of accumulation from the cesspool, and brought the place up to the painted, glistening standards of an American establishment.

IT was renamed St. Joseph's Hospital, thrown open to the general public, and put in charge of a genial white-bearded patriarch of France, Albert Breton, lately Bishop of Fukuoka. An American doctor is kept on hand for consultation and to assist. Captain J. Q. Owsley, head navy doctor, has similar renovation plans for the other hospitals, and is giving Japanese nurses six months' training in the American hospital. The Women's Club daily distributes two tons of ice to the inmates—and sees to it that the doctors and nurses don't use it for their beer, as formerly.

Marine Captain George P. Wolf of Wahpeton, North Dakota, an easy-mannered young giant who fought his way up from Guadalcanal, has made the police department a model which the chiefs in other cities are coming to study. Wolf has taught the Japanese police that they are servants, not masters, of the people. He got their salaries raised by a third, removing any excuse for grafting from business men and the geisha houses. He displaced their shabby blue uniforms with khaki, got shield-type badges for their blouses and caps, and put American shoes on their feet.

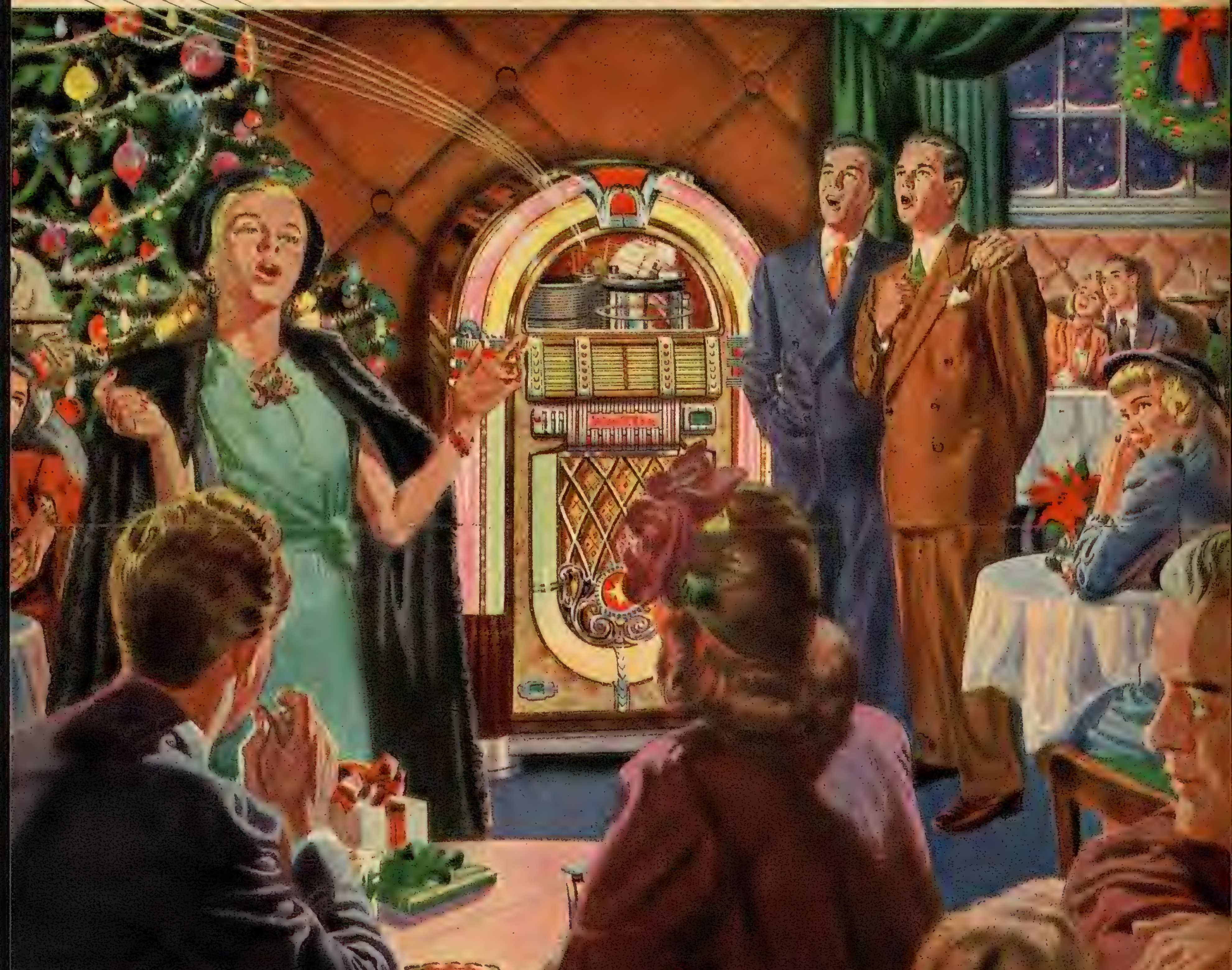
He scrubbed out and disinfected headquarters and the police boxes around town, and painted them green with white trim. Twice a week, now, everyone from the chief down sheds his coat and cleans house. Wolf put an end to the old custom of beating the prisoners, ordered the cell windows opened for the first time,

(Continued on page 54)

"There's the doorbell, dear. Is the punch ready?"

LIBERTY

Silent Night - Holy Night



The Christmas Spirit Lives in Music

in the hearts of men dwells an intangible something we call
Christmas Spirit. Scrooge felt it when Marley's ghost pursued
Tiny Tim gave it words when he said, "God bless us every one."

spirit that lives in all that's good. Its heart and soul is music.

y in our cathedrals, in our homes and wherever people meet
yous celebration, you'll hear the age-old Christmas carols...
something within you will respond.

is the power of music, man's greatest means of spreading
Christmas message, "Peace on earth, good will to men." The
lph Wurlitzer Company, North Tonawanda, New York.

The *Sign of the Musical Note* identifies places where you can enjoy Wurlitzer Music.

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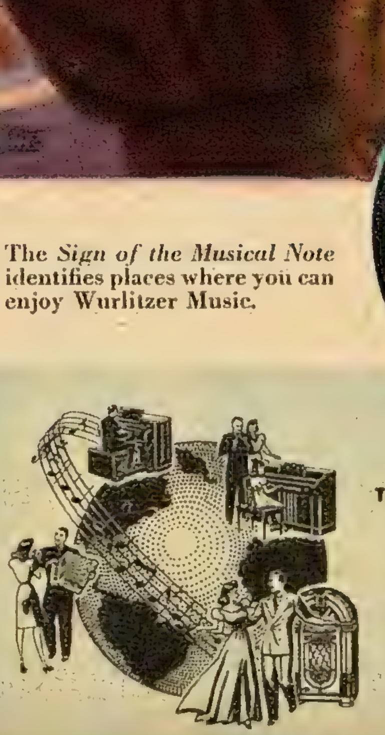


THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIONS

The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions and commercial phonographs is heard "'round the world." Wurlitzer, America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name... also America's largest, best-known manufacturer of juke boxes and accordions, now has in production a great new electronic organ.

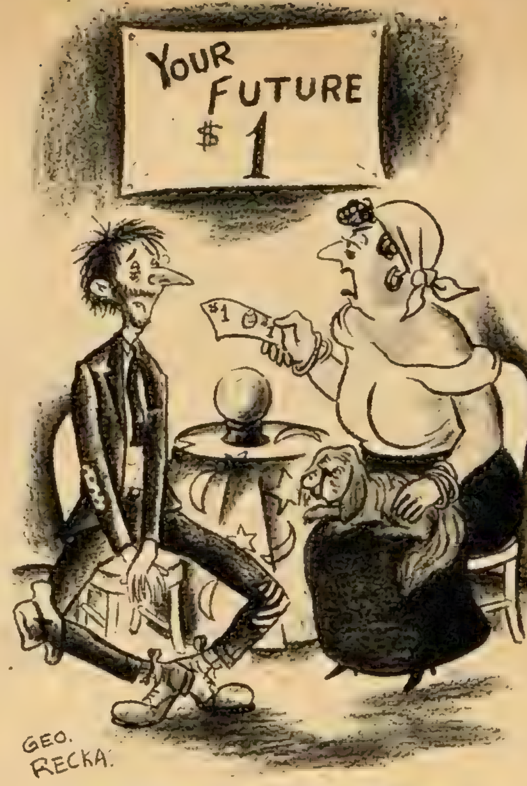
(*Continued from page 52*)

provided old navy dungarees for the prisoners, and put in showers and a tailor and barber shop.

When Wolf set up a matrons' division, the chief objected to giving the lady cops the same size badges as the men's and otherwise indicated a reluctance to accept them as equals. He saw the wisdom of discretion when the cloud of Women's Club members started to loom on the political horizon.

The slicking-up finished, the cops were tremendously impressed when Decker paid them a personal inspection. Decker believes that to get respect, be respectful. When police and firemen, without prompting, snap to attention and salute as he passes in his car, he returns the salute.

ALTHOUGH he keeps in direct contact with the Japs professionally, Decker stays aloof socially and accepts no presents or favors. He even refuses to take things which, by SCAP standards, would be essential to his position. There are no fancy clubs or roof gardens in Yokosuka. The navy works and lives in simple surroundings. Except for some chairs brought in from our own navy ships, Decker's office (in which he can generally be found from eight in the morning until midnight) is furnished as he found it. His executive officer, Captain William G. Michelet, former head of the Department of Languages at Annapolis and commander of the destroyer Rodman on the Murmansk run with the British fleet, dragged the old carpet in his office out into the corridor and "beat the dust out of it," and that was his sole concession to luxury. His living quarters "are the smallest I've had since plebe days."



"Here's your dollar back—you have no future!"
LIBERTY

In education, Decker hopes to make the schools the vanguard of the long-range reform program planned for the whole of Japan. "We're going to put in the very latest American educational system," he told a group of school officials. "The teacher is no longer going to stand before a class and say, 'This is it.' He is going to make the student think for himself. These schools will be coeducational, coracial and nonsectarian. Teachers from all over Japan will come here and see American and Japanese children—boys and girls—in school together, and then they are going home and do the same thing. Japanese and American teachers will work side by side, and the Women's Club will be on hand to observe and criticize."

Decker's man in charge of schools, Lieutenant B. T. Poznanski of Detroit, the navy's Catholic chaplain, pointed out the buildings selected to house these "pilot schools"—long, three and four-storied concrete affairs, once owned by the Japanese Navy. He led the way to the site of two projected schools, one a girls' junior high, the other a junior high and college for boys, at the edge of town. The buildings, also former Jap Navy property, are set around an ocean inlet, against a backdrop of green hills. The school for boys, he said, would eventually become a university. They would name it Notre Dame.

MEANWHILE the Women's Club is seeing one of its objectives realized: a home for the 120 war orphans of the city. Located in long double-decked wooden navy barracks of seventy-two rooms each, a little way out in the country, the orphanage is already in service. The youngsters, looking chubby and happy, are cared for by repatriated women, who thus earn their way and, at the same time, sanctuary.

Mrs. Aiko Tataoka, who lived for twenty-five years in America and is a graduate of Barnard College, indicated a huge pile of American tin cans in a corner of one building. These would be converted into toys and household utensils, and the revenue from sale in stores and bazaars would be applied against operating expenses. Against another wall lay a pile of old lumber, dragged in by the women after being discarded at the navy yard, to be used for fuel. In a building which had housed the baths would be the orphanage laundry, taking in washing from the outside for additional revenue. There were plans to make soap. The wide surrounding grounds would become a garden.

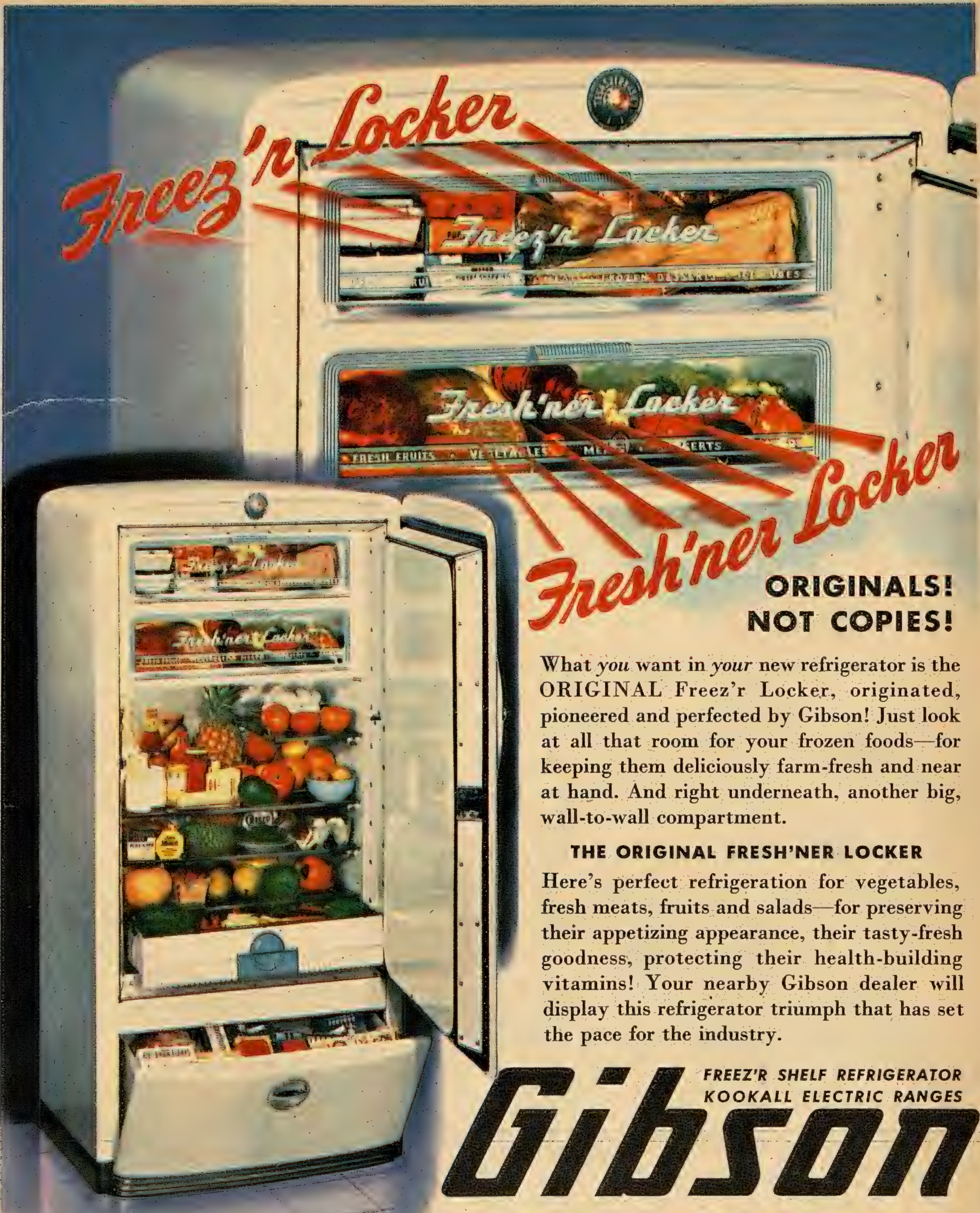
Decker finds only one fault with the ladies: they are constantly bringing him scrolls of thanks, taking up time, and they are in a continual state of incipient parade in his honor. He restrains them, saying, "Parades are lost motion—nobody is producing anything." But it is a losing fight. A super affair, arranged secretly, would have gotten away from him

(*Continued on page 56*)

ADVERTISEMENT

Frank Brandt

"Must have four aces . . . he's betting his Pepsi-Cola!"



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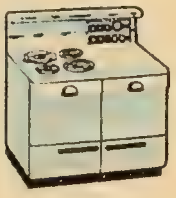
FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR
KOOKALL ELECTRIC RANGES

Gibson

GIBSON KOOKALL ELECTRIC RANGE



Cooks an entire meal while you do something else—just set it and forget it! Waist-high broiler—banquet-size oven. And UPS-A-DAISY, the electric range sensation of tomorrow, here today—an exclusive Gibson improvement!

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GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
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(*Continued from page 54*)

except that the ladies tipped their hand at the last moment in asking him when would be most convenient for him to make a short appearance. They compromised by bringing him a "Resolution of Appreciation by Citizens' Mass Meeting of Thanks to America and the Allied Forces at Yokosuka." "I've finally got them to leave my name out of these things," Decker said.

Decker admits he's about licked on the parade question, however. He has accordingly suggested that the celebration parade the ladies crave should coincide with America's Thanksgiving Day and be not a local but a national holiday. "Draw up a petition," Decker instructed, "and four or five of you take it up to the Diet and stand up and insist that it be heard—a petition to make our Thanksgiving your Thanksgiving in Japan, to thank not MacArthur, not me, but God—yours or mine—and the American people for safe convoy through the first year of hardship.

"We'll make it a big day—speakers, a parade, and"—smiling—"who knows?—I might even show up."

THE END

LAKE RESCUE STARTS THINGS MOVING . . .
THEY'RE IN DISTRESS! I'M GOING DOWN!
DICK WERTH, FLYING HIS HELICOPTER CITY-WARD AFTER ROUGHING IT IN A NORTHERN MICHIGAN CAMP, SIGHTS ICE-BOATERS MAROONED ON ICE FLOE IN LAKE HURON.
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE TWO FAST TRIPS. THIS ICE LOOKS BAD. COME ON, MISS!
OUR CABIN'S ON THAT CLOSEST NECK OF LAND. MY DAUGHTER'LL POINT IT OUT
WHAT A HAPPY ENDING TO A NASTY FIX. MARVELOUS MACHINE
MY FOLKS WORRY IF I'M LATE. MAY I USE YOUR PHONE?
2 HOURS LATER
TELL THEM YOU'LL STAY ALL NIGHT. IT'S ALMOST DARK AND WE'VE NEVER HAD A MORE WELCOME GUEST
. . NOR ONE WITH MORE WHISKERS
. . . AND HERE'S A RAZOR
THANKS. I NEED IT
WHAT A FAST, SLICK SHAVE! THIS BLADE IS PLENTY KEEN!
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE THAT THIN GILLETTE. I NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE
HELICOPTERS HAVE BEEN MY HOBBY, AND NOW I HOPE TO START A FERRY SERVICE
WHY, DAD! THAT'S THE ANSWER TO YOUR INTER-PLANT TRAFFIC PROBLEM!
HE'S HANDSOME
NEXT MORNING
THURSDAY MORNING AT MY OFFICE, THEN . . .
AND NEXT SATURDAY RIGHT HERE, DON'T FORGET!
FOR SLICK-LOOKING SHAVES THAT REALLY RATE, GET ACQUAINTED WITH THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE THE SMOOTHEST-SHAVING, LOW-PRICED BLADES YOU EVER USED. THAT'S BECAUSE THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY AND PROTECT YOU FROM THE HARSH, IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES AND FAULTY SHAVING METHODS. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
Gillette BLADES
4 10¢

FAIR GAME—AND FUN

Continued from Page 23

complex nature of the white-tailed deer enters the picture.

Deer have done amazing things, such as running up to within twenty feet of campfires, trotting calmly past a group of smoking and chatting men; and one Pennsylvania hunter had only to slam the door on a fine buck that entered a shed to eat some spilled grain.

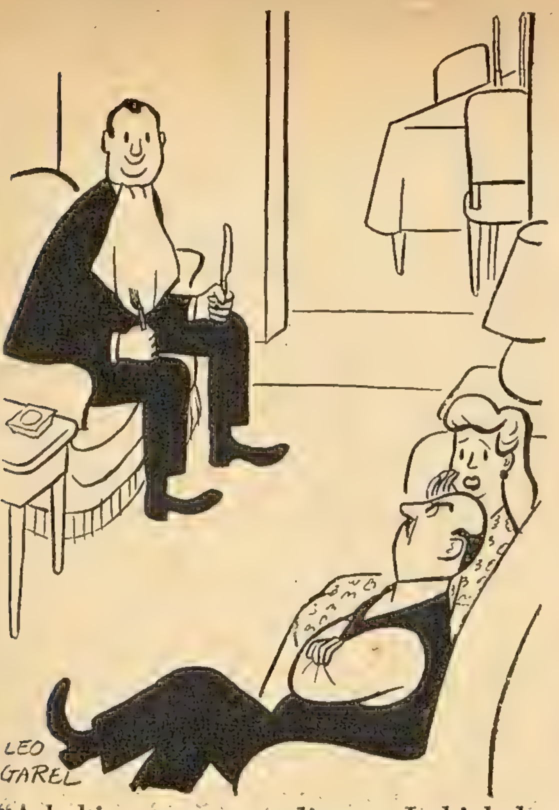
Various weather conditions will make still-hunting either more or less difficult—it's never easy. Probably just enough rain to wet the leaves, thus deadening sound, is ideal.

Once, just after a soft rain, I was walking down a ridge. Presently, about fifty yards ahead, I saw a doe gazing at me. I was within forty feet of her before she bounded away. But soon there were two more does, and then three. All heard me coming but—probably because the damp leaves made me sound different from most men they'd heard—none offered to flee until I was very close. By and by I saw a big deer, which because of its light yellow color I thought must be another doe, standing in a grove of hemlocks. It was fun to stalk the animal, and I rounded the hemlocks to come face to face with a huge buck. For a second, mutually dumfounded, we stared at each other. Then the buck, which just happened to be lighter than most, wheeled and ran down the ridge. Deer hunting is full of such delightful surprises.

SOFT snow is the next best thing to rain-wet woods. The hunter is still able to walk quietly and can track his deer. That's an art in itself. But there are a few general rules that apply pretty much everywhere. If the deer you're tracking enters a thicket, redouble your caution because you're likely to flush him out of it. When you do, don't let excitement override good judgment. If your buck streaks deeper into the thicket, or you meet him in heavy brush, you might just as well take a snap shot at him and hope you'll connect. But if he runs toward an open hillside or into open timber, hold your fire. Twice out of three times, just before he disappears he'll stop and swing broadside to get a look at you. Thus you'll get a standing shot. If you're tracking a deer that heads down into a gully, run like the dickens, because you may catch him climbing the other side.

It's seldom that any deer will appear before you in all his calendar-picture stag-like majesty. The most you're likely to see is a small patch of brown or gray-brown that doesn't look exactly like any of the brown around it. When you see that, stop and look. Then look some more until you can see the head. Remember, if he hasn't got antlers, she's a doe.

Though deer know when they're being followed, and sometimes de-



"Ask him to stay to dinner—I think he expects it."

LIBERTY

liberately let themselves be approached, it's only very rarely that they'll do so when the hunter makes too much noise. And, no matter how catfooted he may be on other occasions, any hunter trying to walk in dry leaves or on flaky snow will sound like a junior locomotive. In any very noisy walking the best thing to do is select a stand and stick with it. There is always a great deal of guesswork connected with this. In the mountains deer are prone to travel the narrow, level benches; and in the swamps or lowlands there is usually some sort of natural path that deer like to use.

If you're with a party of hunters, three or more beside yourself, you may try to drive your deer. Some purists have called this method unsporting, but it is suspected that they never tried it.

The theory of driving is that two or more hunters will select a stand where deer are likely to run, and one or more, depending on the size of the party, will beat through the woods and chase the deer past the standers. It sounds wonderfully simple, and would be if white-tailed deer were more co-operative. The hunters who can chase a deer where it doesn't want to go have yet to be born. Deer will do apparently insane things, but on the average they're very keen animals and, in their own element, can think circles around any hunter.

Once, just to see what actually happened on a deer drive, we assigned our two best hunters to follow in the rear of those who were doing the yelling. The drivers weren't more than a couple of hundred yards apart. But fifteen deer sneaked back between them. The silently following hunter, who knew when to stand still, had his choice of shooting. The other hunter, trailing the driver on

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AUTO-LITE MEANS PRECISION MANUFACTURING

MICHIGAN AVENUE—ONE OF CHICAGO'S BUSIEST TRAFFIC CENTERS

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AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

Money cannot buy a better spark plug

the far left, saw him pass a hemlock thicket. Three seconds later a huge buck got out of it, nonchalantly stretched, and ambled over the side of the mountain.

Once, after hunting vainly all day, we decided to put on one last drive. Our experience in that country—we were in Potter County—had been that it was useless to try to drive deer down into and across a valley. They always ran up the ridges. But the older members of the party were too weary to attempt another climb, whereupon three of the younger offered to ascend a ridge and try to drive down into the valley. Deer literally boiled from that mountaintop.

Every watcher had shooting, and we bagged four big bucks in two minutes. Oftener the drivers will bring in a report that they flushed many deer, all of which went somewhere else.

Frequently the drivers will kill more deer than the standers. Of about twenty drives we staged this past season, the drivers had at least half the shooting.

THERE is, by the way, a vast difference between shooting a deer and shooting at one. A 150-pound buck is a big mark, but there's a much bigger space around him. It's a safe bet that at least 65 per cent of those brought in were shot standing. Deer will not only stand for a shot, but upon occasion they'll remain motionless for an incredibly long while. Once, when it was legal to take either a buck or doe, we guided five people back into a wonderful deer thicket. We'd scarcely entered the woods when seven deer were seen on the rim of a hill, not more than 150 yards away. Our five hunters simultaneously proceeded to have buck fever and to empty their guns. They reloaded and shot again. At least two hundred shots were fired at those standing deer before they walked away, and the total kill was one doe.

So—if luck leans heavily on your side, you'll get one. The lore of every deer woods repeats, with variations, the story of the nine-year-old kid who went out and bagged the prize of the season while dozens of experienced hunters cooled their heels on some runway.

Even if you get nothing, however, you will have had a lot of fun—and some insight into the life of a fascinating animal.

THE END

WASTED ENERGY

"The worm will turn," my friends all say
And nod their heads in a knowing way.
The worm *will* turn—that's undenied.
But why? He's the same on the other side.

—*Dorothy B. Griswold.*

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IN general, the transition from ex-G.I. to full-fledged civilian has progressed at such remarkable speed that it seems appropriate for the Bulletin Board to be taken down in next week's issue of Liberty. Before doing so, however, this writer would like to get off his chest impressions that have been collected through fifteen months of countrywide touring, through attendance and speechmaking at Congressional and legislative meetings and veteran conventions, and through your much appreciated correspondence.

There are nearly 18,000,000 veterans. Some big boys, with an occasional small fry thrown in, take it upon themselves to tell this world that "veterans want nothing"; that "returning servicemen have just shared a big job by going out and doing their part." That's a lot of poppycock.

I don't want anything—neither do you, most likely. But there are millions who do. They have given up a lot and need help. It will be the long, tough job of every one of us to see that every one of them keeps on getting that help. Their kind ranges from the guy who's given up his eyesight or his limbs to the guy who's lost his job or his home.

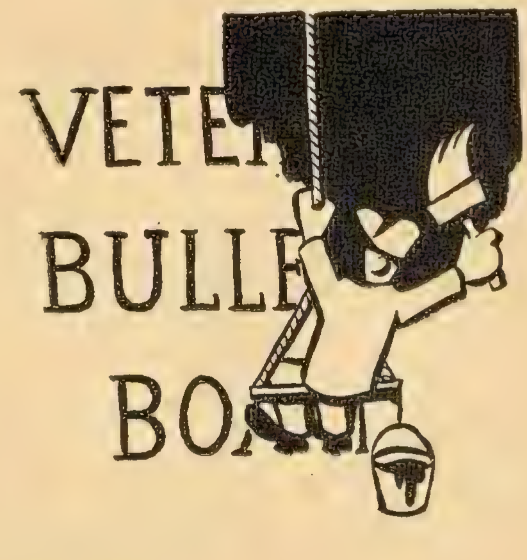
Until now we have done very little for them. There are more than 300,000 disabled veterans looking for employment and who will continue to do so unless the employer's appraisal looks for what is left in the applicant rather than for what he has lost through no fault of his own.

The price one gets for a disability is another grievance very much in need not only of action but also of fair play. There are nearly 3,000,000 veterans more or less disabled. A lot of them don't get any pension. Although many of these have ailments not warranting compensation, many others have ailments that do. The set-up in deciding who gets what is very much as it is in everything else: some are grossly underpaid, others grossly overpaid, and still others left out completely. If you're not satisfied with your claim, then submit it for a review—additional evidence and witnesses help. The Veterans Administration has been fair in its reviews whereby thousands of applications previously refused have been accepted.

Put yourself in the shoes of the guy who had to sell his automobile, his trucks, merchandise, or his home in order to keep a date with Uncle Sam. It was a date he had very little choice in. Millions of them have come back, and what can we expect them to do? These veterans want something—they want an actual preference in purchasing the things they had to give up. Returning salesmen are begging for a chance to buy a car in which to make their rounds, just as returning storekeepers are in the market for their old merchandise and fixtures. A chance to start all over again isn't much to ask for, is it?

* * *

Carl L. Hester, San Francisco, Calif. I believe the announcement you are looking for will be out by the time this Bulletin Board appears. The homestead land opening program includes about 22,000 acres on four public-land projects scheduled for opening to settlement by late 1946. You, as a veteran, will be given preference when the program is started; but as yet, at this writing, no applications have been accepted despite thousands of inquiries. Here's luck to you in grabbing a hunk of that land!



Next week

* * *

Nancy Martin, Newton, Mass. I am afraid I'll have to take sides with the War Department on this one, Nancy. So let's be good sports and accept their decision that time spent in Women's Army Auxiliary Corps does not count as active service for terminal-leave-pay purposes. However, your time spent in the WAC will. Let's not confuse the WAAC with the WAC.

* * *

Raymond Malecki, Detroit, Mich. At this time I can't tell you positively whether or not your claim for terminal payment of $6 is a booby-prize winner as far as amount is concerned. However, it is estimated that the average payment will be $166. You can always back up to the table for your payment.

LET'S STOP KIDDING OUR CHILDREN

Continued from Page 13

"Away, away, ever so far away, near the western shores of the Ocean of Peace, lie the Happy Islands, the Paradise of Children. Some people call this ocean the 'Pacific' and they call the Happy Islands 'Japan,' but the meaning is just the same.

"They are truly Happy Islands, for the sun shines there so brightly that all the people go about with pleasant, smiling faces, and the children play out of doors the whole year through without ever quarreling. And they are never, never spanked! Of course, the reason for that is that they are so good that they never, never need it! Or maybe their fathers and mothers do not believe in spanking.

"I have been told—though I don't know whether to think it's true or not—that Japanese parents believe more in sugar plums than in punishment to make children good."

Before you start objecting, let me add that this particular book is not just one isolated piece for little tots, taken from a single child's schooling. On the contrary, it is a regulation sample, one of a series of similar stories of other lands, written by different authors, and deliberately imposed upon the school children of this country by thousands of idealistic educators as part of a concerted attempt at "peace" education prior to 1940.

"When I invited you along I assumed you had your own skis!" LIBERTY

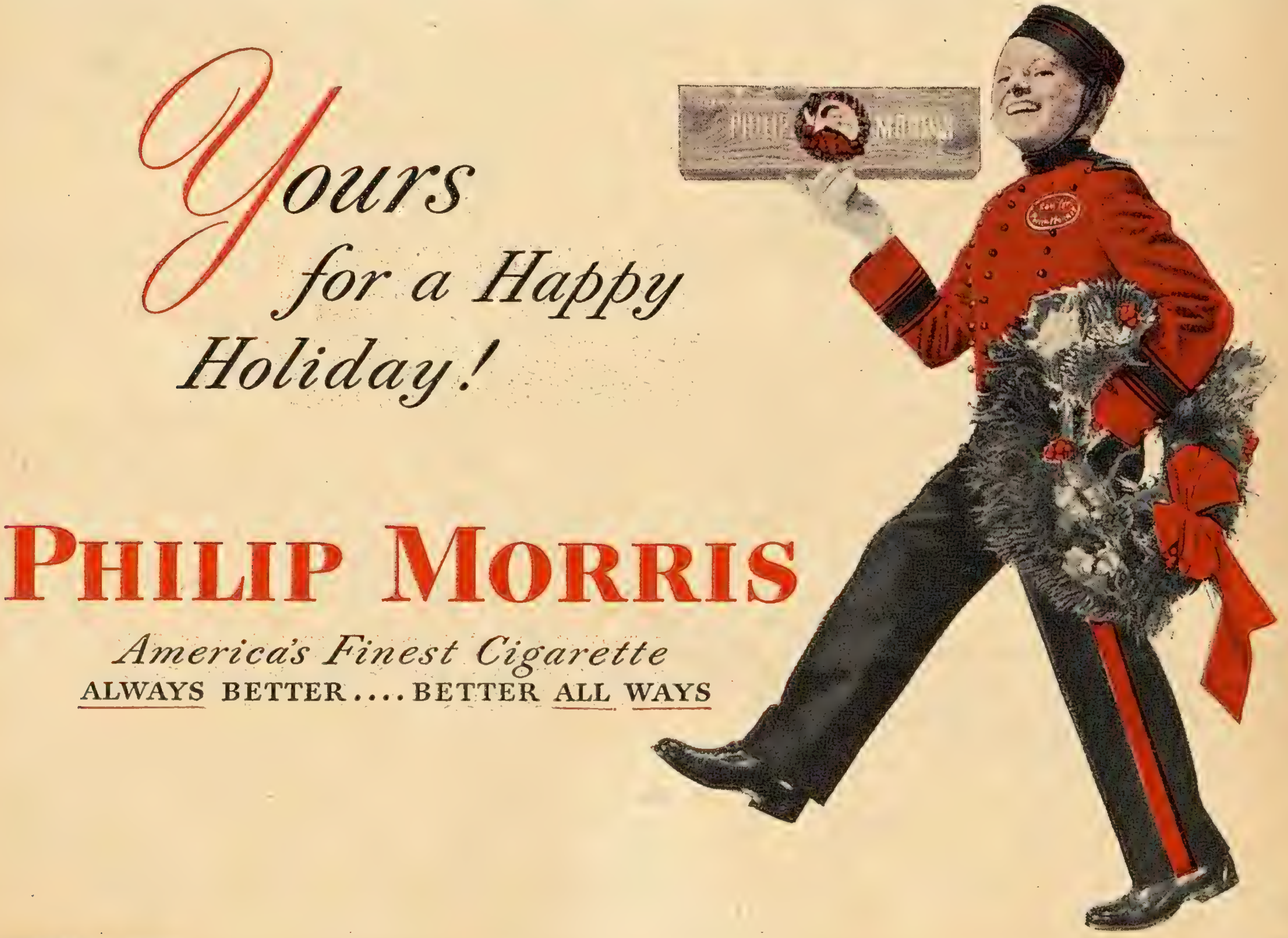
Entitled The Japanese Twins, or Our German Cousins, or Our Little Italian Friends—you get the idea—hundreds of thousands of books of this kind were put in the hands of American youth; while, actually, in the world they portrayed, children of seven were armed with daggers and taught simplified military drills.

While dolls gaily dressed in national costumes were traded across national borders, the old, outmoded, drum-and-trumpet histories used in the upper grades of American schools were purged of what J. R. Green long ago named "the record of the butchery of man by his fellows." Military victories were played down, and the heroes of peace extolled.

The result was not education at all, but a dangerous deception. For the Japanese teachers were currently telling their "sugar-plum" charges that they were a divine race, destined to rule the world by fire and sword. In Italy, Mussolini was breathing the Fascist faith of blood and slaughter into Italian boys. And in Germany the Adolf Hitler schools were training German youth in the techniques of terrorism, trickery, and cruelty.

For nearly twenty years preceding the war we Americans were criminally responsible for failing to inform our youth realistically of the world in which they were growing up—of conditions which were building up to the greatest war in history.

LET us admit the truth. Up to the present, idealized education for peace has been a product "Made in the U. S. A. for Domestic Consumption Only." In every great land except America and the British Com-


Yours for a Happy Holiday!
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette
ALWAYS BETTER .... BETTER ALL WAYS
PHILIP MORRIS

"That's my husband. He's insanely jealous."

LIBERTY

monwealth, mass education has been and still is government controlled, fashioned to the pattern of aggressive patriotism, and, in the last analysis, it is a weapon of war. Therefore, before putting into effect in this country any agreed program for international peace education, Americans, if they are wise, will make sure that "international" is being literally interpreted.

Before you dismiss this as grossly pessimistic, take a look at what the Nazis found in their attempt to "purge" the countries they overran of their sources of nationalistic patriotism. They found that it was not enough to destroy the history books. Nearly every book used to teach the nations' language was guilty of chauvinism. Overweening national pride ran through children's stories, folklore, biographies, volumes of philosophy and of scientific progress.

In the little Duchy of Luxembourg only one book survived the purge that resulted—an ancient comic story, and that had to be mutilated. In France, more than 3,000 titles had to be removed from the school libraries. In Belgium, the University of Brussels had to be closed; and only the Pope's direct control of the University of Louvain saved that institution.

Were these countries, like the Axis itself, an exception in an otherwise enlightened world?

Hardly. Here are the opening words of this year's formal statement of government-directed education in Yugoslavia: "To educate pupils in the spirit of State and National Unity—"

Say the present-day Turks: "Turkish youth shall be brought together in a sublime love for the fatherland and evolution. Their supreme task is the defense of the fatherland. Education should not be prejudiced and should be free from foreign ideas. Above all, it should be national and patriotic."

Here is China's official statement: "The educational aim of the Republic of China shall be to develop a national spirit."

Consider this: "The chief moral and political aim of the school," says V. P. Potemkin, Soviet Commissar of Education, "is the training of the pupils in the spirit of patriotism. It is not enough to love one's country; one must be prepared to die for it. The primary duty of our Soviet teacher is the cultivation of conscious patriotism."

Soviet children's books, put out in editions of millions by the state publishing houses in Moscow, faithfully follow these instructions: "One of the first tasks confronting authors is to make children's books deeply patriotic in content. Such themes as bravery, heroism, high patriotism, burning hatred must find clear expression in our children's literature." All the West is pictured as devoted to conquering Russia's holy soil and bringing back the brutal employer's iron heel.

FACED with such swelling national prides mushrooming from the schoolhouses of the world, it is clear to anyone that mankind needs more intelligent education. But, where America is concerned, it is equally obvious that there is no health for us in bigger and better sugar-plum books in our own schools only. Peace cannot be furthered one jot by pretending again that we are all sugar-plum brothers in a sugar-plum world if we are not.

Every school child in America and his teacher should know the real situation in other lands. Every American schoolboy should understand how, and *why*, other lands are training their youth, whether for life in "One World" or for death in battle. Put into dramatic documentary films and realistic books, or reduced to elementary pictures and exhibits produced by leading educators, such facts are the birthright of every American school child.

Worked into the curriculums of our schools at the necessary different levels of understanding, and kept up to date, such a realistic picture of the world would give American youth more light on the actual state of mankind than all the charters that could be studied or all the professors who could be "exchanged" in the next thousand years.

It would show the state of humanity as it is—and right now the picture is not one of unity.

Here is Article I from one nation's educational edicts: "Public instruction shall be organized and directed in accord with the Catholic religion."

Is this Franco's Spain? Well, it could be, but it isn't. It is the Latin-American country of Colombia. Both Colombia and Venezuela are Roman Catholic in education. In Colombia, the Archbishop of Bogotá chooses the books, and the government itself prevents the spread of ideas contrary to those of the Church.

From Mexico to Argentina the variety of education which exists south of the Rio Grande is stupendous. Except in Brazil, where only the upper classes go to school, chauvinistic nationalism is the only constant factor.

Turn now to another kind of nationalism: the world of Islam. Enter the mud-brick madrasahs of the Mohammedans, whether in northern India, Iran, or the Middle East.

This is the Arab child's school week, wholly bookish, unchanged since the days of the Crusades: The Koran, eight hours; religious instruction, one hour; Arabic language, eight hours; arithmetic, four hours; other subjects, four hours.

Probably 5 per cent of the world's Moslems have this education now, and the rest have nothing at all.

In Asia, teeming millions wait for either the educator or the propagandist. In India, only 13,000,000 of the country's 400,000,000 ever enter a school. Of these privileged, only twenty-four out of 100 learn to write.

And what of China, focal point of Asiatic power politics? Despite valiant efforts, only one Chinese child in ten gets inside a school. And of these, far too many still spend their days in primitive tutor schools, memorizing the ancient classics and patiently reproducing the old complicated ideographs elsewhere outmoded.

FACED by this realistic picture of present world education, Americans will do well to demand action by the other countries before instituting a program of idealized "education for peace" for American children.

For obviously, without similar action by other nations—particularly

Russia—such a program can lead only to dangerous misconceptions.

Naturally, any proposal to educate American youth realistically about other nations and to ask other nations to educate themselves realistically about us will not satisfy those who hope to bring about the millennium by pretending it has arrived. Nor will it produce at once the pot of gold we all hope lies at the foot of the UNESCO rainbow, to be achieved by patient, co-operative effort.

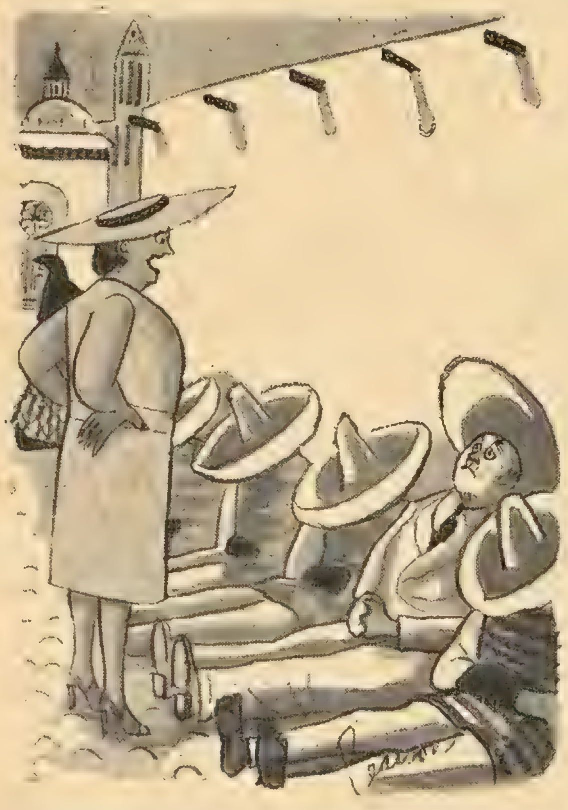
But actually it can be the first step toward the peace which comes from understanding—in place of the disillusioned revulsion which comes from a diet of sugar plums. It is of the highest importance that we Americans know the truth about other lands and peoples. It is of the highest importance that these lands and peoples know the truth about us.

All right. What nations will join us first in an honest exchange of unbiased educational information for use in our respective schools?

Those who will are likely to be our partners in keeping the peace. Those who will not must be suspect. All of us realize that every aggressor has learned Hitler's trick of disclaiming any intention to fight while preparing for war by educating his new generation to fight it. Aggression, history shows, appears first in the schoolroom. Let us remember this fact before we of the West agree blindly to educate "for peace." Let us be sure it is one world—and not two, or three—before we roll up the schoolhouse flags and lay them away, so that we may one day lay them away safely forever.

THE END

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Next week, Liberty readers will get the inside story of education in Russia. You will be amazed and enlightened by the things Russian children are taught.]



"You're getting too acclimated. It's time we went home."

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Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

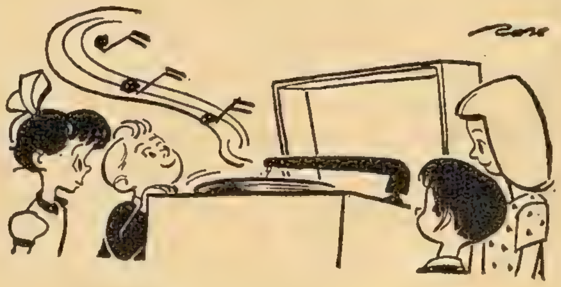
DOUBLE-DUTY CAREERS: John-Frederics, famous for hats, also produces bath oil, cologne, and other lotions and potions. Elizabeth Arden, famous for cosmetics, conducts a flourishing fashion business as well. Nettie Rosenstein, famous clothes designer, has recently entered the perfume field with a fragrance called Odalisque. Bernadine de Tuvaché, a playwright, started blending perfumes as a hobby after a trip to Algiers and Tangier, where she found some unusual filigree bottles of strange perfume oils. Now perfume is her business, and she does her writing on the side. Her Jasmine from Egypt is the world's most expensive perfume, retailing at one hundred bucks an ounce, plus tax! Lunching with Miss de Tuvaché recently, I was happy to learn that she has a book in progress which ought to be a great help to women eager to find out what to do in order to be attractive to men. She has asked a lot of men a lot of questions, such as, "Why do so many husbands divorce their wives for younger women?" And, "Why do men pick out certain women, not necessarily pretty, to talk to at cocktail parties, and avoid others?" One answer to *that* one was, "I hate to talk to women who stand first on one foot and then on the other, or who lean against the wall and fiddle with their handbags. They look so unself-confident, so lacking in vitality and alertness." When Miss de Tuvaché asked another man why he felt certain women seemed old, he had a ready answer. Said he, "When a woman *tries* to look young, I know she's old. I *like* lines in a woman's face. If she has no crinkles around her mouth and her eyes, I suspect she doesn't laugh much and isn't any fun." One of the chapters in the book is to be called Pardon Me, Madam, But Your Age Is Showing, and Miss de Tuvaché promises some practical advice for the woman who wants to look young without looking as though she were trying to.

DOWN AND OUT: Skirts will be longer and fuller now the government ban known as L85 has been voided by the Civilian Production Administration. The aim of the order was to save cloth. For some time prior to the cancellation of L85, American manufacturers and designers raised indignant squawks because they were restricted in their use of material, while Paris couturiers could use as much lamé or velvet as they wished.

ALL QUIET ON THE HOME FRONT

Now that we rate a change of scene,
No more will we turn Paris green
That France, the thriftiest of nations,
Did not impose such limitations.

GRAND GIFTS FOR SMALL FRY: Children love records. This year more than 27,000,000 are being produced especially for them. The Columbia Recording Corporation has released eight new albums this fall. Gene Kelly, popular M-G-M song-and-dance man, is featured in Peter Rabbit, Nursery Songs, The Little Red Hen, and The Shoemaker and the Elves. My four-year-old has almost worn out Prokofieff's Peter and the Wolf album in which Basil Rathbone is the narrator and Leopold Stokowski the conductor of the fine All-American Orchestra. We've gone through two sets of Decca's engaging songs and stories about the fascinating French elephant, Babar. Frank Luther tells the stories and sings the song. My train-crazy son naturally approves of Bluebird's The Little Engine That Could as told by Paul Wing with sound effects. And he listens with rapt attention to Aladdin's Lamp and The Doll That Ran Away, as presented by Bébé Daniels in one of the albums brought out this fall by a new recording firm known as Little Folks' Favorites, Inc., which will make albums of children's stories exclusively, using film personalities.



The Present with a Future

WEST BRANCH
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WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

HAUNTED PASTURE

Continued from Page 17

sure a card and he could think of the darndest things and she would be missing him. The day after Johnson's death, she spent some of her reward money on a new automobile, an Apperson Jackrabbit sports roadster painted bright yellow with red wire wheels and all the latest gadgets, including a self-starter. She bought two new silk dresses, one of them yellow to match the roadster and one of them red to match the wire wheels, and a big floppy hat and some white buttoned shoes. She quit her job at the Three Sisters Café and she spent most of the daylight hours driving the Apperson, and altogether she began leading a very gay life.

SUCIO and his dying threats would soon have been forgotten if there hadn't been a lot of stock losses. No wolves had been seen, but signs indicated that lofers were killing the stock.

Also, to keep Sucio's threats fresh in the minds of the people of Deaf Jones County, the sheriff had been beaten at the polls and had taken to drinking everything alcoholic he could lay his hands on, including shaving lotions and stock remedies. He was well on his way to becoming the county's leading bum.

The outlaw's curses hadn't slowed up Dulce, though. Her yellow car and her bright dresses had brought her husky charms to the attention of old Mr. Carter, a wealthy cattleman. Dulce became Mrs. Carter and she could afford, if she wished, a sports roadster to match each of the lovely gowns she'd bought on the honeymoon trip to Fort Worth.

In the late spring of that year, John Renfro and Will King Solomon were returning from Gaines County in a buckboard, carrying as cargo a dozen game roosters John had bought from a famous chicken breeder at Seminole. They were rattling along in a deep-rutted wagon road through the heart of the south pasture, talking about game roosters, when the unmistakable silhouette of a wolf appeared on the horizon to the north. The wolf was coming their way and they knew he wouldn't change his direction as long as the buckboard kept moving. A wolf or a coyote will keep his distance from a wheeled vehicle but he doesn't fear it in the way he fears a man on a horse. He knows he has only guns to menace him from the wheeled vehicle while the man on the horse may pursue him. John studied the wolf on the horizon and then he said:

"You've had lofers on your mind a lot lately, Will. Here's your chance to get a close look at that one over on the horizon and do a service to all the stock raisers in this county. That wolf is going to cross this wagon road about where we are now

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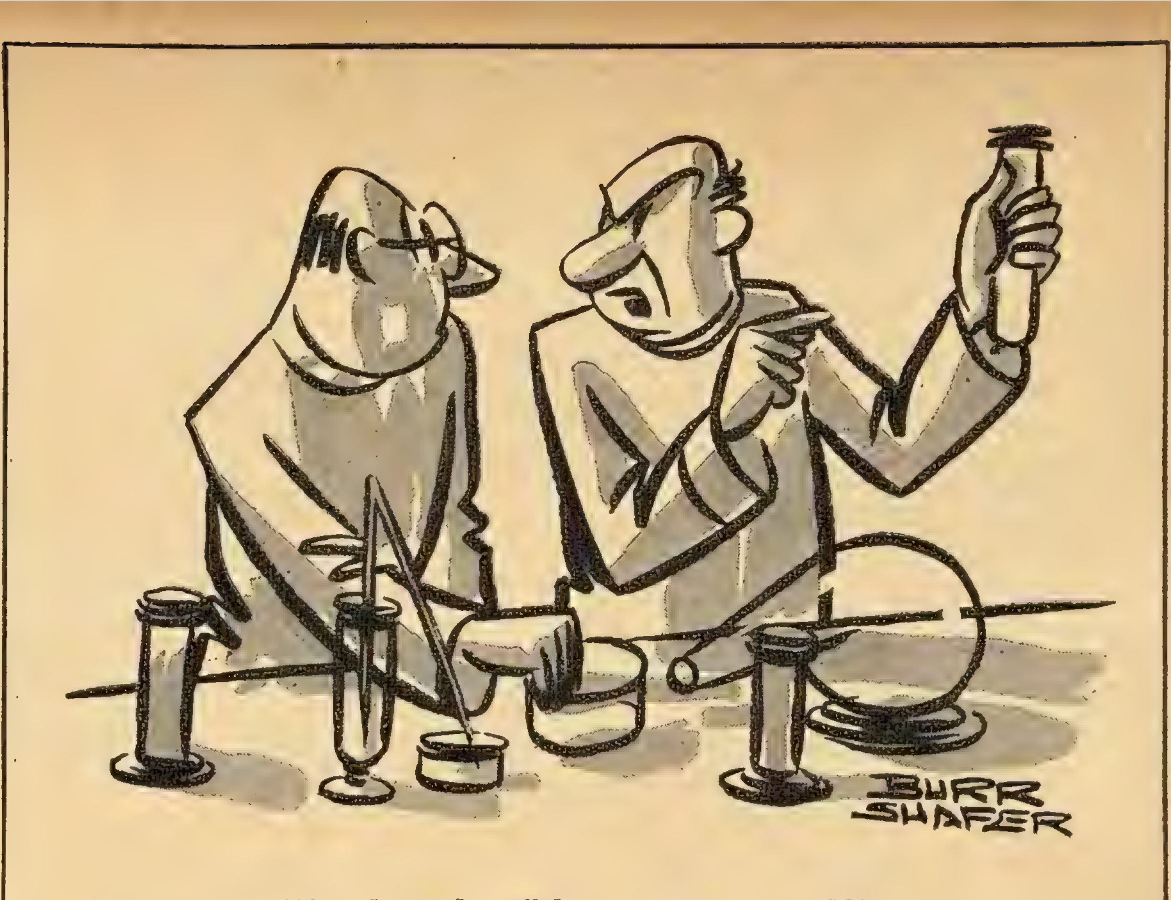

"The damned stuff keeps turning to gold!"

LIBERTY

in ten or fifteen minutes, providing, of course, this buckboard keeps on going and nothing happens to make him suspicious. Now, Will, if you were to take my Winchester and fall off into the wagon rut and lie there, I think that wolf might come by you and let you get a good shot at him. I'd do it myself, but I'm getting too fat to hide in the wagon rut."

King Solomon handed the reins to John, took the rifle, and rolled into the rear of the buckboard. He opened the endgate and toppled into the deep rut. The team was eager because the home corrals were near. John slowed the horses but continued on down the road, looking back all the time. When John was almost out of the sight, the wolf crossed the wagon road at an unperturbed trot, very near to King Solomon. Will stood up but didn't fire. The wolf broke into great catlike springs and ran for the canyons to the south. John turned the buckboard around. When John got back to him, Will was still standing in the wagon road with an intent look on his brown face, looking toward the canyon.

"He's headed for the canyon where Sucio died," said Will. "Mr. John, I couldn't shoot him. He was a red lofer for sure, a curly-haired, bushy-tailed red lofer. He was gaunt and big-framed, the longest and biggest and meanest-looking wolf I ever did see. It was just like they had took and put Sucio into a wolf skin and made over his face into a wolf face. And did you see him run? He's got a stride like the fastest wolfhound that ever lived."

John Renfro said, "He's got a stride like a hound because he is probably part hound. Remember that old renegade wolfhound of ours named Red? He went wild and ran off down into the King County breaks. And some cowpunchers down in King County told me they caught Red killing calves and had to shoot him and the lofer bitch he had mated with. I bet a pretty that this scoundrel we just saw is one of Red's puppies by the wolf bitch."

"He was cross-eyed and yellow-eyed like Sucio," said Will.

"Sure he was gotch-eyed," said John. "All wolves are. This is a case of Sucio having eyes like any wolf not just of one wolf having eyes like Sucio."

King Solomon didn't seem to be hearing what John was saying.

"Everything has happened just like Sucio said it would," he said. "Next thing we know, that big old wolf will be busting into Miss Dulce's, I mean Mrs. Carter's, bedroom and chawing a piece out of her throat."

When they were back at the ranch headquarters and unhitching the team from the buckboard, Will came over with his arms full of harness and said hesitatingly:

"Mr. John, I been studying about how to break the news to you. That wolf was carrying a chicken in his jaws. I'm not sure, but I think that chicken was Tom Garza. He must have broke out of his pen and wandered off, and the wolf got him."

Tom Garza was an unusually vicious Allen Roundhead, the best fighting rooster John had ever owned. Tom Garza was in retirement and he held a high place in my granduncle's affections. There was a stricken look on John's face as he went to Tom Garza's pen. The rooster wasn't there. John came back to the corrals and said to Will:

"Saddle some horses. We're going after that big varmint."

Will was weary from the two-hundred-mile buckboard ride. But without any muttering, he threw stock saddles on two handsome quarter horses and he checked the pair of Winchesters in the saddle scabbards. He went into the ranch-house kitchen. Grandma Renfro and everyone else had gone to a round-up in Hell-to-Catch pasture. So he made some sandwiches of thickly sliced fried bacon and white Bermuda onions between huge buttered biscuits. John filled a canvas desert bag with cold windmill water. He whistled up Grandma Renfro's pack of nine wolfhounds. Then John and Will headed toward the south pasture with the dogs making big casts ahead of them and barking in whining tenor tones.

It was midafternoon when the hounds picked up a faint scent where the wolf had crossed the wagon road. The trail led toward the box canyon, as Will had figured it would. The scent played out about a quarter of a mile short of Sucio's burial place when the hounds were halted at Muleshoe Creek, which flowed through the main canyon.

The dogs made fruitless casts on the other side of Muleshoe Creek. King Solomon reined in his horse and pointed, excitedly, in the direction from which they'd come. On a round-topped mesa about three hundred yards away a great wolf was standing and regarding them. Even at the distance, his coat was reddish colored in the lowering sunlight. The dogs spotted the wolf too, but they seemed hesitant, probably because the animal was behaving in such an unnatural way. It was as if he were on the mesa top, challenging them to come and get him.

When John sighted his rifle, the wolf disappeared over the back side of the mesa. John yelled and spurred across the creek, his horse's hoofs sending gravel and spray into the faces of the indecisive hounds. Then the hounds took off too, whimpering eagerly.

The wolf showed soon on a ridge, springing along easily about three hundred and fifty yards ahead of the fastest of the hounds, a resolute black dog called Tallow Eye. Tallow Eye seemed to be gaining when the chase neared the entrance to a big canyon. The lofer dived into a plum thicket, and crossed the creek. After unproductive casts on the other side of the creek, the dogs split up and charged up various canyons. It happened that Tallow Eye chose a canyon on the extreme right and went up the trail alone.

JOHN and Will were trying to decide which trail to take when they heard Tallow Eye screaming in agony from somewhere in the canyon. They rode toward the sound and they found the black hound stretched across the trail with so many fang wounds and slashes in his throat that he was almost decapitated. From the signs, they judged that Tallow Eye had been jumped and killed by a pair of wolves.

"Your supernatural varmint seems to have a mate," said John to King Solomon. "That would mean fast work, even for a lady-killer like Sucio Johnson."

"Do you remember, Mr. John," said Will, "that this is the same canyon where old Sucio hid and bushwhacked a deputy sheriff about a year ago?"

John, grieving over Tom Garza and Tallow Eye, answered nothing. They whistled up the hounds, and when they'd collected all the dogs, they sat there in the saddle for a while, with legs thrown over pommels, chewing on bacon-and-onion sandwiches and taking shots of water from the desert bag and wondering how Grandma Renfro was going to react when she heard what had happened to Tallow Eye.

Suddenly John cried:

TIP
LIBERTY

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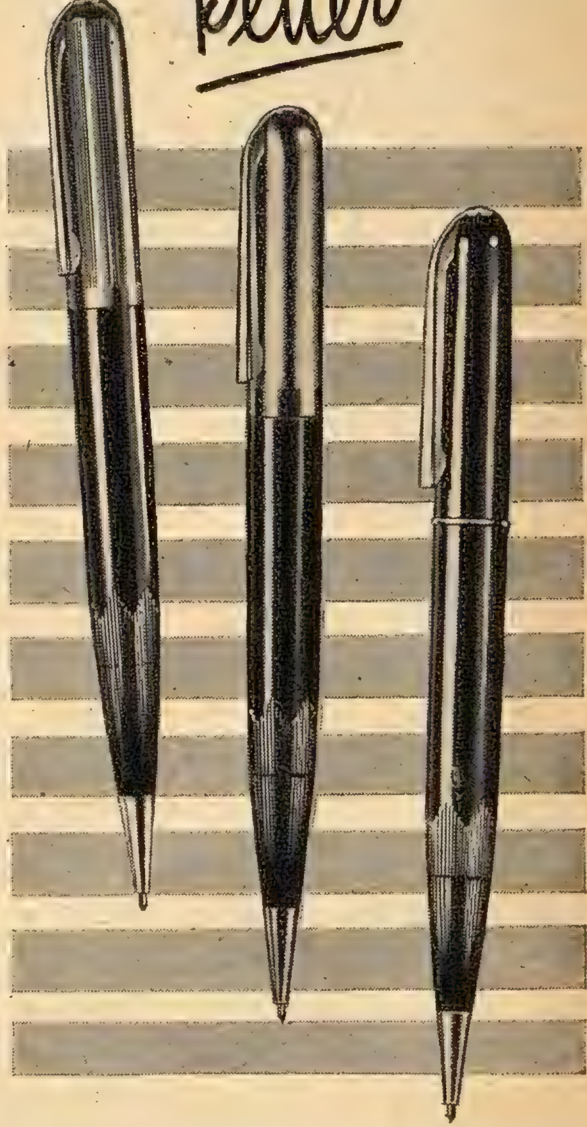

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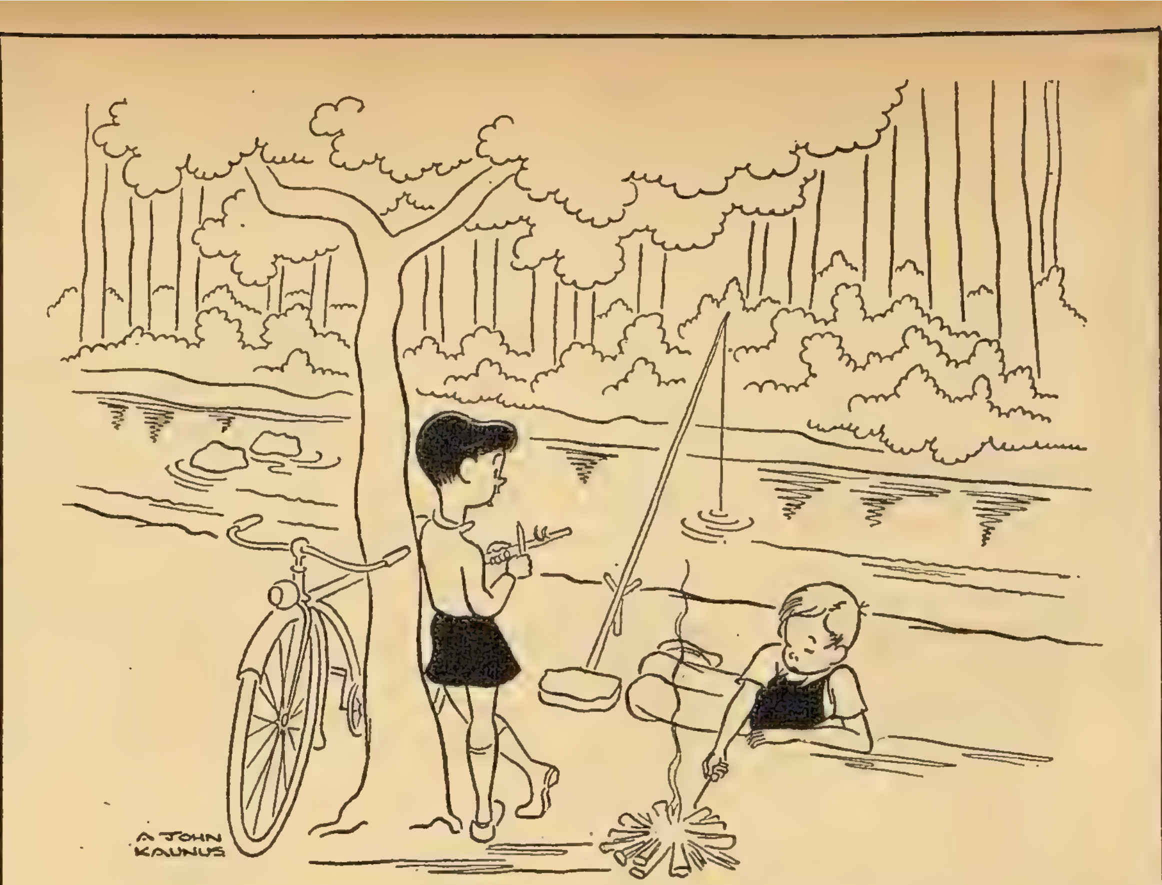


"I'm glad vacation is over. It's good to be back playing hookey again."
LIBERTY

"Will, how could we have been so stupid? A little while ago that lofer was waiting for us right near the box canyon. He exposed himself to view and dared us to chase him. So he must be guarding something in or around the box canyon."

"Guarding his grave, probably," said Will.

"Guarding his grave my foot!" said John. "He's probably guarding a mate and denful of red-coated puppies. Come on, let's go to the canyon!"

SURE enough, when they were nearing the box canyon, the hounds became very excited. The dogs plunged into a dry creek bed and came out chasing a powerful gray she-wolf. The bitch, only a few yards ahead of the dogs, was carrying a reddish-haired puppy in her jaws. John got out his Winchester, but before he could shoot, the she-wolf disappeared into a thicket. When the hounds came into the open again, they were no longer chasing the bitch. Instead, the red lofer was ahead of them. The dogs were so close behind the wolf that John was afraid to try a running shot. Anyway, there was nothing but flatlands straight ahead of them and to the right, and they'd soon run down the beast if they could prevent him from getting too far to the left among the thickets and groves along the Little Kiowa River.

As they rode along, John yelled at King Solomon, saying that maybe the wolf was Sucio Johnson reincarnate, for Sucio would be likely to try just such a gallant thing as letting the hounds chase him while his mate and the puppy got away.

Desperately the wolf lengthened his stride and stretched his lead to about fifty yards. The choppy motion in his running suggested he was tiring, but he was trying to get far enough ahead so that he could swing to the left and make a sprint for the thickets and dense groves of young willows and cottonwoods along the river. King Solomon galloped his horse over on the left flank, yelled at the dogs, and they speeded up enough that the lofer lost twenty yards in his lead and had to continue straight ahead.

John took his rifle from the scabbard again to try for a running shot. King Solomon signaled for him not to fire and pointed up ahead. They were now almost parallel with the broad caliche highway that cuts through the fenceless river flats of the lower end of the pasture. And on the highway ahead was an automobile, a bright yellow roadster. It was Dulce's car.

Dulce was driving along with the top down, in the late afternoon sunshine. She'd had the muffler taken off the Apperson to make it sound more powerful. The wolf was so close pressed he had to ignore the yellow car and run right by it.

It must have been quite a shock to Dulce. There, running beside her car, with white foam dropping from his jaws was a red-coated, curly-haired, bushy-tailed wolf as big as a yearling steer, and in every way just as Sucio had described him. It may be that the wolf was close enough for Dulce to see his yellow crossed eyes.

Dulce was enough of a realist to laugh at Sucio Johnson's fantastic threats. She was, also, enough of a realist to believe her eyes. She became completely terrified. The car got out of control when she gave the steering gear a flip to the left and mashed down on the gas at the same time. The roadster took off through the mesquite flats, scattering the hounds, piled into a dry arroyo, bounced high in the air with two tires exploding and one wheel coming off, and knocked over one of the dogs. Then it skidded over on its side in the bottom of the arroyo.

When Dulce spun the car over to the left, among the hounds, she was running some very good interference for the lofer. The red beast, keeping the car between him and the hounds, dashed for the plum thickets along the Little Kiowa. Several of the hounds recovered quickly and continued the race. But it was too late. The wolf made it into a big thicket a few yards ahead of the dogs. The thicket stretched on to the other bank. The wolf and the dogs were lost to sight.

"Well, that's Katie-bar-the-door," said John, reining in his horse. "The race is over. We'll never catch that scoundrel now, for he'll lose the dogs easily in that heavy shinnery. And once he gets across the river, the dogs won't pick up his trail again for several minutes. And that's all the head start he'll need. Will, let's go see what happened to that crazy woman in the car."

John and King Solomon lifted Dulce's limp body from the wreck. She just had a few bumps and bruises and was regaining consciousness. When they were dragging her to the shade of a mesquite, she broke loose from their grasp with some nasty below-the-belt kicks. She scrambled to her feet, ran to King Solomon's pony, jumped in the saddle and rode off toward town, flogging the pony with Will's lariat rope.

KING SOLOMON stood there, watching the frightened girl ride away and watching the dogs running in circles across the river.

Will said, "Mr. John, you just saw retribution overtake that woman in the manner Sucio Johnson prophesied it would. Some of those posse men who laughed at what Sucio said will have something not so funny to think about now."

"She'll stay scared about three days," said John; "long enough to talk old Mr. Carter into making a trip to New York or Miami, or some other foreign place. Is that what you call retribution? Though I think that girl may have some bad dreams for a while. Jump up behind me and we'll head for the ranch. We're not going to catch any lofer, natural or supernatural, today. If we don't get your horse back, we'll send Mr. Carter a large bill."

They watered the horse at the river and called up the dogs. The hounds forded the Little Kiowa, shame on each thin hairy face, whining their disappointment.

"Will, I've been meaning to tell you," said John, "but it seems we haven't had a spare minute ever since we saw that wolf this morning—you don't need to pretend around me. I know you don't believe that Sucio is running around here forty miles an hour in a wolfskin, any more than I do. And I'm wondering why you've put on all these monkeyshines for me."

LIBERTY

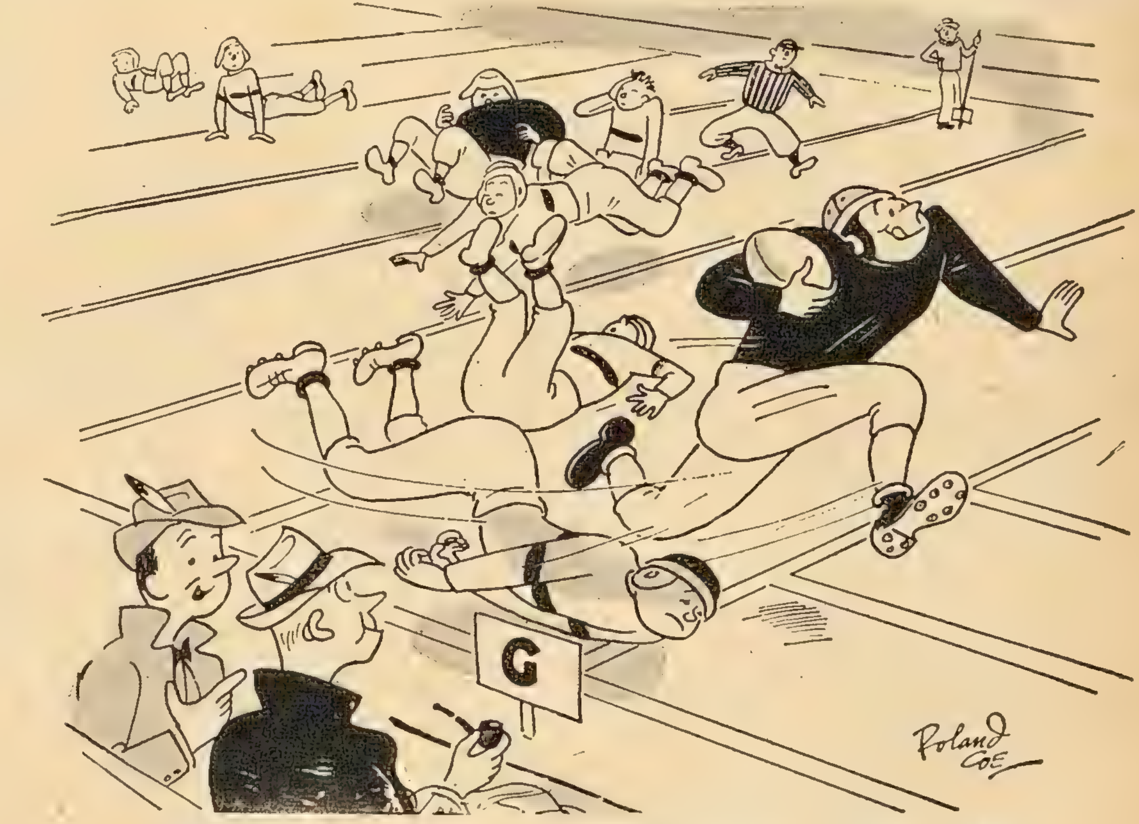
"Naw, Mr. John," answered the old cook, "I don't believe it. I was just putting on. But I'm putting on as a favor to my good friend Sucio. And I might have even believed they was something supernatural about all this if Sucio himself hadn't told me just the day before he died that while he was hiding out in the canyons he'd seen a Lord-awful big red-coated lofer wolf, the strangest-looking wolf he'd ever laid his eyes on. He figured it was a half-Russian wolfhound and he figured it had a mate and a den somewheres in the south pasture.

"You know what a friend Sucio was to me in the old days before he quit punching cattle. He used to read to me nights in the bunkhouse and he straightened me out on some things that had puzzled me. He set me to reading some, and I talk better for it. Well, when Sucio was hiding out in the pasture, I took to going down there once in a while and just passing the time of day with him. And maybe bringing him along a little vittles. He loved my barbecue. I know it was wrong. It was working against the law. But Sucio was so awful lonesome.

"And, Mr. John, I know just as well how Sucio's mind worked when he was lying there against that tree a-dying. He was trying to plot out some way to get even with Miss Dulce and the others. But more than that, I think he hated to be forgotten right quick. So he cast around in his mind for something to say that would worry his betrayers and make them never forget him. He thought of the red wolf.

"He knew that a red wolf was bound to cause talk when it was seen. So he just rared back against that tree and, with his last breath, made that speech about coming back from death as a red lofer. He winked at me, Mr. John. Then he died. The posse men thought he was just raving. But what will they think now when they hear about us chasing a lofer, just like Sucio described, and when they hear about what happened to Miss Dulce? And they'll be more convinced when they notice how crazy she acts, especially if she leaves town in a hurry.

"I know Sucio never reckoned on Miss Dulce really ever seeing that lofer. He just hoped she'd hear reports of a red wolf. That's all she woud have heard, too—reports—if she hadn't gotten so fond of that yel-



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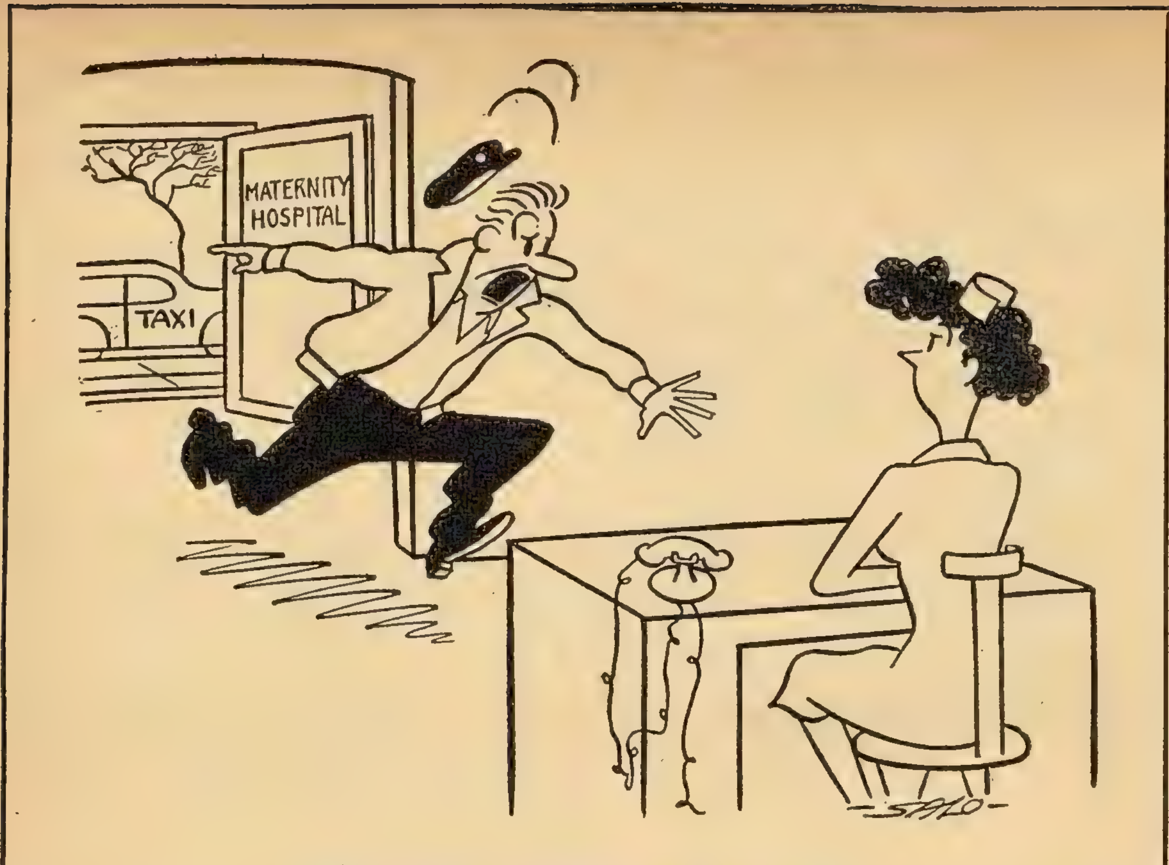


"My passenger needs curb service!"

LIBERTY

low roadster that she almost lived in it.

"The smoothest road in all the county is this one through the south pasture. So she just patrolled the highway every day, joy-riding in her new car. The fence riders told me back at the ranch that they saw her along here every day. So during the race I done everything I could to herd the wolf down to the highway.

"And I bet Sucio is getting him a good belly laugh over the way things turned out, wherever he is."

THEY started home, riding double in the evening haze, with the discouraged hounds trotting close to the horse's hoofs, as if they craved company. It was already darkening east of the purple mesas and in the spooky canyon depths. King Solomon looked in the direction of the box canyon and said:

"Mr. John, I bet you a pretty that I know what that dog wolf and his mate is doing right now."

"I know, too," said John. "They're over there in those canyons, padding along the dry creek beds and carrying their puppies to a den, miles away. The whole family will be over in somebody else's pasture by morning. And for the next few months those little red brutes will nurse at their mammy's breast. And the red lofer will drag in beef and he'll chew up the beef and spit it into the mouths of the pups. And they'll grow up into big, husky, red-coated intelligent varmints like their pappy. They'll be running all over Deaf Jones County killing cattle like so many tigers. Folks will think that a half dozen red lofer ghosts of Sucio Johnson are on the prowl. And they'll never forget your friend or what he said that day under the cottonwood tree."

THE END

BEGUILING GUEST

Continued from Page 15

The house began looking like sheep country, everything bare and devastated up to a certain height. We'd said we'd train you right, Butch, it took some doing.

Viola came around occasionally. She quit making cracks about your looks. You came out of it handsomely, Butch. Viola was cute and Ned was too good-looking; a share of it came down to you. In a way, I was glad you were such a picture baby, the sort of kid which makes strange women stop on the street to coo. I didn't have to defend you. I didn't have to like you because you needed it.

The last time Viola came she was with a sailor. He was tall and dark. We heard from Ned later that she wanted a divorce. He was glad, he said. The marriage was a mistake. Fortunately, he'd met a girl in Tacoma, the only girl he'd ever really loved. It was the real thing this time. He'd been going to stick by Viola on account of the baby, but it was best this way. P.S.: Please send thirty bucks, love, NED.

He went overseas before his divorce was final. You had a birthday with two candles on the cake and were teaching us a new language. "Gimp" was "drink," "fyes" were "flowers," "muck" was "milk." We weren't going to talk baby talk, but, brother, we learned your language a lot faster than you did ours! You saw your first circus, you had your first train ride, you knew for the first time what Santa Claus meant. And at long last you were getting a little sense. You'd found out it wasn't the thing to pop me in the nose with a toy wheelbarrow while I was trying to grab a nap on the couch, or squirt the tooth paste over the bathroom floor, or decorate my only genuine etching with Tippie's lipstick.

"But we've got to do something about him," Tippie said. "He's old enough now. He shouldn't be calling me Tippie and you George."

I met her eye and said, "Now, wait a minute."

"George, it's only part of a child's training. They've got to learn the difference between familiar and formal language. Why, when Jack Ross was over the other night, Butch was calling him Jack. It's funny now, but it's smart-aleck and bad training when he's a little older."

"If you think I'm going to go around calling you mother—! That goes with gray hair and arthritis."

"I mean simply when we're speaking to him about each other. That won't hurt you. Just as we've got to separate Mr. Ross from Jack to him. Kids pick it up in a hurry."

So I got used to saying, "Tell mommie about it, Butch," or, "Go ask mommie to wipe your nose." Pretty soon we were mommie and daddy to you, while we remained Tippie and George to each other.

You had a sick spell. I guess it happens once to every kid. But a man doesn't think that at the time. You woke up bawling in the night, a thing you'd pretty well gotten over, thank goodness, and you were sniffling with a cold. Then your ear began hurting. Next day we took you to old Doc Brown and he shot you with the newest miracle drugs, but the ear kept getting worse. He said the only thing to do was operate. He said there was really no risk and that you had a fifty-fifty chance of not being deaf in that ear. I wanted no part of that fifty-fifty stuff, and I told him we'd wait.

TIPPIE and I went into one of his cubbyholes to talk it over. She was bawling and I felt pretty rocky. I didn't know what to do. I'd never prayed in my life, and for the first time I felt the lack of knowing how; there wasn't time to learn right then.

"George, it's my fault. I shouldn't have let him get wet."

"Now, cut that out. We've done everything in the book. You've had him here for a check-up every month since he was born. He's had his shots and his vitamins and vegetables and oranges and what have you. This is just one of those things."

"Maybe the doctor knows best, George."

"Sure he does, but it's not *his* ear. Butch has got to live all his life with one ear if the coin falls wrong."

"But what if—George, what if—"

She couldn't finish.

"I'm going to wait."

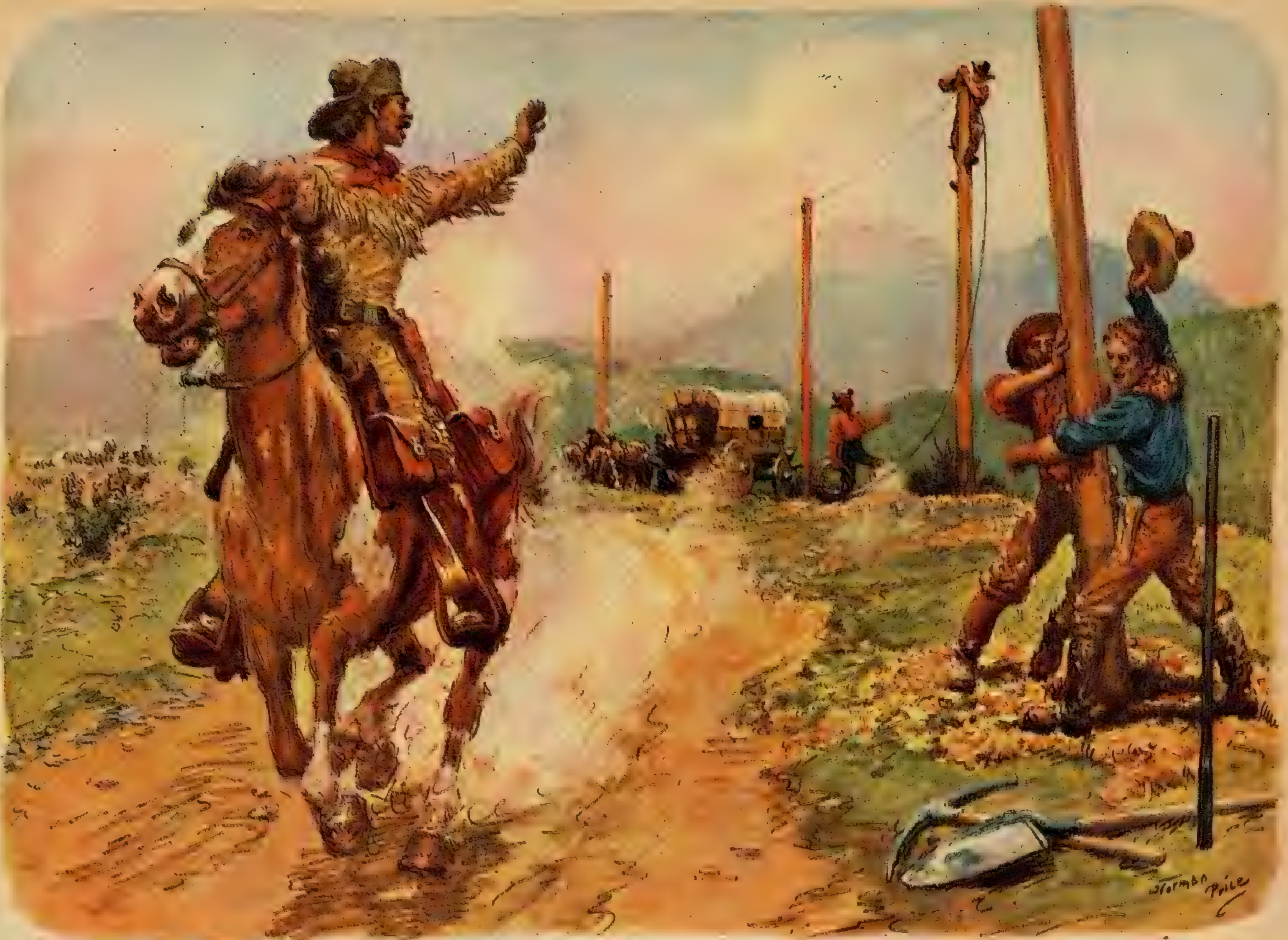
"George, we can't. We can't have it on our heads."

"We can't have the other on our heads."

"Let's talk with the doctor again."

Doc Brown said, "It's your re-

(*Continued on page 70*)



LAST DAYS OF THE PONY EXPRESS *From St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, Cal., across 2,000 miles of unknown territory with but one permanent settlement, the Pony Express rushed the U. S. Mail in 25 mile relays. Saddle bags were passed from pony to pony for nine days, across the plains, the Rockies and the Cascades. Winter and Summer for two years, the schedule was maintained in all weather, against Indians and bandits. Mail written by the founders of the Kaywoodie organization was carried by these riders. In 1860 the Overland Telegraph Company began building the telegraph and as the lines advanced, the Pony Express operated only between the ends of the wire, and in 1862 became a picturesque memory. (Reproduction of illustration in colors and booklet illustrating Pipes, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ to cover mailing costs.)*

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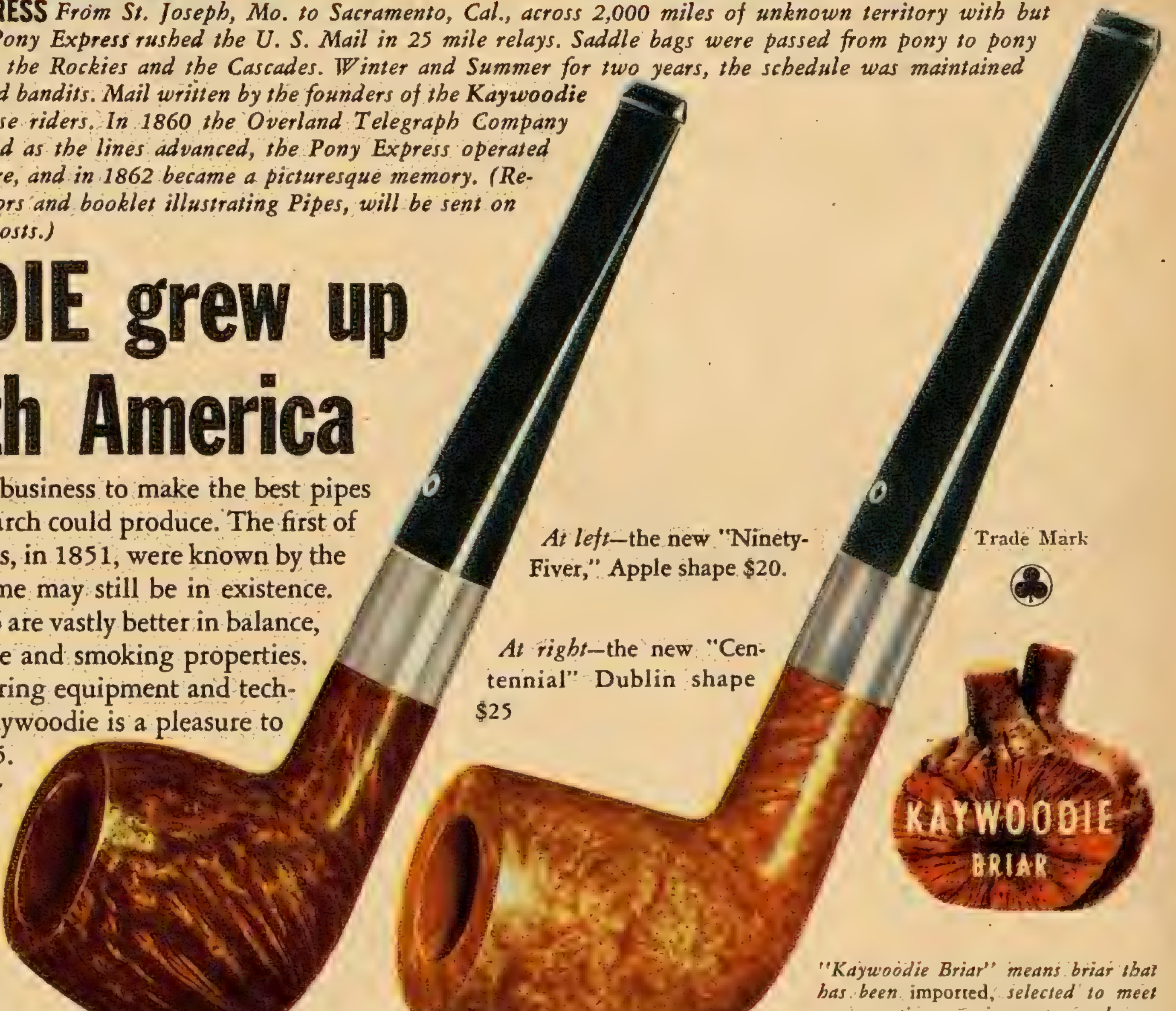

At left—the new "Ninety-Fiver," Apple shape $20.

At right—the new "Centennial" Dublin shape $25

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Sweeter as the years go by

"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been imported, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.

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(*Continued from page 68*)

sponsibility. I wouldn't suggest the hospital. You're the best nurse he'll ever have. Keep him in bed and take his temperature every half hour. Let him eat if he wants to but don't try to force him; it's all right if he doesn't eat. Call me if there's any change in temperature."

There were six days of that. Your face was flushed. Sometimes you lay half asleep, breathing heavily, and sometimes you tossed, moaning faintly, and sometimes you lay very silently and that was worse. Tippie phoned me every half hour at the office, and when I'd get home after work she'd try to get some sleep while I took over. On the fifth day Tippie was taking hold of tables and the backs of chairs and doorknobs as she walked and I was plain blind drunk with fatigue. Neither of us could sleep. We'd take turns flopping down a few minutes with our clothes on, but your breathing kept probing like a needle at the heart. I don't remember much of the sixth day, except that along about ten that night I thought I'd made the wrong guess. Doc Brown got to the house in six minutes by my watch that seemed sixteen hours. He said, "This is the crisis." And then, a while later, you were sleeping. Actually sleeping. With both ears safe. Tippie was bawling and I was bawling. Doc Brown went in the bathroom and came out with two glasses and said, "Drink this and go to bed. I'll stay until a nurse comes." We didn't wake up until the next afternoon.

NED got home that fall with his ribbons and his battle stars and overseas stripes. He was a handsome devil. I wondered if my job really had been so essential to the war effort. He was going back to school and finish up. The government would send him to school. It was a great opportunity. That lasted through one quarter, then he realized he'd been a fool. The time to make money was when money was easy. What good was an education? Truck drivers made better money than government chemists with Ph.D.s. I made out a check for his union dues.

He used to come around on an occasional Sunday afternoon, bringing something for you, Butch. The fuzzy dog. The boxing gloves. The rocking horse. You were somebody dressed up in Sunday clothes waiting to be played with when he felt like playing. He was proud of you.

"Tippie," I said one day, "this can't go on and you know it. Either he's ours or he isn't. If Ned's going to take him, he'd better do it now, before we get attached to Butch. Why don't you talk to Ned? I'd like to know one way or another. Either adopt Butch or give him back."

"Oh, there's no hurry about things," Tippie said. I knew she hadn't wanted to bring the matter up with Ned. It was like a man putting off seeing a doctor. You feel good right now, so wait'll it starts to hurt.

We didn't see Ned for a while, and then he came around on a Sunday evening with Midge. Midge was cute; she reminded me a good deal of Viola. Midge and Ned played with you while it was fun, and then Tippie took over and fed you and gave you your bath and got you in bed.

Ned looked at Midge, slyly playful.

"Should we tell them?"

"Oh, Ned!" Midge giggled.

"We're going to get married," Ned said, and, after a painful silence, "Well, aren't you going to congratulate us or something?"

"Why—I think it's wonderful," Tippie said. "It's just so—sudden and all."

"Nice going," I said.

"We've got a house lined up. I was lucky. A veteran housing deal. Two bedrooms and a little room for Butch."

"Butch is so sweet," Midge said. "Ned's told me all about him. I feel I've known him so long. But he's really nicer than I thought he'd be. He seems almost like my own baby already."

"I'll let you know in plenty of time," Ned said. "We're going to Yosemite for a honeymoon. Gosh, I've been knocking around so long! I've wasted my life. It seems like I'm just starting in to live, really. I'm glad I found you, Midge. You're just what I need. You'll be a wonderful mother to Butch."

When they were gone, Tippie said, "It's a relief anyhow to know one way or the other."

"Sure. And it's a good thing we didn't go overboard and get fond of the kid. This could have hurt us, if we hadn't been smart."

"What do you think of Midge?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does she remind you of Viola?"

"I don't think that means anything one way or the other."

"She looks like a flitterbrain."

BUTCH, we thoroughly spoiled you during those three weeks waiting for Ned to phone. My nerves were on edge. I was smoking too much. A little thing like the doorbell or the phone made me jump. Typically, Ned didn't phone until he was on his way to pick you up.

"He might have given us a little time," Tippie said. "A baby can't just hop into the car with a spare toothbrush and an extra pair of socks."

We rushed about, getting your things together, grumbling. And we both were glad, I think, that it was this way; that there'd be no period of sitting around dangling, with everything packed up. I found myself thinking, *Maybe Ned will have a wreck on the bayshore; he's a wild driver.* But that was soap-opera stuff. He and Midge arrived all right, about sundown. We had dinner together and sat around awhile, talking too much and laughing too easily. You came up to Tippie and said, "Mommie, I want bed."

"Oh, the poor dear!" Midge said. "Hon, we should have started home earlier. . . . Come here, darlin'. Come on, Butchie boy."

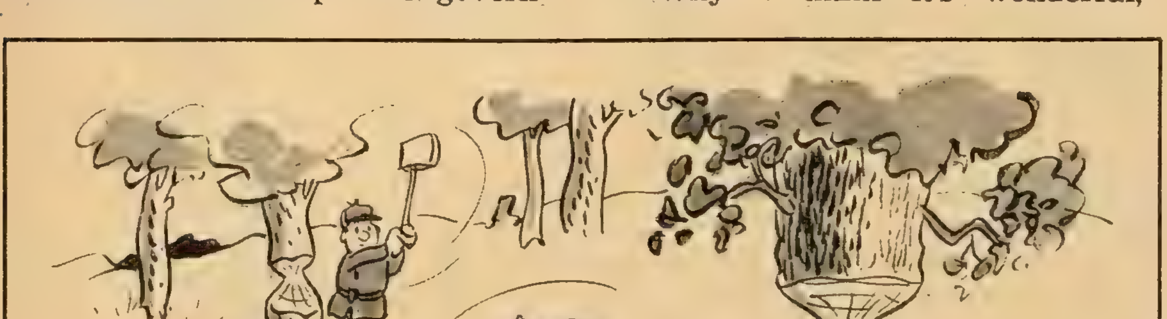
You climbed onto Tippie's lap. She held you a bit tightly. "He'll be to sleep in no time."

"We can make a bed in the back seat maybe," Ned said.

"We've got his things all packed," Tippie said. "George, give Ned a hand with the stuff."

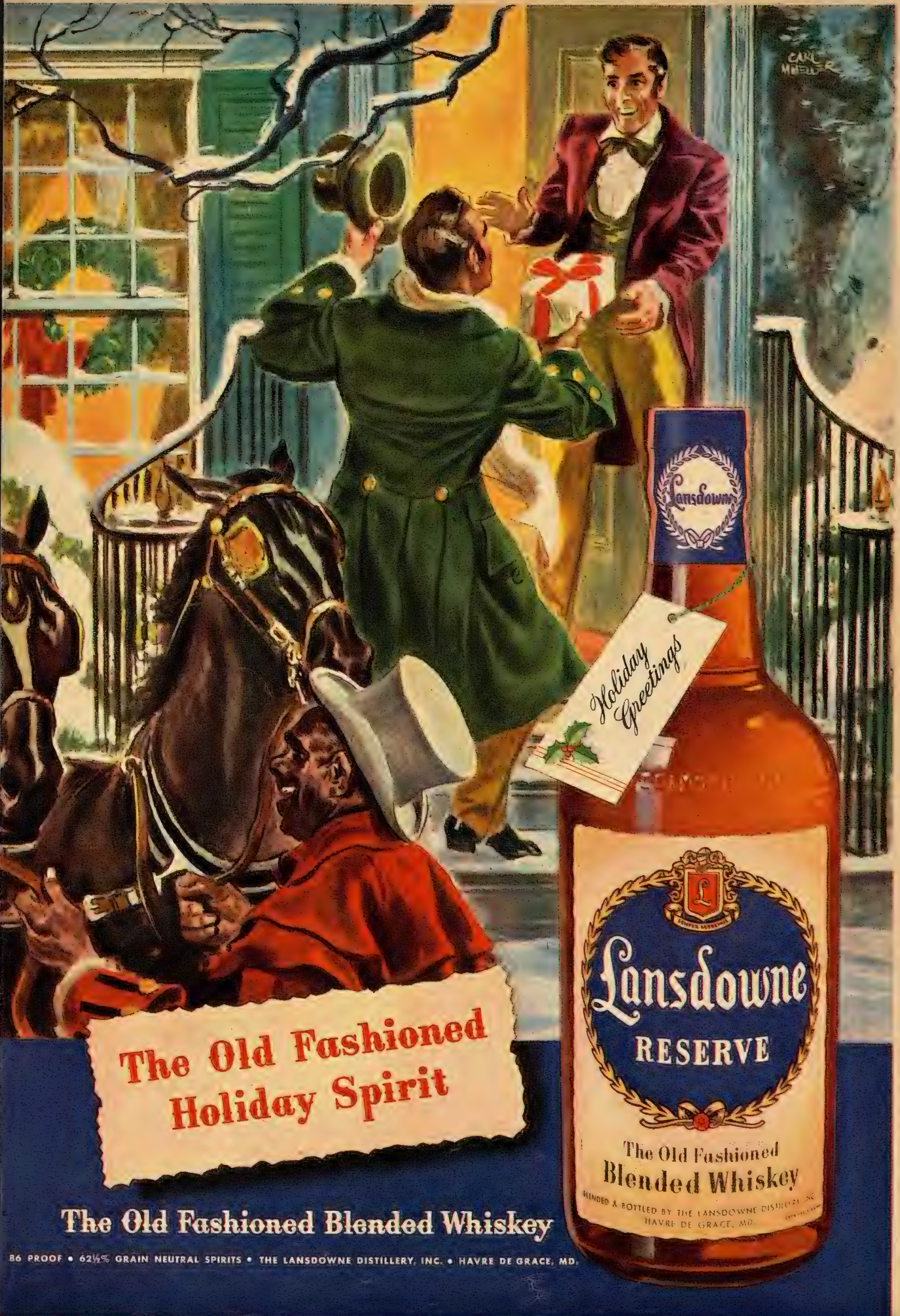
The stuff filled the trunk and rear seat. We tied the crib, knocked down, on the rear bumper. "What does a kid do with all this junk any-

(*Continued on page 72*)



"That's enough of that, Lundberg!"

LIBERTY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"Well? Don't just stand there! Who won?"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 70*)

how?" Ned said with proud dismay.

"You'll find out."

"I want to make it right with you some day—for everything, George."

"Forget it. He was fun."

"No; I want to make it right some day." Words never cost Ned anything.

Tippie carried you out. You were asleep. Your head rolled loosely as Midge got in and took you. Tippie said, "Support his back. That's right." Then Ned shook hands with us formally, and got in.

"We'll be seeing you," he said. "We'll bring Butch down."

"Be careful how you drive," Tippie said.

"Well, so long," I said. "So long, Butch."

Ned drove away. We went into the house. It seemed hollow. I turned on the radio and got the paper. "I think I'll have a glass of beer. How about you, Tip?"

"I think I'll go to bed. I'm tired."

I went out to the refrigerator and poured a glass of beer, then went back to the paper and radio. After a while Tippie came in in her nightgown and kissed me and said, "Well, good night." I pulled her into my lap and we sat awhile.

I WAS glad it had been easy. I'd been afraid for Tippie, but she was great.

Not that we'd grown fond of you, Butch. We'd been careful about that from the first, from before there was any Butch. We'd known you were just a visitor, just staying awhile, just a guest. The worst thing, I suppose, was that you'd become a habit. And not just one habit. Not just a dozen habits. A hundred habits. We'd geared our lives to the necessities of yours, and when you were gone we untracked from that grooved pattern and, one by one, broke each habit. You wouldn't know, Butch, at your age, what it's like to stop smoking. Actually, the craving isn't so much. There's no pain. But you don't just quit smoking once and for all. You quit smoking with the breakfast coffee. You quit smoking with a glass of beer. You quit smoking when you put your feet on the desk to think. You quit smoking a hundred times.

It was nice being free again. Going to a movie without planning ahead. Dropping in on people for an evening on whim. Lying in bed Sunday morning. Swearing when the occasion called for it. Tippie and I had a lot of fun together. It even became easy to look at your picture on the radio.

Ned and Midge brought you down once for an afternoon. You were calling them mommie and daddy. You were a bit casual with Tippie and me. I guess you'd broken some habits, too. Then they went to Palm Springs, where Ned had a new and wonderful job, and we didn't see you for a while. It was late one night—early one morning, rather—when the doorbell kept ringing and I got up to find Ned with you in his arms. Midge wasn't along.

"Who is it?" Tippie called.

"Ned's here."

Tippie came out in a house coat over her nightgown. "Here, let me take him." She put you in our bed. "You look bad, Ned. Your eyes."

"It's this night driving. I started after work. And I've been going through hell with Midge. How about a cup of coffee?"

"You need to relax. . . . George, get him a glass of beer."

"Yeah, maybe that would be better. I'm glad it's all over. For Butch's sake."

I brought beer for the three of us. Ned said, "Midge and I divided things up and it's all over. I'm glad it happened. She couldn't ever be the right kind of mother for Butch. I've been a fool. I think I'll go back to school and finish up. I know I've failed before, but now I've made all my mistakes. I mean it this time."

"Yes, Ned," Tippie said.

"I wonder if I could leave Butch with you until I get settled? I'll make it up to you some day. You don't know how I appreciate all you've done for me."

I TOOK a deep breath. "No, you can't leave Butch here."

Ned and Tippie looked at me wonderingly. "George!" Tippie said.

"I mean it. Damn it, you can't do that to Tippie again! This is no checkroom. You can't just leave Butch here until you want him again. Butch can stay here. We'd love to adopt him. But it's that or nothing."

"But, George," Ned said, "Butch is all I've got left!"

"O.K. Then take him along."

Ned sipped his beer slowly, considering. "I thought you folks were friends," he said finally. "My only real friends. You were the ones I could always come to. O.K. I'm glad I found out. I'll take him along. I'll stay at the hotel tonight. Where is he, Tippie?"

"Ned, you can't care for a child, knocking around the way you do," she said.

"I'll find somebody to take him a little while—until I get settled."

"You couldn't do that to Butch," Tippie said. "Farmed out to just anybody."

I said, "Try, just once, to think of somebody besides yourself. That boy needs a home. He needs security and stability and a little love. He needs a good home life that you never will give him. Let's face the facts, Ned. There's nothing in this world that ever will make you settle down. It's not in you. You'll bounce around from job to job and girl to girl all your life. It's the way you're made."

"Get him, will you, Tippie?" Ned said. "I shouldn't of come here."

"You can leave him here," Tippie said quietly. "George, Butch can stay here until Ned wants him again."

"Yes," I agreed, "we'll be glad to have him." I'd made the try anyhow. You can't blame a man for trying.

"Well, thanks," Ned said. "I'll make it up to you people some day."

And so you're back with us again, Butch, calling us mommie and daddy again. You're our guest for a while—how long, I don't know. Maybe he'll be coming after you, Butch, one of these days, and we'll have some more habits to break. But I think, Butch, that we've been looking at things backward. You're here now. Let's just take today for what it is. I was never cut out to be a father, but whatever happens tomorrow, Butch, you've always got a home to come back to.

THE END

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Br'er Bear Br'er Fox Br'er Rabbit

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Pick of THE PICTURES

BY
VIRGINIA SPIES

Academy Award winner Joan Crawford scores again, helped by John Garfield, Oscar Levant, a good script and tight direction.

Humoresqu

Garfield, a hungry violinist, gets encouragement from Levant . .
. . . and then along comes wealthy Joan to give him grub and lov

Outstanding performances mark this remake of Fannie Hurst's sentimental story.

THIS is a polished and provocative movie—a decorned, modernized remake of Fannie Hurst's 1919 sob story about an ambitious lower East Side violinist and his frustrated, hard-drinking patroness. With Joan Crawford and John Garfield deftly looping the dramatic loops in roles ranging from emotional explosions to sexy innuendoes, and Oscar Levant easing the tension in his best smart-alecky style, Warner Brothers' Humoresque is a super-paced, full-bodied film.

A down-at-the-heels musician during depression days, Garfield latches onto Crawford, an unhappily married socialite. With her money, she molds him into a top concert violinist—but loses him as a house pet.

Inside this simple enough plot, Humoresque is done with taut, high-pitched skill. The movie manages to catch the flavor of such contrasting locales as Garfield's boyhood home above his dad's grocery store; the jaded, frantic parties at which Crawford collects "maestros, dypsos, and calypsos"; and the austere dignity of the concert stage. Jean Negulesco's direction carries out the half-poetic, half-harsh quality of a superior script by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold.

Typical of this is the scene when Crawford, after talking her cold-fish husband into a divorce, finds Garfield is too busy rehearsing to see her. She rounds up a handsome hanger-on and pitches a drunken crying jag in a bar while a poker-faced girl sings a tinny love song. Finally Garfield appears, to drag Crawford home, and the ditched playboy signs the check—in her name.

Humoresque's musical score, studded with popular classics, is in the capable hands of Isaac Stern, who dubs in for Garfield on the violin, and Levant, who alternates between piano playing and wisecracks.

Though the story is basically Garfield's, Joan Crawford's intense portrait of a lonely, lost woman in love proves that her Oscar-winning Mildred Pierce was no fluke. More than anything else, her acting turns a good film into an excellent one.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

MARGIE (20th Century-Fox). A sweet, refreshing comedy of young love, set in the era of flappers, coonskin coats, and the Charleston.

THE STRANGE WOMAN (United Artists). Ben Ames Williams' popular novel has been adapted into a costume piece, starring Hedy Lamarr.

DECEPTION (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis and Claude Rains vie for acting honors in an engrossing backstage drama of musical artists.

THE DARK MIRROR (International). This is an absorbing, supercharged thriller with Olivia De Havilland excelling at playing twins.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST (Paramount). Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy are part of the crew in this tough and tangy version of a great sea classic.

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

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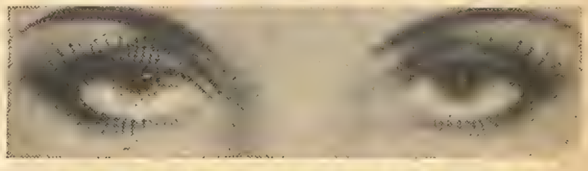
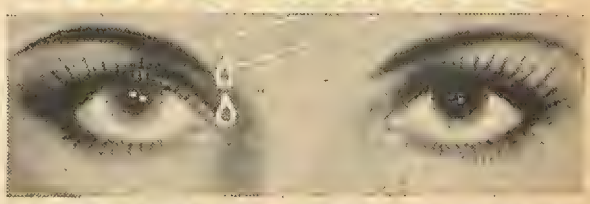


TWO DROPS



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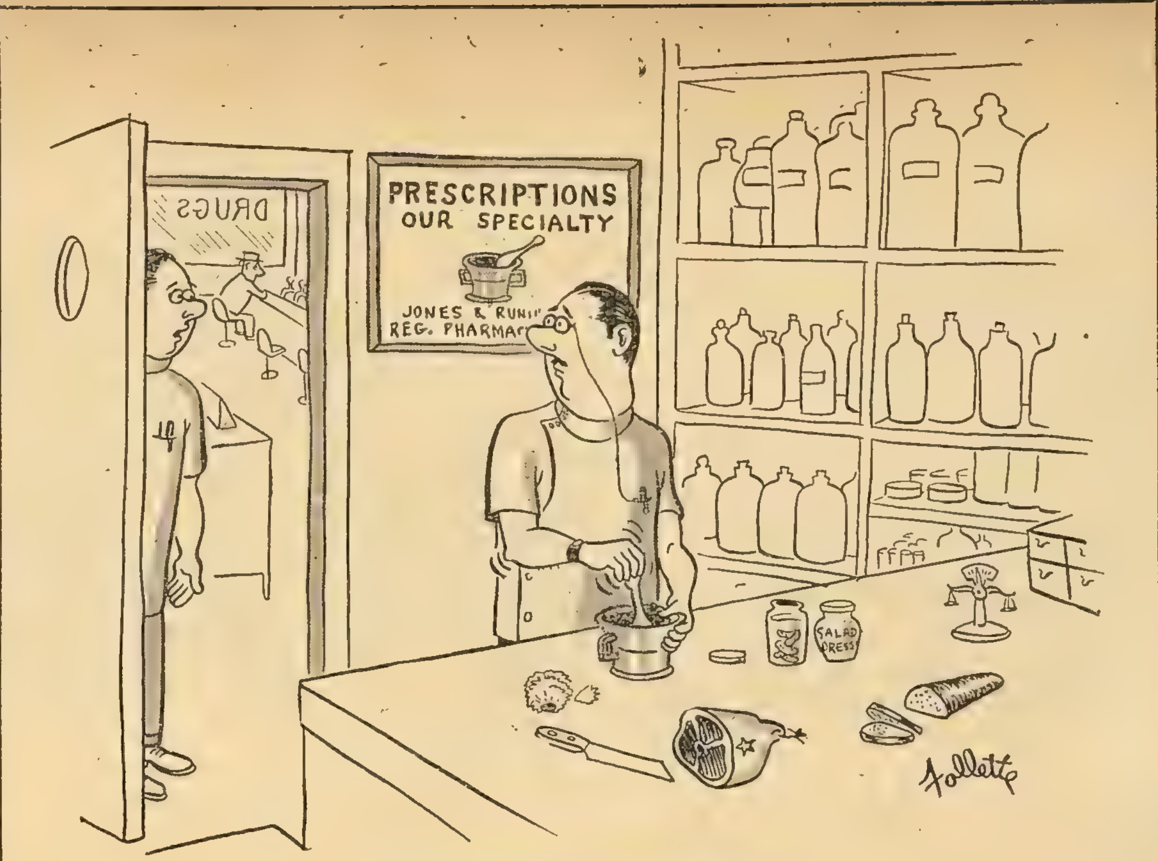
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"How's that ham salad coming?"

LIBERTY

THE ARISTOCRATS

Continued from Page 31

and it really is nice of you. But, you see, I don't love you."

"Well, maybe you would learn to," said Joe, "when you had a nice house and all you wanted, and your aunt could go on living here."

But Clelia said No some more and finally Joe went away.

So when she got back to the house she told Miss Abigail about the mortgage. But Miss Abigail already knew. "But what are we going to do?" said Clelia, and Miss Abigail said, "Nothing, my dear. There is nothing to do."

"Oh aunt," said Clelia, "if you'd only sell just one or two of your lovely things—that desk that belonged to John Adams, or those mirrors—"

But Miss Abigail raised her hand and said, "That is enough, Clelia. A Thaxter does not sell his personal belongings."

SO then Clelia went straight over to see Mr. Stigler. Mr. Stigler XXIV was not around, but the butler said Mr. Stigler XXIII was, so she was shown into the library.

"Listen, Mr. Stigler," said Clelia. "Joe asked me to marry him today and he said that if I did, Aunt Abigail could keep her house. Is that so?"

"Now, listen here," said Mr. Stigler. "*If* you marry him it is maybe so. But I do not want you to marry him."

"Because I am poor?" said Clelia. And Mr. Stigler said, "No; it is mainly because you do not want to, and it would not be nice for Joe to have to be chasing that young Preed out of the house all the time and maybe getting a divorce."

"Oh!" said Clelia and jumped up and got mad. But then she thought a minute and said, "You know, I guess you're right."

"Of course I'm right," said Mr. Stigler. "And let me tell you this, young lady. Your aunt comes of a family which is a very distinguished family. But what was the distinguishedness founded on? It was founded on money. Not entirely, but mostly. Could those old Thaxters have been distinguished without money? No, ma'am, they could not. And so, while I honor them for being distinguished, I say that when the money is gone the distinguishedness is gone too and they are just like everybody else. But now you look at me. My family is old too—very old. And maybe now I have got money I would like my family to be a distinguished American family. Oh, yes, you will say I did not inherit the money. But my Joe will. And I guess I made it as honest as those old Thaxters made theirs. I can read history, Miss MacDermott. I never did murder for my money like that old Nicholas Thaxter who was a pirate."

"Listen, Mr. Stigler," said Clelia. "I don't see what all this has to do with me."

"I'm getting to that," said Mr. Stigler. "Your aunt tries to look down her nose at me, Miss MacDermott. But that doesn't make me mad any more because you got to stand up pretty high to look down your nose at anybody, and she doesn't stand so high any more. And if I buy her house she is going to be just one of my tenants. But you needn't be scared, she can live there as long as she wants to."

"Oh, but she wouldn't do that," said Clelia.

"Well, where will she get a place, even if she has money, nowadays?" said Mr. Stigler. "And she hasn't got any money."

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"Oh, dear," said Clelia, "she has antiques worth thousands of dollars, but she won't sell them."

"I got plenty of antiques," said Mr. Stigler. "I got all I want."

"Oh, I'm not trying to sell you anything," said Clelia. "Well," she said, "since you don't want Joe to marry me, I guess I'll go."

"I guess you might as well," said Mr. Stigler.

Well, Clelia was relieved in a way that she didn't have to be Mrs. Stigler XXIV in order to save Miss Abigail, but she was angry too at having been refused, and besides that, she didn't know what to do now. And the worst of it was that she knew Mr. Stigler was right. There's no use trying to be a distinguished family on nothing a year.

She thought maybe a walk would do her good so she took the Swamp Road and pretty soon she came to the old Withers place. It had been boarded up for years and she was surprised to see chickens pecking in the dirt and a woman unpacking a barrel of dishes on the porch. The woman said Howdedo? and Clelia said Hello.

"You are Mrs. Adams?" said Clelia glancing at the name stenciled on the barrel, and the woman said, "Yes, ma'am," and then she looked doubtfully at Clelia and said, "Ain't that all right?"

"All right?" said Clelia. "Why—yes. Why not?"

SO then the woman explained that her husband's name had been Adaminsky but had been changed to Adams when he took out his citizenship papers. "It makes us more Americans," she said.

So Clelia watched the woman unpack some plates and stack them on a chair. "Those are pretty plates," she said. They weren't very pretty but Clelia wanted to be polite.

"Ach, those!" said the woman. "I wish I never see them again. One million times I wash those plates. Soon my husband promises me he gets some more like these with rosebuds." And she fished out another plate and handed it to Clelia. "See? So pretty and only fifteen cents. Then I throw these others away. My husband's old boss give them to us with some furniture and old stuff when we marry."

So Clelia put the rosebud plate down, and then suddenly she had an idea and she said, "Throw them away? Why, I like them. I like those little gold stars on them. I'd give you a quarter apiece for them."

Well, Mrs. Adams was only too glad to call it a deal and Clelia said she'd come back that evening and get the six plates. For she would have to borrow the money from Mr. Preed. Mrs. Adams even insisted on her taking one plate with her. So Clelia took the plate and went straight to Mr. Stigler. And she said, "Mr. Stigler, you said you weren't buying any more antiques, but I know you are a collector and I have got something here that I know will interest you. It belongs to me—not to my aunt. It came straight to me from the Adams family." And she showed him the plate.

Well, Mr. Stigler seemed impressed. He looked at the front of the plate and the back of the plate and then he said, "Is this the only one?" and she said, "No, there are five more," and he said, "How much do you want for them?"

"You know better than I what they are worth," said Clelia. "I'll take whatever you think a fair price. The only condition is that you say nothing to my aunt about it, for I know she would try to stop my selling them."

"O.K.," said Mr. Stigler, and he wrote a check and handed it to her. It was for $400.

Well, Clelia had been steeling herself not to show disappointment if the check was only for ten dollars, so she managed not to gasp and she said, "Thank you," and got out as quickly as she could after promising to bring the others that evening.

She was a little scared when she thought it over, but after all, she said to herself, I didn't tell any lies. And he said himself that was the way distinguished families made their money. And that evening she borrowed a dollar and a half from Mr. Preed and they got the plates and left them at the Stiglers'.

So the next day Clelia went into town and she paid off the back taxes and the grocery bill and the mortgage interest and opened a bank account with the $135.42 that was left. And she had lunch with Mr. Preed at the Shelby Diner and was so intoxicated with the first steak she had had in six months that she promised to marry him as soon as he got a better job.

Well, that was all right, but she still had to explain to Miss Abigail. She thought and thought and even wrote out different ways of telling her aunt, but finally she decided to put it off for a while. Which of course was silly because nothing as remarkable as Miss Thaxter's paying her bills had happened in town since the Congregational church steeple was struck three times in one afternoon. And finally Miss Abigail heard of it, and Clelia had to tell her the whole thing.

WELL, Miss Abigail was pretty grim about it. "You must get those plates back at once," she said.

"But how can we, Aunt Abigail?" said Clelia. "The money's gone."

"I will get the money," said Miss Abigail. "Go see Mr. Stigler and tell him you have decided you don't want to sell them. And you needn't tell him where you got them. I can't have that man know that anyone in my family would be guilty of such a deception."

Well, Mr. Stigler had gone to New York, but a couple days later he came back and Clelia went to see

Looks good to the eye

Look again! Notice how the bruyere's natural-burl areas complement those smooth, polished planes. In addition, a Sportsman smokes as sweet as it looks. That's fine imported bruyere you see—and there's plenty of it in bowl and shank, to absorb the heat and cool your smoke. If it's long, sweet smokes you want—and many of them just put your tobacco in a Sportsman.

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him. But he refused to part with the plates, for he said he liked them and a bargain was a bargain, and so Clelia went back home. When she got there, there was a truck at the door and a couple of men were loading her aunt's highboy into it, and a third man was sitting on the porch writing a check. So when the truck had gone she told Miss Abigail, and Miss Abigail put on her hat and went over to see Mr. Stigler.

She was shown into the library and Mr. Stigler jumped up and pulled out a chair for her, but she just stood straight and stiff beside the desk and said, "I have come to offer you six hundred dollars for those plates my niece sold you."

"Dear me," said Mr. Stigler, "that is a very nice profit for me, isn't it? But I think just the same I will keep them, thank you."

"Very well," said Miss Abigail,

(*Continued on page 80*)

THE PERFUME BAR

When woman's wiles cannot ensnare
That sixty-year-old billionaire,

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You, too, can buy appeal that counts.

Will Bilious Billions bite the dust?
Just let him sniff "Primeval Lust"!

At night, to keep your husband in,
Wear just a trace of "Sordid Sin."

If breakfast bores, to give it zing,
Wear "Morning Madness"—that's the thing!

To keep a wolf at finger's length,
Behind your ear wear "Hidden Strength."

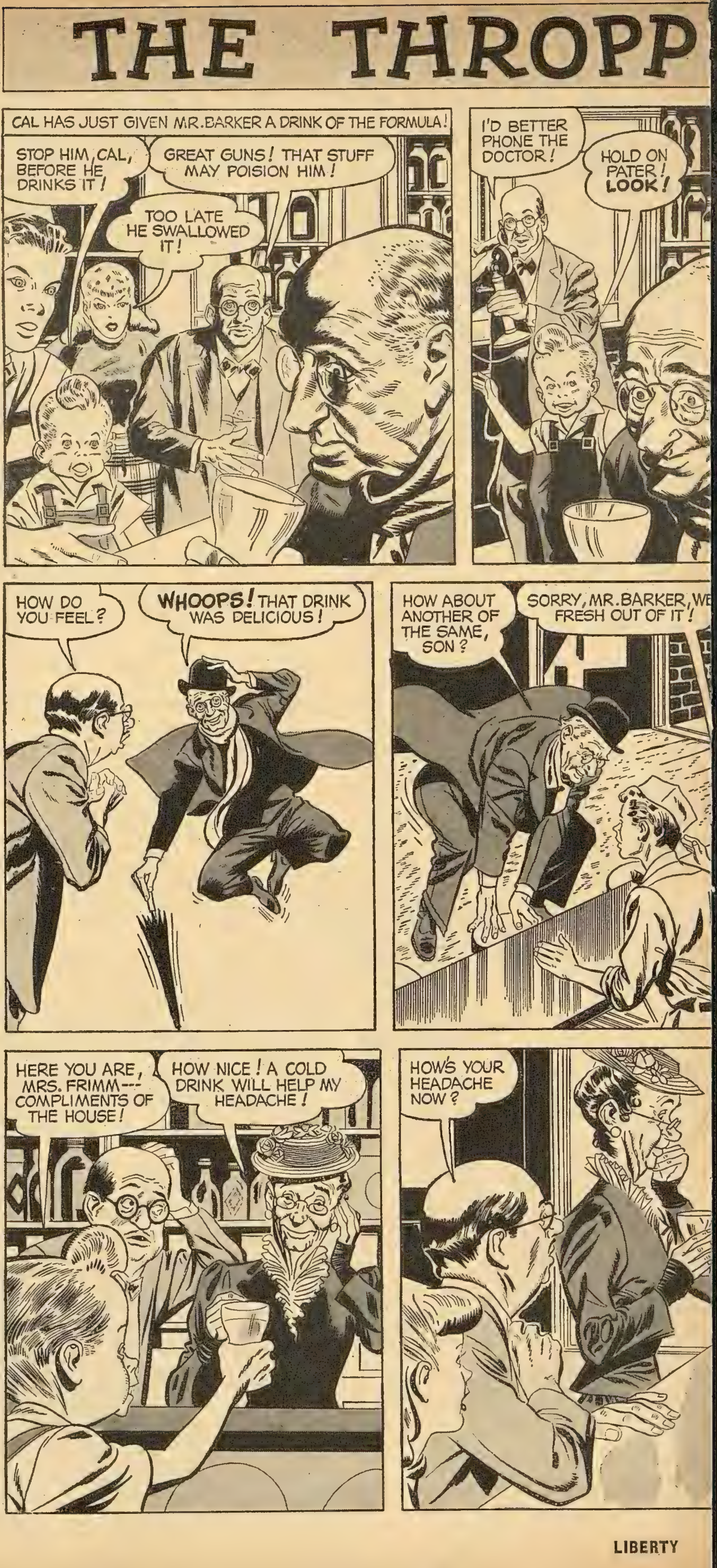
To make your landlord skip the rent,
Wear "Torrid Tenant"—what a scent!

But, men, this does not seal our doom—
For now we have our own perfume!

To brush her off, her love to spurn,
On your lapel wear "Live and Learn."

And should you have a nagging wife,
Wear ether or "The Quiet Life."

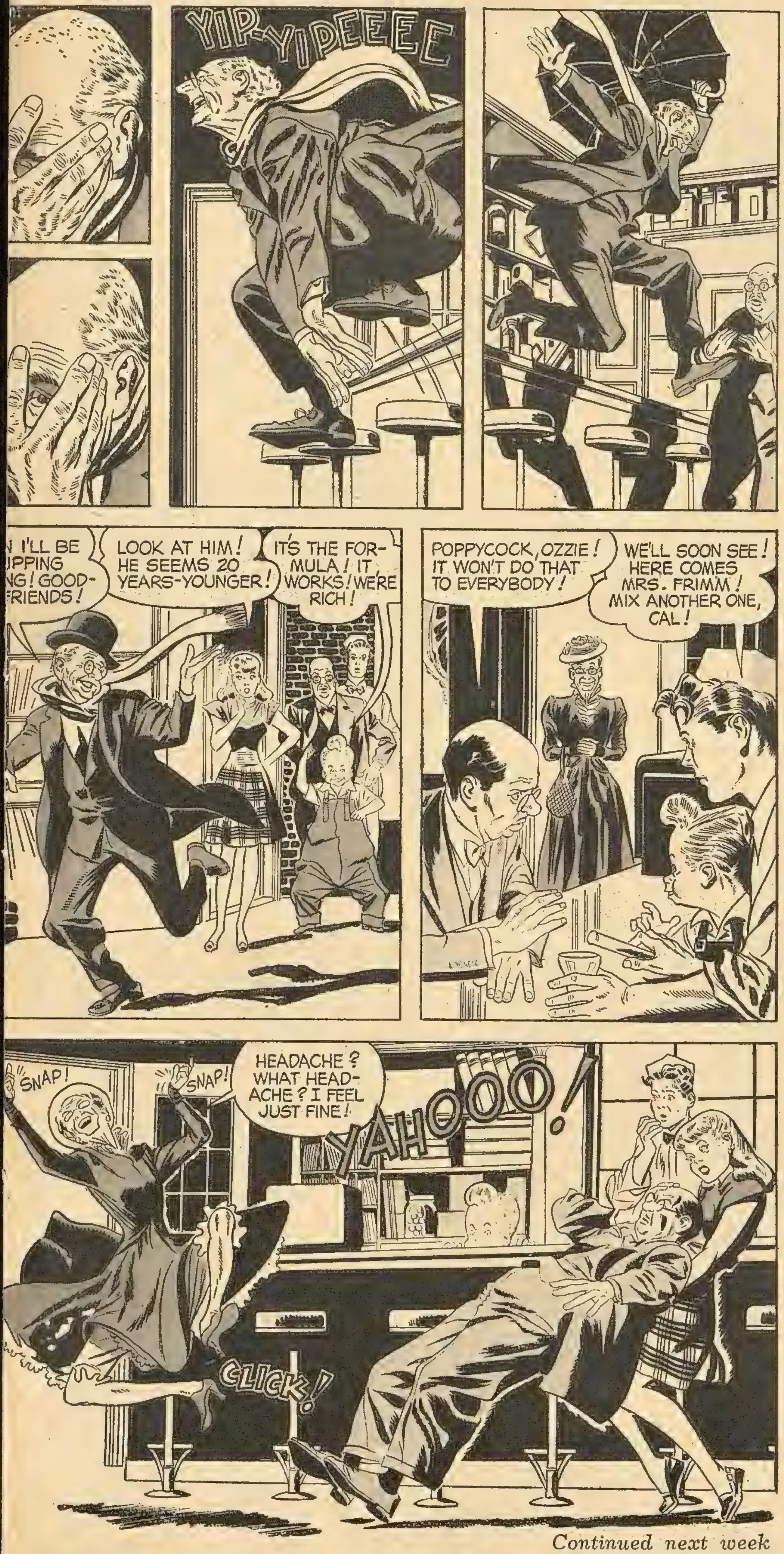
—*Loyd Rosenfield.*


THE THROPP
CAL HAS JUST GIVEN MR.BARKER A DRINK OF THE FORMULA!
STOP HIM, CAL, BEFORE HE DRINKS IT!
GREAT GUNS! THAT STUFF MAY POISION HIM!
TOO LATE HE SWALLOWED IT!
I'D BETTER PHONE THE DOCTOR!
HOLD ON PATER! LOOK!
HOW DO YOU FEEL?
WHOOPS! THAT DRINK WAS DELICIOUS!
HOW ABOUT ANOTHER OF THE SAME, SON?
SORRY, MR.BARKER, WE FRESH OUT OF IT!
HERE YOU ARE, MRS. FRIMM--- COMPLIMENTS OF THE HOUSE!
HOW NICE! A COLD DRINK WILL HELP MY HEADACHE!
HOW'S YOUR HEADACHE NOW?

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**

Illustrated by **DONLOU**


YIP-YIPEEEE
N I'LL BE
IPPING
NG! GOOD-
FRIENDS!
LOOK AT HIM! HE SEEMS 20 YEARS-YOUNGER!
IT'S THE FORMULA! IT WORKS! WE'RE RICH!
POPPYCOCK, OZZIE! IT WON'T DO THAT TO EVERYBODY!
WE'LL SOON SEE! HERE COMES MRS. FRIMM! MIX ANOTHER ONE, CAL!
SNAP!
SNAP!
HEADACHE? WHAT HEADACHE? I FEEL JUST FINE!
YAHOOOO!
CLICK!

Continued next week

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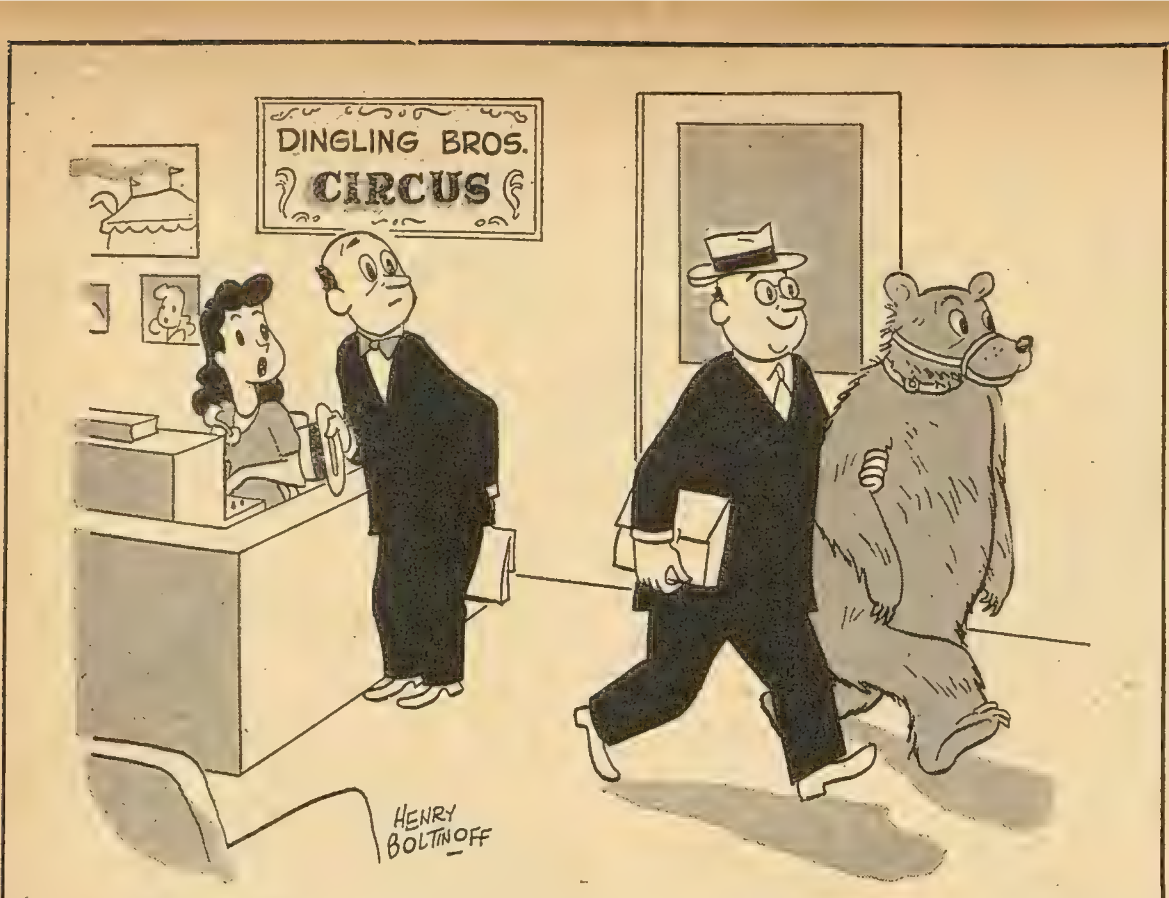


"There goes Mr. Dingling now, with his luncheon appointment!" LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 78*)

"then I shall have to tell you the truth about them." And she did.

But Mr. Stigler only laughed and said, "Well, well, that is a smart young lady, Miss Thaxter. But I still say a bargain's a bargain, and if I got stung why, that is my hard luck, ha?"

Well, Miss Abigail argued a little and at last she said, "I see that you do not intend to be reasonable about this and so there is only one thing for me to do. I shall send the money to the church. For I do not propose to profit by a deception even to the extent of being credited with a gift to charity."

"Charity!" said Mr. Stigler, and then he stopped and said, "No, no, you must not do that."

"I shall," said Miss Abigail.

"That is not fair to the young lady," said Mr. Stigler. "She did a good piece of business and you tell everybody she is dishonest."

"She is," said Miss Abigail.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Mr. Stigler, "she is not, for she did not do it for money. She did it to save you—your house and your fine name and all."

WELL, they were silent for a minute and then Miss Abigail said, "Mr. Stigler, will you tell me why you are doing this?"

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Stigler, and Miss Abigail said, "I thought so!"

"Listen, Miss Thaxter," he said. "I will tell you two reasons why I am *not* doing it. One is I do not want my Joey to marry your niece. And the other is I do not try to help people who do not want to help themselves."

"I do not understand you," said Miss Abigail.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Stigler, "you are proud of your fine name, but you are also proud of being poor, and those two things don't go together. You should have respect for money, for that is what your fine name was built on."

"It was built on honesty and industry," said Miss Abigail.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Stigler. "It was built on a knack for making money. I can show you in this town twenty honest and industrious families, but are any of them judges and ambassadors? Money comes from work and brains and neither of those are something to be ashamed of. I admire those distinguished and cultured old New England families. But to be distinguished and cultured they got to go out and make money first, just like me."

"I don't understand you," said Miss Abigail.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Stigler.

So a couple of days later Miss Abigail took a bus into town and went to the bank and deposited the money she had got for the highboy. And coming out of the bank somebody said, "Hello, Miss Abigail," and it was Mr. Preed. So she said, "How do you do, Dillway?" And then she said, "I would like to talk to you a minute."

So they went and sat on a bench on the green and Miss Abigail said, "Dillway, what are you going to do about Clelia?"

"Do?" said Mr. Preed. "Why, I guess you know. She says she'll marry me as soon as I can get a decent job. But of course I only get thirty-five dollars at the hinge factory and there isn't any future there anyway."

"And what are you doing about a decent job?" asked Miss Abigail. "Shouldn't you have gone to New York to take that position Mr. Thorne offered you when you got out of the army instead of hanging around here so you can be near Clelia? You know, Dillway, you come of one of the best families in the state, but that isn't much good to you unless you have position, and you can't have position without money."

"I suppose that's so," said Mr. Preed. "It isn't the initial cost; it's the upkeep sort of, isn't it? But I thought I could maybe find something near home. Mr. Thorne's didn't pay much to start and of course Clelia would be back here—"

"You leave Clelia to me," said Miss Abigail. "Throw up this job and go to New York and see if Bryant Thorne still has a place open for you." And she went on to talk about his family and old Angus Preed who had come over as a shoemaker's apprentice and had ended up as governor. And maybe she didn't know it but a good deal she said sounded an awful lot like Mr. Stigler.

But anyway she stirred up Mr. Preed and he promised that if Clelia consented, he'd go.

WELL, Miss Abigail went back into the bank and found that Bryant Thorne was at his summer home about half a mile from her own home on the shore. Mr. Thorne was the head of the banking firm of Thorne, Wiglet and Bleat, and he had gone to school with Miss Abigail. He was a very spry old gentleman and expressed himself as delighted to see his old school friend. "But I have not set eyes on you, Abigail, in ten years," he said, "and I don't suppose it was for the pleasure of gazing upon the ravages of time that you came."

"You are right, Bryant," she said, "and I will come to the point. I want to know what you are going to do for young Dillway Preed who wants to marry my niece."

"That's Bill Preed's grandson," said Mr. Thorne. "Yes, I offered him a place a year or so ago. But he didn't want to leave here."

"Is the place still open?" Miss Abigail asked, and Mr. Thorne said, "Why, he's a smart boy and I guess we could fit him in."

"Good," said Miss Abigail. "And now the question is—how well could you fit him in?"

"Well—" said Mr. Thorne, but Miss Abigail interrupted. "Perhaps we'll save time, Bryant," she said, "if I lay my cards on the table. They're good cards. They're a series of letters written by you to Martin MacDermott—Clelia's father—when he was in the state legislature. Having to do with that streetcar franchise. They came to me when my sister Persis died."

Mr. Thorne sat up straight. "Why, Abigail," he said, "this is blackmail!"

"Well, I don't know about that," said Miss Abigail, "but I thought if you could start the boy at, say, sixty a week and then advance him as rapidly as he feels is reasonable—

"As *he* feels reasonable!" exclaimed Mr. Thorne.

"Well, you see, I know nothing about business," she said, "so he would be a better judge than I."

"So you know nothing about business!" said Mr. Thorne. And then he thought and said, "Well, if you will bring over the letters—"

But Miss Abigail said she wasn't going to bring the letters. At last Mr. Thorne agreed to her terms.

So Mr. Preed went off to New York the next week. And I guess he was pretty good, for in six months he was getting $125 a week, and three months later he came back to marry Clelia. They were married quietly, but among the guests were Mr. Stigler XXIII and his son. For among the wedding presents had been three of the plates Clelia had sold him.

"That was nice of you, Mr. Stigler," said Clelia, "because I know it means you have forgiven me for that trick I played on you."

"Ach," said Mr. Stigler, "dear young lady, believe me, I had nothing to forgive."

"Well," said Clelia, "we are never going to part with them."

"Don't let sentiment ever interfere with business," Mr. Stigler said.

WELL, neither Clelia nor Miss Abigail could figure out what he meant, but a little later they were showing the wedding present to Mr. Preed's cousin Mrs. Whorf, and said, "Heavens! Who sent you these?"

"Aren't they funny?" said Clelia.

"Funny!" said Mrs. Whorf. "I wish somebody would play a joke like that on me. They're thirteen-star plates—see the stars here?—made in Philadelphia after the Revolution."

"You mean they're valuable?" said Clelia. "But they're so coarse—"

"They're the collector's dream," said Mrs. Whorf. "My aunt had one. There are only two known. They're worth—well, whatever you want to ask for them."

Well, Mr. Stigler had been standing near by, and Miss Abigail called to him. "Is that true?" she said.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Stigler looking embarrassed, "it is true. I know about such things. I told you I was satisfied with my bargain."

"I see," said Miss Abigail. And then she said, "But—such a magnificent present—it is ungracious to ask you why, but—" And then she said, "Because, you see, I found out you helped those Adamses down in the swamp to get a car."

"Ach!" said Mr. Stigler. "Miss Thaxter, I got lots of money. And besides, it's a funny thing about money, ain't it? After you get it, it's got responsibilities? But before you got it, it ain't. And besides—well those Adamses down in the swamp ain't the old rock-bottomed Adamses, but maybe they'll be the new Adamses some day. Just like maybe we will be the Stiglers."

"And maybe we will be the Preeds," said Clelia.

"I guess I can leave that to you, young lady," said Mr. Stigler.

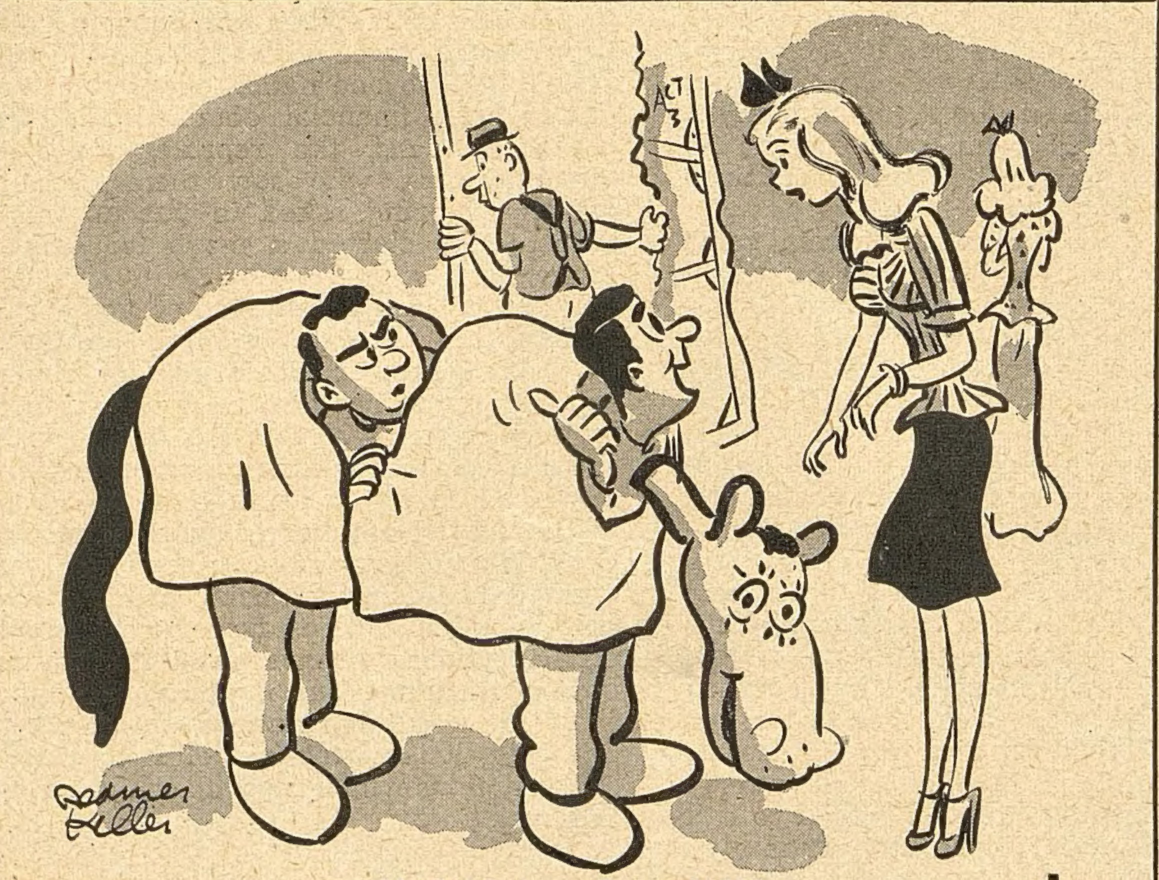
So after the ceremony the bride and groom left for Niagara Falls or somewhere and the guests began to trickle out of the gate. And Mr. Thorne came up to Miss Abigail and said, "Well, don't you want to give me those letters?"

"I think not just yet," said Miss Abigail, "although I gather you did not make such a bad bargain as you might have had to."

"No," said Mr. Thorne, "he will be of considerable value to us in another year or two."

"It would have been no use to force you to take him," said Miss Abigail, "if I hadn't been sure of that beforehand. But you will get your letters back some day," she said. "Good-by, Bryant." And then the Stiglers came up and she invited them to stay to supper.

THE END



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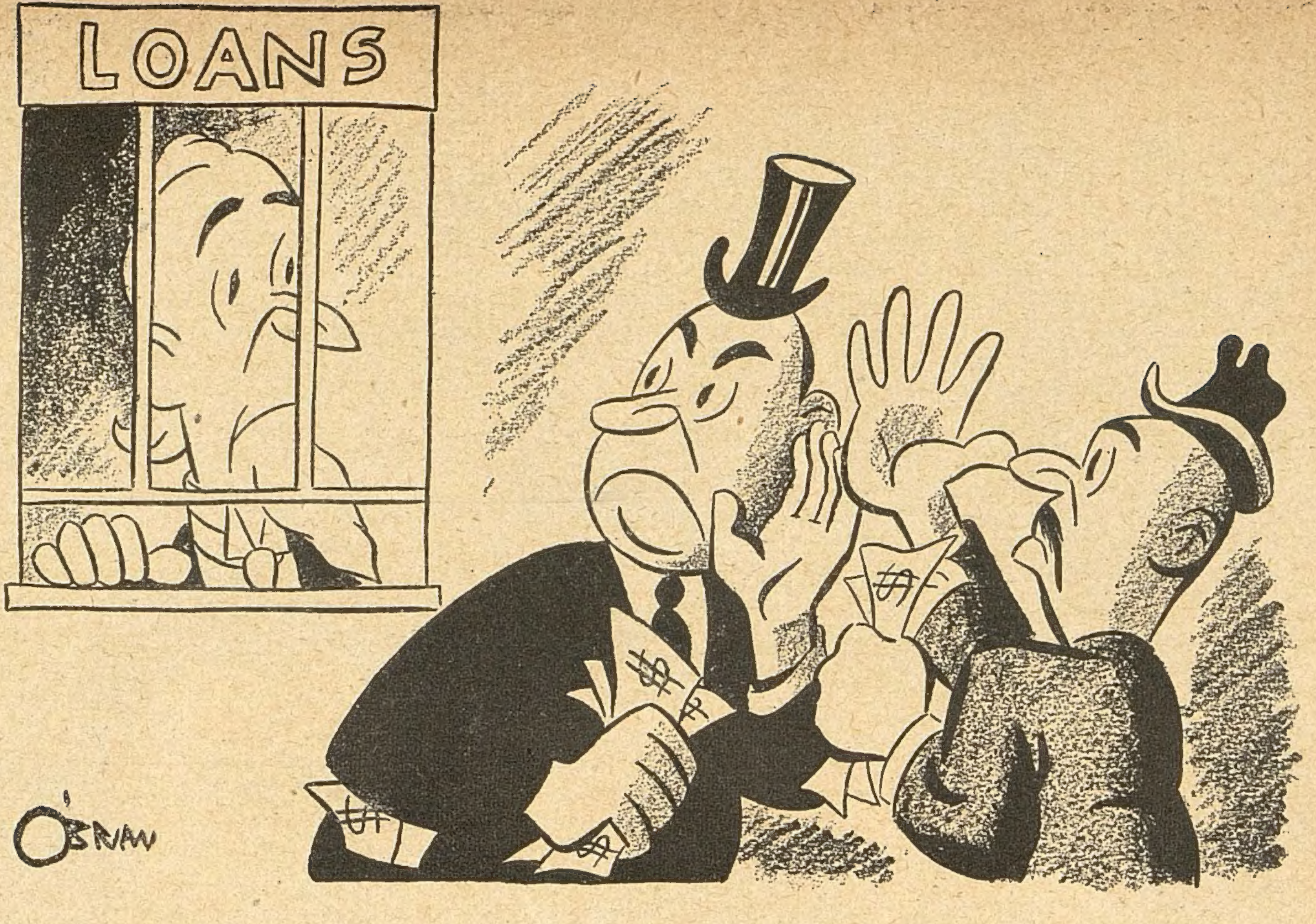


BITING THE HAND THAT FEEDS THEM

IT is curious indeed how men's viewpoints differ, even in regard to facts. During and since the war, America has given away literally billions of dollars abroad in lend-lease and relief and has passed out additional billions in loans. This, you might say, was proof positive of our friendship for other nations. Yet some profess to regard it as an unfriendly act. Many of our own citizens, on the other hand, while recognizing the need for America to lend a hand to war-stricken countries, are alarmed at the amount of money we have distributed abroad and at the way it has been allocated. To many it seems foolish to open our pockets to countries which make no bones about their animosity toward us.

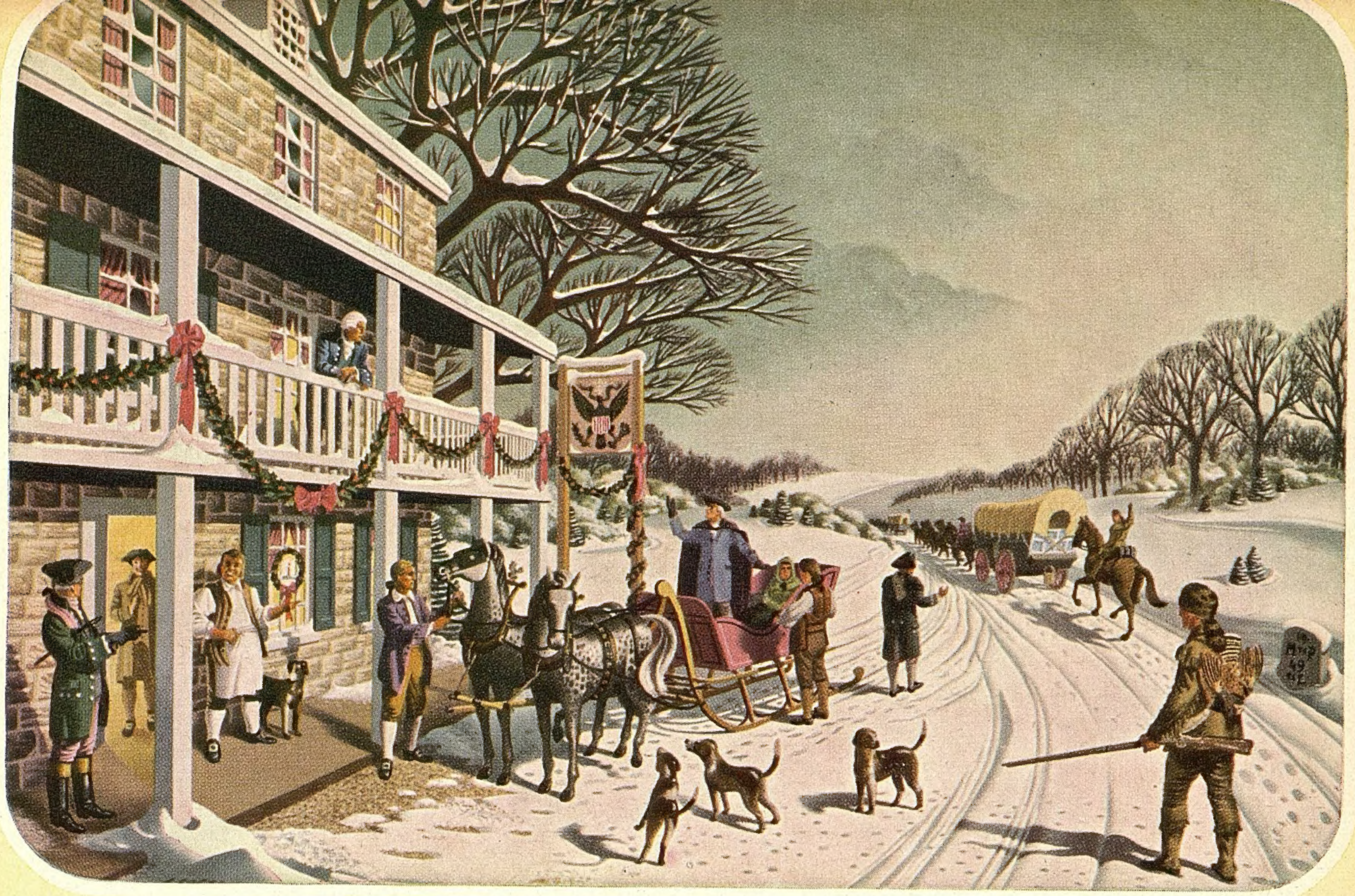
Some nations, and among them some of the larger recipients of American largesse, claim we use our money politically and go about the world buying friends. They refer to American generosity as "dollar diplomacy." The Czechs, who formerly used to be good friends of ours, have been very generously treated in the matter of outright relief. Furthermore, they were getting sympathetic consideration of their request for a $50,000,000 loan. Concurrently, however, their press and even their officials had no shame about adopting the prevailing attitude of the nations in the Soviet zone. They accused us constantly of having a motive for our generosity. When our own officials, not in the least anxious to shove our money down the Czechs' throats, decided to call a halt to further giving, the tune was promptly changed. Now, apparently, the Czechs are able to see our efforts to aid them in the true light. Though the circumstances haven't changed in the slightest, the Czechs have come to see that needling the United States is an expensive pastime.

Bearing on this same subject is the recent discussion about the budgetary requirements of the United Nations. The organization's committee on budgets set up a generous outlay, with a recommendation that the United States shoulder 50 per cent of it. When our Senator Vandenburg demurred with the sound observation that no one nation should be permitted such financial dominance of the United Nations, the representatives of other powers, who saw themselves in danger of being asked to put up more, immediately started a move for drastic economy.

Quite evidently the rest of the world regards the United States as an inexhaustible source of both money and material. In fact, it has become the fashion to look upon us as almost the only source. We are able and willing to extend a helping hand, but our attitude in doing so, while not hard-boiled, should be clear-eyed. If anything, we have been too anxious to keep our financial and material help to other nations free from political considerations. Perhaps we should use our power, including our financial power, in the same way other nations use theirs. In any case, it is certainly foolish to extend aid to nations which regard such aid as an unfriendly act.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE



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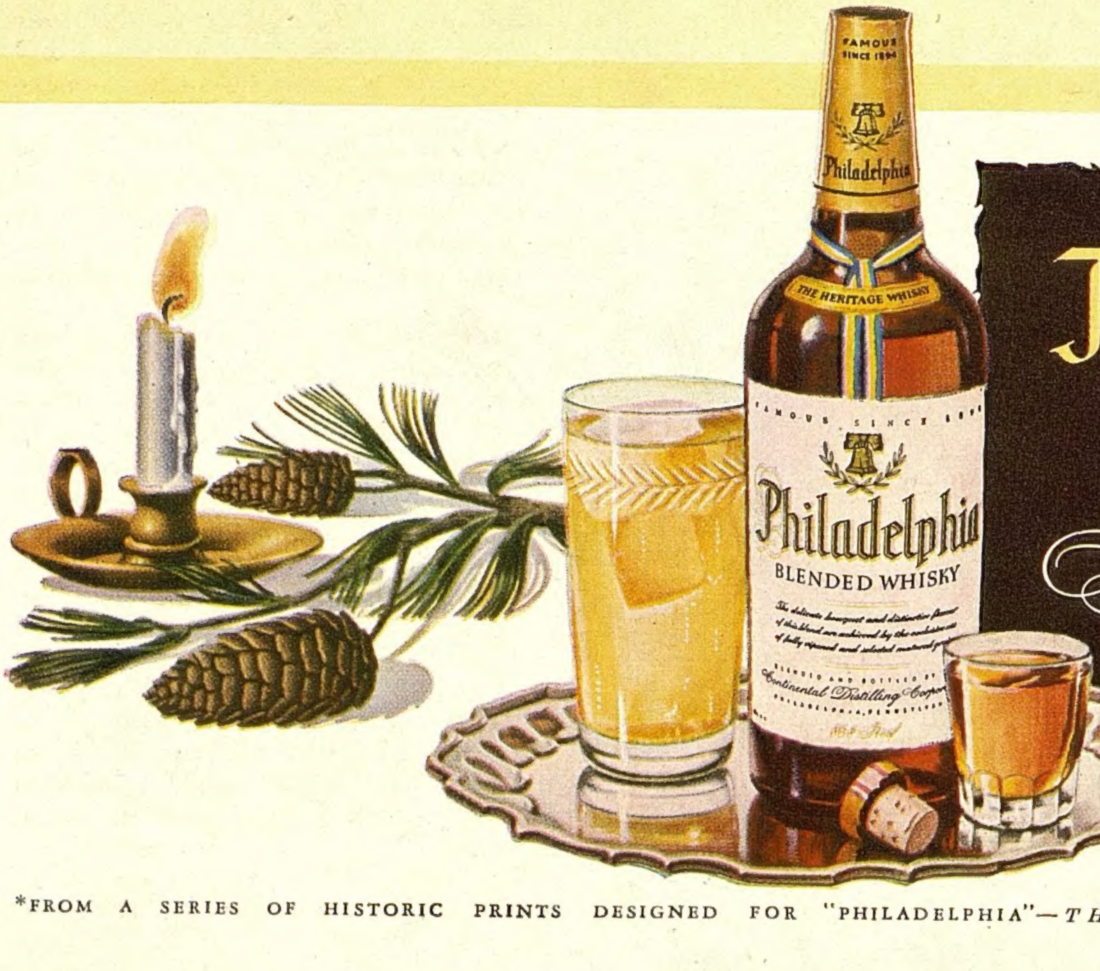
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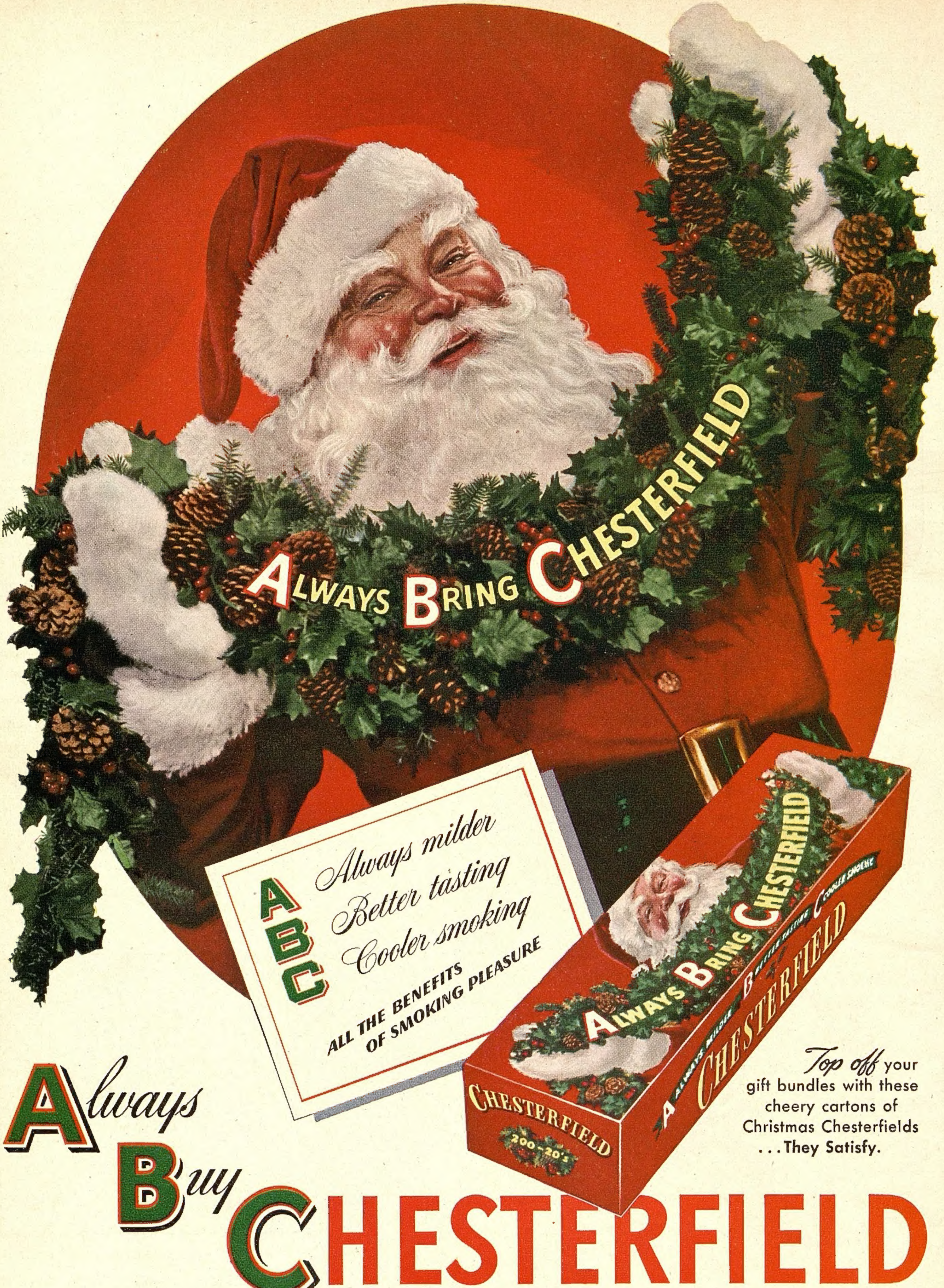
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